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Middlebury College

The Program in Writing

at the
Bread Loaf School of English
Bread Loaf, Vermont

Full Tuition Scholarships

for

Rural and Small Town Teachers of English

June 30 - August 14, 1982

Administrative Staff

OLIN ROBISON, President of Middlebury College
HIROSHI MIYAJI, Director of the Language Schools
PAUL M. CUBETA, Director of the Bread Loaf School of English
CHARLOTTE ROSS, Administrative Assistant, Bread Loaf School of English

Please address correspondence to:

Administrative Assistant
Bread Loaf School of English — Box 100
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Telephone:
802-388-3711 Ext. 2418 (until June 25)
802-388-7946 (June 28-August 15)

Middlebury College complies with the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972, the IRS Anti-Bias regulation and Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973. In so doing, Middlebury College does not discriminate against any individual on the basis of race, color, sex, religion, ethnic origin or handicap in any of its programs or activities. The Secretary of the College, Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753 [Tel. 802-388-3711] is responsible for coordinating the College's efforts to comply with Sec. 504, Rehabilitation Act of 1973.

THE AIM

The Program hopes to improve a teacher's capacity to teach writing, to enhance a teacher's knowledge of literature and to introduce him or her to techniques for emphasizing expository writing in the context of the humanities. In addition, the Program provides teachers with training and resources that they need for undertaking productive research in writing based on their own classroom experience and materials.

It is the assumption of the Program that teachers of writing should themselves write and should broaden their professional acquaintance with systematic inquiry so that they can make their findings known to other researchers and to planners of curriculum.

The Program addresses in particular the writing needs of public secondary school teachers of English and their students who, because of their cultural and geographic isolation, have inadequate educational resources to support them. Because of its magnificent setting in the heart of the Green Mountains, the Bread Loaf campus is an ideal place to engage questions of rural education. The commitment to the teaching of writing and literature at Bread Loaf has been the heart of the School of English since it was established in 1920. That spirit is perhaps best caught in the recognition that Robert Frost, friend and neighbor, returned to the School for forty-two years. The influence of his presence will long be felt, in part because Middlebury College owns and maintains the Robert Frost Farm as a National Historic Site, adjoining the Bread Loaf campus.

FULL TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS – SUMMER 1982

With support from the Rockefeller Foundation, the International Paper Company Foundation, and the General Mills Foundation, the Bread Loaf School of English offers rural and small town secondary school teachers of English an opportunity to participate in the Program in Writing by providing full tuition scholarships of $1,080 in their first summer. Additional support toward board and room ($630) is available if need is established.

ELIGIBILITY FOR FULL TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS FOR THE SUMMER OF 1982

1. Teachers of English must hold at least a bachelor's degree from an accredited college or university and have had at least one year, but not more than fifteen years, of experience in public secondary schools in rural or small town communities. There is no precise definition of rural or small town, but applicants who live in impoverished areas remote from metropolitan centers will be given preference.

2. Because of the School's determination to attract rural and small town secondary school teachers from a wide variety of geographic backgrounds, teachers from the Southeast, South, Midwest and Far West will be given special consideration. A wide geographic distribution of teachers will provide them with a chance to discuss common problems and to determine what is indigenous to their communities, what is common to their profession, and what distinguishes the problems of the rural teacher — beyond geographic, economic and social circumstances.

3. The Program seeks a range of ethnic and social backgrounds not only among teachers but among their student bodies in, for example, Indian, Chicano and Black rural communities.

4. Although the Program for each teacher may extend over two or more summers, teachers who can spend only one summer at Bread Loaf are eligible to apply.

5. Applicants who do not teach in rural or small town communities are eligible for admission, but they do not receive automatically a grant of full tuition. They are, however, eligible to apply for financial aid.

6. All teachers are enrolled as regular graduate students at the Bread Loaf School of English. Teachers who do not proceed for the M.A. degree will receive a Certificate in Continuing Graduate Education from Middlebury Colelge.

ELIGIBILITY FOR ACCEPTANCE INTO THE M.A. PROGRAM

1. All courses in writing are graduate courses and are a part of the M.A. degree program at the Bread Loaf School of English.

2. Students may elect at any time to become candidates for the M.A. degree. Those who are accepted are eligible upon application for financial aid from Middlebury College in all subsequent summers.

3. M.A. candidates may elect one course in writing each summer for *four* summers.

4. M.A. candidates who do not transfer credit from another institution, but instead enroll at Bread Loaf for five summers, may petition the Director for permission to take a course in writing *each* summer.

5. All students in the Program in Writing must also take one course in literature or theatre arts each summer.

CRITERIA FOR ADMISSION

Admission is on the basis of college transcripts and two letters of recommendation from colleagues or administrators. Submission of a sample of an applicant's recent writing, while not a requirement, will strengthen his or her candidacy. Since the Program in Writing is designed to meet individual professional needs, there is no set of requisites for admission. Although an excellent undergraduate and/or graduate record in English and strong recommendations are the surest admission criteria, special attention will be given to judgments about the applicant's involvement in writing programs at his or her school and to the ways in which acceptance into the Program in Writing could assist a teacher's personal and professional growth.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR APPLICATION

Applicants should write to:

Mrs. Charlotte Ross, Administrative Assistant
Bread Loaf School of English — Box 100
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Telephone: 802-388-3711, Ext. 2418

They will be sent an application form and the 1982 Bulletin of the Bread Loaf School of English. The form should be filled out and returned to Mrs. Ross with an application fee of $15 for students who have not previously applied to Bread Loaf. All undergraduate and graduate transcripts should also be forwarded.

The applicant is responsible for asking two colleagues or administrators to act as references.

There is no deadline for application, but early application is urged since there is a limited number of tuition-free grants available.

THE PROGRAM IN WRITING: 1982

Students select one course or two mini-courses in writing and one in literature or theatre arts. They should register for courses only upon receipt of the 1982 Bulletin of the Bread Loaf School of English.

Full Courses

Teaching Writing — *Mrs. Goswami*

Students will use their experiences as writers and teachers to define issues in developing and assessing writing abilities. They will write frequently as they reflect upon and describe their own histories and processes as writers. An aim of the course is to provide students with the materials and resources they need for conducting their own productive, class-based inquiries.

Writing Prose Non-Fiction — *Mr. Macrorie*

A workshop for teachers, centering on developing lively, succinct prose through writing and responding to the work of peers. The course will move from personal narrative and journals to an interview-report of the experience of another teacher/student at Bread Loaf, with some talk about this method as a model for teaching persons of all ages.

Mini-Courses

The American Language through American Literature (first three weeks) — *Ms. Heath*
Historical examination of definitions and perceptions of the English language in the writings of American essayists and other literary artists. Particular attention will be given to a cultural and literary exploration of links between the development of "an American literature" and "the American language." Special topics will include the American literate tradition as its ideology affected the norms and practices of teaching of language and literature; the role of American literary figures in defining Standard English for education and the public readership.

Learning to Use Language (first three weeks) — *Ms. Heath*
Interdisciplinary examination of children's development of oral and written language uses. The focus will be on the links between oral language uses — learning to label, question, and compare knowledge — and early experiences with reading and writing. Across cultures within the United States, the home contexts of learning to use language will be compared with the uses of reading and writing in schools.

Writing Across the Curriculum (first three weeks) — *Mr. Odell*
Students will read background materials on writing across the curriculum and on the relations between writing and learning. But much of the course will analyze the intellectual and rhetorical demands made by writing assignments in disciplines other than English. Students will examine writing assignments and samples of student and professional writing in other disciplines and undertake some of these assignments themselves. They will consider such questions as these: How can writing contribute to students' understanding of a given subject? How might one integrate writing into the day-to-day work of a course? In addition to term papers, what forms might writing take in other disciplines?

Evaluating Writing (first three weeks) — *Mr. Odell*
This course is intended for teachers who want to improve their ability to evaluate their own students'

writing and for teachers who must carry out school- or district-wide writing assessments. We will consider the three most widely used evaluation procedures: Analytic Scales, the ETS General Impression scoring procedure, and Primary Trait scoring. We will, however, spend more time with Primary Trait scoring than with the other two procedures. We will work specifically on designing writing assignments, devising appropriate criteria, and teaching readers to use those criteria in making reliable judgments.

In addition to this work, we will: 1) categorize "errors" in student writing; 2) learn procedures for describing syntax and cohesion; and 3) analyze the values that are implicit in teachers' comments on students' writing.

Writing to Learn (final three weeks) — *Miss Martin*
The seminar will be, in part, a workshop combining a study of interdisciplinary writing by school students and of writing by course members; and, in part, a reading seminar concerned with theoretical aspects of the process of writing. The focus will be on the development of various writing abilities and the way these reflect different thinking processes. Students should bring with them *a few* samples of writing by their students which they would like to discuss with others.

From Speaking to Writing: Learning through Language (final three weeks) — *Miss Martin*
A workshop involving detailed study of samples of spoken and written language in the context of school learning. The focus will be on the place of language in re-structuring ideas and the variations that different situations demand. Part of the data will come from members' writing and recording. The School will provide a tape recorder for students unable to bring one, but they should bring *one* sample of spoken language on tape and a *transcript* of it.

Story-writing in Schools (final three weeks) — *Mr. Britton*
A theoretical study of the educational value of story writing combined with an opportunity to practise it. The pedagogical focus will be upon autobiographical and fictional writing by students aged five to fourteen. The course will be run in part as a workshop and in part as a "reading seminar" in which

students give brief reports to introduce relevant ideas from works they have read.

Studying Writing: Approaches to Research (final three weeks) — *Mr. Britton*
Selected studies will be considered under four headings: (1) the writing process, (2) kinds of written discourse, (3) the development of writing ability, (4) the teaching of writing in schools. The course will be run as a "reading seminar" in which students give brief reports to introduce relevant ideas from works they have read. The written requirement will take the form of a personal journal.

Independent Projects in Writing — *Mrs. Goswami*
Open to students by permission only after one summer at Bread Loaf.

Workshop in Research (one week, non-credit) — *Ms. Heath*
Open to all students in the Program in Writing.

The following courses in Playwriting, Poetry Writing and Fiction Writing are open to rural and small town teachers of English only after one summer at Bread Loaf.

Writing for Theatre: A Workshop for Writers, Directors and Actors — *Mr. Mokler and Mr. Doolittle*
This course introduces writers, actors and directors to the techniques of writing for the stage. It includes an exploration of such programs as: writing speakable but imaginative stage language, creating character and relationships, providing motivations that are both structured and complex, and developing evocative and theatrical gestures and rhythms.

Workshop sessions include two types of activities: first, actors may improvise around a theme, character or situation, with writers using the results as a springboard for the creation of scenes; second, once a writer has completed a short scene, director and actors will rehearse it for presentation before the class.

Each week the class will meet twice as a whole and twice in small groups for rehearsal. The primary concern of the course will be writing; how-

ever, actors and directors will also have a valuable opportunity to work on their craft. They will be supervised by a professional actor who will give attention to the problems of acting and directing, as well as to the techniques of collaborating with a playwright. For this reason, all actors and directors, but not necessarily those interested in playwriting, should have some experience and training.

Poetry Writing — *Ms. Hadas*
A workshop designed for those interested in the writing, careful reading, and revision of poems. Emphasis will be on student work. Some assignments will be given in order to suggest and explore various approaches to the composition of poetry. There will be frequent individual conferences with the instructor.

Fiction Writing — *Mr. Houston*
A workshop course designed to offer practical and theoretical training that should be of use both at the typewriter and in the classroom. We will develop a working vocabulary for dealing with such elements of fiction as scene, point of view, setting, dialogue, structure, voice, etc., and will apply that vocabulary to stories produced by class members. The course can be taken by writers who are primarily interested in improving their own work, or by teachers who wish to do field work in writing fiction.

THE FACULTY

James Britton, M.A., Hon.LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Education in the University of London. Mr. Britton is a former English teacher in British state secondary schools, Educational Editor to John Murray (publishers), and Head of the English Department at the University of London Institute of Education. Director of the Schools Council Writing Research Unit 1966-72 and member of the "Bullock Committee," the 1972-74 British Government Inquiry into Reading and the Uses of English in Schools, he was awarded an honorary doctorate in 1977 by the University of Calgary and the David H. Russell Award for Distinguished Research in the Teaching of English by the National Council of Teachers of English. Publications include *Language and Learning* (Pelican, 1972) and (as editor and co-author) *The Development of Writing Abilities, 11-18* (Macmillan 1975).

John Doolittle, B.S., U.S. Naval Academy; M.F.A., Yale. He has taught Acting, Improvisation and Mime and been a member of the Acting Ensemble in the Program in Theatre at Princeton. A professional actor, he has also appeared in productions at the Yale Rep, Long Wharf Theatre, Arena Stage, and on Broadway as well as on television and on film.

Dixie Goswami, B.A., Presbyterian College; M.A., Clemson. Recipient of a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship in Linguistics at Leeds University, Mrs. Goswami has directed writing programs and many workshops for teachers of writing. Currently she is a Mina Shaughnessy Scholar and is working for the National Institute of Education on a literacy research project. Mrs. Goswami is the Co-ordinator of the Program in Writing at the Bread Loaf School of English.

Pamela White Hadas, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Washington University. Ms. Hadas has taught at Washington University, Webster College, and Middlebury College. She has published one book of criticism, *Marianne Moore: Poet of Affection*, and two books of poetry, *Designing Women* and *In Light of Genesis*. In 1980, she received the Witter Bynner Award in Poetry from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. She has been the

Robert Frost Fellow at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

Shirley Brice Heath, A.B., Lynchburg; M.A., Ball State: Ph.D., Columbia. Associate Professor of Linguistics and Anthropology, School of Education, Stanford. Professor Heath has also taught at the Universities of Pennsylvania and North Carolina and Winthrop College. She has written books and articles on the social history of language in Mexico, Peru, and the United States. They include *Telling Tongues: Language Policy in Mexico, Colony to Nation; Teacher Talk; Language in the USA* (edited with C.A. Ferguson), and *Ethnographic History of Writing in the United States*. Her *Ways with Words: Ethnography of Communication, Communities, and Classrooms* will be published this year, and she is now working on a social history of language in the United States.

Robert Houston, A.B., Birmingham-Southern; M.A., Syracuse; Ph.D., Iowa. Professor of English, University of Arizona. A former Fulbright Fellow, Mr. Houston has published several novels including *A Drive with Ossie, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday!, Bisbee '17,* and *Cholo. The Nation Thieves* and *Ararat* will be published this year. His articles have appeared in *The New York Times* and *The Nation*. Mr. Houston, who has served as a staff assistant at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, is also the editor of and a contributor to *Leon Felipe: The Last Troubadour*.

Ken Macrorie, A.B., Oberlin; M.A., University of North Carolina; Ph.D., Columbia. Professor Emeritus of English, Western Michigan University. Mr. Macrorie has published *Writing to be Read, Uptaught, Telling Writing, A Vulnerable Teacher, Searching Writing,* a regular column in the magazine *Media & Methods*, and has served as editor on *College Composition and Communication*. He has taught at San Francisco State College and Michigan State University.

Nancy Martin, A.B., M.A., University of London. Former Reader in Education and Head of the English Department, University of London Institute of Education and currently Reader in Education, University of Surrey. Miss Martin has also held teaching appointments at the Universities of Western

Australia, Calgary and British Columbia. She has been engaged for years in such research projects as *Development of Writing Abilities* and *Writing Across the Curriculum* funded by the British Schools Council. She has written with colleagues *The Development of Writing Abilities 11 to 18 Years, Writing and Learning, Understanding Children Talking* as well as, among others, *From Information to Understanding, Why Write?, From Talking to Writing, Language and Learning in the Humanities,* and *Language Policies in Schools.*

Alan Mokler, A.B., M.A., Stanford; M.F.A., Yale. Mr. Mokler is Acting Director of the Program in Theatre and Dance at Princeton. He was Artistic Director of the Provincetown Playhouse in New York City, and was Director of the Acting Ensemble at Princeton for two years. He has directed at every level, including academic, community and professional theatre. He is also a writer, and his plays have been performed at Stanford, Yale, Princeton, New York and elsewhere.

Camillus Lee Odell, B.A., Maryville College; M.A.T., University of North Carolina; Ph.D., University of Michigan. Professor of English, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Odell has taught courses in composition, in the teaching of writing, and in research on composition. He has published a number of articles on teaching and on research and has co-edited *Evaluating Writing: Describing, Measuring, Judging* and *Research on Composing: Points of Departure.* At present, he is working on a three-year study, funded by the National Institute of Education, of the nature and functions of writing done in business and government.

Visiting Consultants

Peter Elbow, B.A., Williams College; M.A., Exeter College, Oxford University; Ph.D., Brandeis University. Kent Fellow, Center for the Humanities, Wesleyan University; Member of the Faculty, The Evergreen State College. He wrote *Oppositions in Chaucer, Writing Without Teachers,* and *Writing With Power* as well as numerous articles about literature, writing, and teaching. He has given many workshops and talks for teachers in schools and colleges. He is currently working on the issues laid out in his essay called "The Doubting Game and the Believing Game," which is the appendix of his *Writing Without Teachers.*

Donald H. Graves, A.B., Bates; M. Ed., State College, Bridgewater; Ed.D., SUNY, Buffalo. Professor, University of New Hampshire. Mr. Graves is a frequent writer for *Language Arts* and has just published *Children Write.* He is Research Editor of *Language Arts,* a member of the National Assessment Advisory Committee, and a frequent consultant on the writing process.

Richard Marius, B.S.J., University of Tennessee School of Journalism; M.A. and Ph.D., Yale. Director of Expository Writing at Harvard University. His first novel, *The Coming of Rain,* was an alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and won the prize of the Friends of American Writers as the best first novel of 1969. His second novel, *Bound for the Promised Land,* was published in 1976, and he is completing a third. He has also written *Luther,* a historical interpretation, and his biography of Thomas More will appear next year. With Harvey Wiener he is an author of the forthcoming *McGraw-Hill English Handbook.*

Richard Young, B.A., University of Michigan; M.A., University of Connecticut; Ph.D., University of Michigan. Head and Professor of English and Rhetoric, Department of English, College of Humanities and Social Sciences, Carnegie-Mellon University. From 1964 to 1969 he was a Research Associate at Michigan in the Center for Research on Language and Language Behavior, working on problems in rhetoric, particularly problems associated with discourse structures larger than the sentence and with rhetorical invention; from 1971 to

1976 he was Chairman of the Department of Humanities. He is the author of several works on rhetorical theory and pedagogy, including a text, *Rhetoric: Discovery and Change,* with Alton Becker and Kenneth Pike.

Administration

Paul M.Cubeta, A.B., Williams; Ph.D., Yale. Director, Bread Loaf School of English; College Professor of Humanities, Middlebury. A former Carnegie Fellow at Harvard, and Assistant Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Mr. Cubeta has also taught at Williams. He is the author of articles on Jonson's poetry. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* Frost and Edward Thomas. Editor of *Modern Drama for Analysis* and *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "Richard II,"* he has written "Lear's Comic Vision" for *Teaching Shakespeare,* (Princeton Univ. Press).

THE FACULTY OF THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 1982

James Britton, University of London
Michael Cadden, Yale
Leo Damrosch, University of Virginia
Lawrence Danson, Princeton
Stephen Donadio, Middlebury
John Doolittle, Professional Actor
Carol Elliott, Princeton
John Fleming, Princeton
Dixie Goswami, National Institute of Education
Pamela Hadas, Washington University
Shirley Brice Heath, Stanford
Robert Houston, University of Arizona
A. Walton Litz, Princeton
Kenneth Macrorie, Western Michigan University
James H. Maddox, Jr., George Washington University
Lucy Maddox, Georgetown Universtiy
Paul Mariani, University of Massachusetts
Nancy Martin, University of Surrey
Alan Mokler, Princeton
Lee Odell, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Robert Pack, Middlebury

Literature and Theatre Courses

English Literature

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Renaissance Comedy, Milton and Blake, Eighteenth-Century Novel, Wordsworth and Frost, Yeats and Joyce, Modern British Poetry, The Experimental Novel

American Literature

Nineteenth-Century Novel, Novel of the 1920's, Twentieth-Century Confessional Poetry, The Long Poem in the Twentieth Century

Continental Literature

Tragedy, European Realism, Classical and Medieval Traditions

Theatre

Acting Workshop, American Drama, Contemporary Drama

All courses in literature require short critical literary analysis.

Other Aspects of the Program

Several times during the summer there will be workshops and lectures by visiting consultants. Individual conferences will be arranged so that students can discuss problems with their own writing, the writing and language needs of their students, planning curricula, and preparing bibliographies of resources. For these practicums on concerns indigenous to the teacher's community and school, students are asked to bring examples of texts, syllabi, and other resources that work for them, as well as examples of their students' prose. All members of the Bread Loaf community are invited to join these sessions.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Theatre Program Each summer there is a major dramatic production, directed by a member of the faculty, and a program of one-acts directed by students. Recent productions have included *Heartbreak House, Mother Courage, The Devil's Disciple, The Glass Menagerie, Juno and the Paycock, The Sea Gull, A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and *The Cherry Orchard.* Students have produced plays by Pinter, Ionesco, Lorca, van Itallie, Guare, Handke, and Stoppard. All members of the Bread Loaf community are encouraged to participate in all aspects of mounting a production — costuming, set construction, sound and lighting, acting, stage managing — in the pleasant, informal atmosphere of the Little Theatre. Academic credit is given for major contributions in acting, directing or production.

Other Features The lecture program at Bread Loaf introduces students to distinguished scholars and writers whose lectures broaden the outlook and enrich the content of the regular academic program.

A picnic at the nearby Robert Frost farm and a tour of the Frost cabin are a popular Bread Loaf tradition, as are the square dances in the Bread Loaf Barn.

Several times each week students have the opportunity to view classic or modern films at Bread Loaf. They are also invited to join the Bread Loaf Madrigalists, who give several informal concerts each summer.

Recreation Since the elevation at Bread Loaf is 1500 feet above sea level, the summers can be cool. For those who enjoy outdoor life, the School is ideally located at the edge of Battell Forest. A junction with the Long Trail — "a footpath in the wilderness" — which winds along the summit of the Green Mountains and extends from southern Vermont to the Canadian border, is a short hike from the School.

The extensive campus offers a fine opportunity for the combination of study and recreation. A softball playing field, tennis and volley ball courts are available for student use. Jogging trails are everywhere. Bathing beaches at Lake Dunmore are twelve miles from the School. At Bread Loaf there is the Johnson Pond.

Grant Support and Financial Aid All rural and small town teachers of English admitted to the Program in Writing receive a full tuition scholarship of $1,080 in their first summer. Additional aid to defray the cost of board and room is avilable to students who file a Financial Aid Form (FAF) with the College Scholarship Service. Requests for additional aid should be made when the application form is submitted to the School; forms will be sent to each applicant on acceptance. Although students may apply for additional financial aid at any time, they are assured most favorable consideration if they have submitted their FAF by April 2, 1982.

Through The Guaranteed Student Loan Program (GSLP) most states now sponsor and guarantee their own student loan programs. Within the limit of funds available for this purpose, Middlebury College makes loans toward their College charges to students who are unable to secure loan funds from other sources.

All students in subsequent summers are eligible for financial aid in the form of grants, waiterships,

and/or loans. Aid is awarded on the basis of financial need and scholastic ability.

Fees – 1982

Tuition:	$ 1,080
Board:	450
Room:	180
Total	$ 1,710
Tuition credit for first-year rural teachers in Program in Writing	– 1,080
	$ 630

Each applicant who is accepted and plans to live on campus is asked to pay a $50 *nonrefundable* deposit, which is applied to the student's total bill. An on-campus applicant is officially registered only upon receipt of this deposit. Money should not be sent until payment is requested. Rooms are assigned only to students registered officially.

Additional information about the Bread Loaf School of English, the Bread Loaf Program at Lincoln College, Oxford, accommodations for families, etc., will be found in the 1982 Bulletin of the School of English.

The Bread Loaf School of English
OLD CHAPEL / MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

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Bread Loaf School of English

June 1982

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to those about to enjoy their first summer on the Mountain. With the largest faculty and the largest student body in the history of the School, it promises not to be a lonely session.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College and is payable upon receipt and must be paid by June 30. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf Office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station in Middlebury on June 30. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Early morning arrivals on June 30 will be transported from the Middlebury Inn to Bread Loaf at 10 A.M. There is a charge of $3.00 for the trip. More expensive transportation by private taxi would be your responsibility. There are Greyhound (Vermont Transit) buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury if you don't have a car.

Air Florida and U.S. Air have flights from Boston to Burlington. U.S. Air also has service from New York and Albany. Connections from Burlington can be made on Vermont Transit buses.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Dick and Hilde Ross, the Inn Managers; and then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Charlotte Ross. Then from a representative of the Comptroller's Office, in the Blue Parlor, you may obtain your ID card (as receipt for full payment made).

Lunch at 1:00 on Wednesday, June 30 will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 30, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on June 29, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Tuesday, June 29.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° to 50°) and warm (75° to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deep Woods Off. If you do not elect to use Foley Services for linen rental, you must bring your own linen. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), portable TV's, hi-fi's are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Fridges are more than our circuit capacity can bear, and hot plates and coffee pots can be a dangerous fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Ryder Smith, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by portable typewriters, which are welcomed.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased at the Front Desk for those who believe that something might happen. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing if anything happens that will make the world easier for your re-entry in August.

For your convenience bring a few travelers checks which may be cashed at the Front Desk, since after Aug. 8, banks will not honor personal checks.

Pets are not allowed in student dormitories or in public buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your Name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 12. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world after you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf Rural Station.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it is sometimes difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone number is 802-388-7946.

Alan Mokler is producing Shakespeare's The Tempest. You'll be hearing about it from Opening Night on, so if you want to be with it, you might want to re-read the play before you hit the Mountain.

Have a great trip. It's all uphill only until you get here.

Yours,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jg

P.S. If you find that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer because of unexpected circumstances, would you please call Charlotte Ross collect at 802-388-3711, ext. 2418. We have a long waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be at Bread Loaf this summer.

I apologize for the confusing typo in the bulletin. Classes end on August 11.

Paul M. Cubeta

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: *Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.*

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to Bread Loaf School of English ☐ or Bread Loaf Writers' Conference ☐, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name ..... Campus Address .....

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number) .....

.....

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? ..... If so, please describe: .....

.....

2. Do you have any allergies? ..... Please describe: .....

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

.....

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician: .....

.....

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years? .....

Please describe: .....

.....

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking: .....

.....

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? ..... Which ones? .....

9. Other pertinent information: .....

.....

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

Alternate:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional) .....

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, One Boston Place, Boston MA 02101, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	30 June - 14 August 1982
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	28 June - 7 August 1982

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1982

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is a lot more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational engagements. You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the picnics at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volley ball courts, the Johnson Pond, the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase a meal ticket at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loafers for a meal. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Charlotte Ross to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been an honored tradition since 1920 to pay the School $1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. This fee has not gone up in 63 years, and must now be the 1920 equivalent of $15. Sam Swope, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our three dramatic productions. You may try out for a part in our plays.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. First, dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, or by annoying students and faculty in the Barn. Perhaps a more vexing problem is that of unattended children. Since the Barn is one of the few places where students can have conferences with faculty - there are no faculty offices - it cannot be a place, delightful as it is, where children cavort at will. With the laundry near our classrooms and the parking lot, children just mustn't be turned loose to romp while the family wash is being mangled. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to balance necessities and privileges and to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Mrs. Marian Litz will be organizing our informal weekday morning-care center, The Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Mrs. Litz when you arrive. Her fee is minimal.

I ask for your help in making the summer a truly enjoyable one for us all.

Cordially,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jg

BASIC INFORMATION

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1982

GREEN RIBBON GREETERS FOR NEW BREAD LOAFERS

In the Inn Lobby and in most of the dorms, you will be welcomed by Green Ribbon Greeters, returning Bread Loafers who will help you new-comers get your bearings. More than tour guides, they would like to make you sense that you are already part of this Special Place. Please ask them about routine and rituals and share with them your uncertainties and concerns. Today you deserve a blue ribbon welcome; next year you wear the Green Ribbons.

REGISTRATION

Students should confirm their courses at the Secretary's office as soon as possible after arrival. Those who have not registered for courses in advance and those who wish to change course registration should consult Mr. Cubeta.

UNPAID BILLS

Mr. John Palmeri and Miss Barbara Wells will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 30, to receive payment for all unpaid bills.

OPENING NIGHT

Our first meeting will be at 7:30 Wednesday evening in the Little Theater. Mr. Cubeta will have a few things to say about "My So Potent Art." An informal reception will follow in the Barn.

PARKING

State law prohibits parking beside the highway. Please keep the road clear, especially in front of the Inn. Faculty at Maple and students in Tamarack, Brandy Brook and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn contiguous to the road. Enforcement of this law begins today.

PEDESTRIANS ON ROUTE 125

Please observe Vermont traffic regulations and face the traffic when walking. It is both easy and dangerous to forget that Route 125 is a major road way with cars and trucks travelling at excessive speeds.

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Such appliances as blow driers, hot plates, and coffee makers are strictly forbidden at Bread Loaf. This is not only because of their tendency to overload our delicate wiring and cause fuses to blow, but also because of the SERIOUS DANGER OF FIRE they pose to our all wooden buildings.

FRONT DESK AND POST OFFICE

Mr. Richard Ross and Mrs. Hilde Ross, Front Office Managers
Mr. Paul Sullivan, Mr. Scott Wales, and Mr. Dana Westberg, Assistants.

Weekdays and Saturdays:	8:00 to 8:00
Sundays:	9:00 to 1:00 and 6:00 to 11:00

The switchboard remains open until 11:00 every night. You should post mail by 3:00 on weekdays and by 2:00 on Saturdays. We distribute mail around 10:00 AM and 5:30 in the evening. This year everyone is sharing a mailbox so do not be alarmed when someone else's mail appears in the box that you thought was yours alone. Students living off campus should get their mailbox assignments at the Front Desk.
Post office hours are : Weekdays from 8:00 to 5:00 and Saturdays from 8:00 to 1:00. We are closed on Sundays.

VALUABLES

If you would like to store small valuables in the Front Office safe, see Dick Ross.

MEAL HOURS

	Weekdays	Saturdays and Sundays
Breakfast:	7:30 to 8:00	8:00 to 8:30
Lunch:	1:00 to 1:15	1:00 to 1:15
Dinner:	6:00 to 6:15	6:00 to 6:15

Because all waiters are also students, these hours for serving meals are kept strictly. Please try to be on time. Shoes are required in the dining hall.
Supervisor: Mr. Paul Larocque
Head Waiter: Mr. Mark Lawhorn
Assistant Head Waiter: Mr. Tim Harrington

BOOKSTORE

Wednesday: Open all day except meals.
Thursday: Open 8:00 to 1:00, 1:30 to 2:30, 6:30 to 7:30.
Regular hours begin on Friday and are on weekdays from 8:00 to 9:00 and from 12:00 to 1:00. On Saturday the bookstore will be open from 12:00 to 1:00. It will be closed on Sunday.
Students should buy their books by Friday and auditors should refrain from buying their books until Thursday or Friday. This will make it easier to reorder books when necessary. There are no student charge accounts at the Bookstore.
Manager: Dana Westberg.

LIBRARY

Miss Kay Joyce, Mr. Brent Goeres, and Mr. George Bennett, Librarians
Because of capacity enrollment and the need for quiet study space, the Bread Loaf Library will be open every day from 8:00 until midnight, except Saturdays. The Library will be open during lunch hours, but will be closed during dinner hours. On Saturday and Sunday, the Library opens at 9:00.

Weekdays: 8;00 to 5:00, 7:00 to midnight
Saturday: 9:00 to 12:00, 2:00 to 5:00
Sunday: 9:00 to 12:00, 2:00 to 5:00, 7:00 to midnight

The Library will be closed during all special programs.

DIRECTOR"S OFFICE

Mrs. Charlotte Ross, Mrs. Kay Bennett, and Ms. Elaine Hall, will make appointments for you to see Mr. Cubeta. He is of course always available for a meeting in case of an urgent problem.

INFIRMARY

Mrs. Betsy Downey, Nurse
The Infirmary is in Cornwall cottage, across from the Inn; and will be open:

Weekdays: 8:00 to 8:30, 1:45 to 2:15, 6:45 to 7:15
Weekends: Immediately after lunch and dinner.

Please return completed medical forms. Extra forms are available from Betsy.

SNACK BAR

Open daily from 8:00 to 6:00 and from 6:30 to 11:00
Manager: Lisa Marchica

TAXI

The Taxi will take you to town on Tuesdays and Thursdays for $3.00 round trip. The Taxi leaves the Inn at 2:00 and arrives in Middlebury at 2:20. It leaves Middlebury promptly at 4:00.

TELEPHONE

There are pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn (near the Bookstore), outside behind the Laundry and in the Barn beneath the classroom stairs. Incoming callers can dial (802) 388-7946. Except for emergencies, all incoming calls must be received before 11:00 when the switchboard closes. Check your mailbox regularly for messages and please leave a number at which you may be reached if you leave Bread Loaf during the summer.

ACCOMMODATIONS

All requests for room changes must be approved by Mrs. Charlotte Ross. At this time, there are no empty rooms at Bread Loaf.

MEALS FOR GUESTS AND OFF CAMPUS STUDENTS

The prices of guest meals are $3.00 for breakfast, $4.00 for lunch, and $5.00 for dinner. Off campus students can purchase weekly lunch tickets for $15.00 at the Front Desk.

LAUNDARY

Washers, dryers, and an iron are in a building near Larch on the way to the Barn. Tickets to run the machine are available from dispenser near the Front Desk.

THE CRUMB

The Bread Loaf Crumb is a daily bulletin that you will find in your mailbox by lunch time each week day. Off campus students can get copies at the Front Desk. If you have a notice for the Crumb, give it to Editor Billy Aronson, or leave it at the Secretary's Office.

SUMMER THEATER PROGRAM

Sexual Perversity in Chicago. The Drapes Come. The Tempest. These three plays make up our Summer Theater Program, and we invite you to join us as we work on them. Everyone in the Bread Loaf Community is encouraged to audition for roles or to participate backstage. That includes students, staff, faculty, and their family members...even neighbors. Auditions are this Thursday night at 7:30 and Friday night at 7:00 in the Little Theater. (We encourage you to come Thursday if you can.) That's also a good time to let us know if you want to work backstage. And if you'd like to come and just watch, that's fine too.

The first two plays are one-acts and will be presented together July 22-24. Sexual Perversity, by David Mamet, is about two men and two women in their early twenties who are trying to figure out some way to deal with the opposite sex without going completely crazy. The Drapes Come, by Charles Dizenzo, is a surreal look at a relationship between a mother and her 17 year old daughter. The Tempest, which will be performed August 5-8 , is Shakespeare's crowning glory--a comic look at the history of the world and the illusions that make up our lives. Its cast of characters includes several roles for men and not many for women. But we're very open to women who would like to read for Ariel, Caliban, even some of the court, in addition to Miranda. There are also smaller roles available for both men and women.

Scripts to all three plays are available in the Library. Auditions for all three will be held together. Rehearsal time will very, but the one-acts will take up a couple hours each week night for the first three weeks, and The Tempest perhaps about the same for five weeks. We also need stage managers, painters, sewers, builders...

So come join us! Come play.

Alan Mokler, director of The Tempest
Steve Stettler, director of Sexual Perversity in Chicago
Stephanie Shutte, director of The Drapes Come
Walter Boswell, Theater Coordinator
Sam Swope, General Manager

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 30, 1982

Dear New Bread Loafer:

Since you are spending your first summer on the Mountain, it might be helpful in allaying unnecessary but understandable anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at the School of English:

Grade	Description
A+ A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement, an entirely creditable effort.
B-	Passing work.
C+ C C- D	Varying gradations which establish an unsatisfactory performance.

The normal expectation for any summer at Bread Loaf is that about half of the final course grades will be B or B+, but most students start out with lower grades on their first papers.

You should recognize that you would not be at Bread Loaf if I had any doubts about your intellectual ability or your preparation. If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. See me. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment. If you start off with an A+, remember there is no way for you to improve.

May this please be the first and last word on a subject which has never yet gotten to the meaning of an educational experience. More important than grades is the assessment each instructor will place in your file if you elect to sign the Waiver of Confidentiality, which will be given to you soon. I, for one, pay little attention to specific grades on a Bread Loaf transcript, but I evaluate carefully these detailed and perceptive letters, which are available as part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

1982 Schedule of Classes

Except as indicated, all classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classes.

				Room
8:30	2A.	Writing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	5
	3A.	Teaching Writing (I)	Mrs. Goswami	6
	19.	Chaucer (II)	Mr. Fleming	4
	75.	The Modern American Long Poem (IV)	Mr. Mariani	3
	101.	Yeats and Joyce (III)	Mr. Litz	1
	166.	Tragedy (V)	Mr. Damrosch	2
9:30	28.	Shakespeare's Tragedy (II)	Mr. Danson	1
	52.	Eighteenth-Century Novel (III)	Mr. Maddox	2
	154.	Contemporary Drama (V)	Mr. Cadden	3
	161.	Writing Across the Curriculum (I)	Mr. Odell	5
	167.	The American Language (I)	Ms. Heath	6
10:30	2B.	Writing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	5
	3B.	Teaching Writing (I)	Mrs. Goswami	6
	14.	Modern British Poetry (III)	Mr. Litz	3
	21.	Studies in the Modern Novel (III)	Ms. Maddox	1
	71.	The Classical and the Medieval (V)	Mr. Fleming	2
	168.	American Confessional Poetry (IV)	Mr. Mariani	4
11:30	37.	European Realism (V)	Mr. Maddox	1
	41.	Nineteenth-Century American Novels (IV)	Mr. Donadio	6
	45.	Contemporary American Drama (IV)	Mr. Cadden	2
	105.	English Stage Comedy (II)	Mr. Danson	3
	169.	Learning to Use Language (I)	Ms. Heath	4
	170.	Evaluating Writing (I)	Mr. Odell	5
Mon., Wed. 2:00-4:15				
	6.	Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Houston	Barn East
	171.	Milton and Blake (II)	Mr. Damrosch	6
	175.	Wordsworth and Frost (III)	Mr. Pack	3
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-4:30				
	156.	Studying Writing (I)	Mr. Britton	5
	173.	From Speaking to Writing (I)	Miss Martin	4
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-4:30; Tues., Wed. 2:00-5:00				
	18.	Writing for the Theatre (I)	Messrs. Mokler & Doolittle	2
Tues., Thurs. 2:00-4:15				
	5.	Poetry Writing (I)	Ms. Hadas	3
	92.	The American 1920's (IV)	Mr. Donadio	6
Tues., Fri. 2:00-4:30				
	172.	Story-Writing in Schools (I)	Mr. Britton	5
	174.	Writing to Learn (I)	Miss Martin	4
Wed., Fri. 2:00-5:00				
	129.	Introduction to Acting (VI)	Ms. Elliott	1

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for Summer of 1982

Monday, July 19	J. Hillis Miller Frederick W. Hillis Professor of English and Professor of Comparative Literature, Yale University The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture Topography & Tropography - Hardy's "In Front of the Landscape"	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday Saturday July 22, 23, 24	Student-Directed One-Act Plays: The Drapes Come - Charles Dizenso Sexual Perversity in Chicago - David Mamet	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday Saturday, Sunday August 5, 6, 7, 8	The Tempest - Shakespeare	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Saturday August 14	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:45 p.m.

Program in Writing: Consultants

Week of July 5	Richard Marius
Week of July 12	Donald Graves
Week of July 12	Richard Young
Week of July 19	Peter Elbow

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

FILMS

1982

July 2	STARDUST MEMORIES (1980) Directed by Woody Allen with Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie Christine Barrault.
July 4	THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY (1965) Directed by Richard Kaplan, screenplay by A. MacLeish, narrated by MacLeish, Eric Sevareid, and Frances Cole (Mrs. Roosevelt's cousin). Academy Award winner for Best Documentary Feature
July 9	THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (1981) Directed by Karel Reisz with Meryl Streep, Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, and Emily Morgan.
July 10	EQUUS (1977) Directed by Sidney Lumet with Richard Burton, Peter Firth, Colin Blakely, Joan Plowright, Harry Andrews, and Jenny Agutter.
July ~~23~~ 16	THE LAST METRO (1980) Directed by Francois Truffaut, with Catherine Deneuve, Gerand Depardieu.
July ~~24~~ 17	TRUE CONFESSIONS (1981) Directed by Ulu Grosbard with Robert DeNiro, Robert Duvall, Charles Dunning, Ed Flanders, Kenneth McMillan, Rose Gregorio, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, Jeanette Nolan and Nan Martin.
July 30	NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977) Directed by Martin Scorsese with Robert DeNiro, Liza Minelli
July 31	ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST (1976) Directed by Milos Forman with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, Will Sampson, and Brad Dourit
August 2	EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX* (1972) *but were afraid to ask Directed by Woody Allen with Woody Allen, John Carradine, Lou Jacobi, Gene Wilder, Tony Randall, Burt Reynolds, Lynn Redgrave, Louise Lasser and Jack Barry

Advisor	John Doolittle
Scenic Designer	Patrice Macaluso
Lighting Designer	Dan Renn
Costume Consultant	Vera M. Spanos
Wardrobe	Terri Vest
Master Electrician	David Hart
Property Master	Sam Swope
Assistant Property	Suzanne Wootton Nancy Holland
Run Crew	Wendy Stubbs
Theatre Assistants	Angela Rumble Erich Hahn Faye Jordan

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Dick Andrews, Brad Blanchette, Jack Bridgman, The Chipman Inn, Duane Dodson, Sister Pat Dwyer, Marshall Field's and Co., Joan and John Fleming, Lee Foote, Cathy Griffiths, Tim Harrington, Cindy Hilbrink, Kay Joyce, Paula Killingsworth, Gene Laskowski, Sue McCafferty, Charlotte Ross, Dick and Hilde Ross, Liz Sanderson, Janet Shadroui, Margaret and Ryder Smith, and Bill Wright

VERY SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Madrigalists

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

THE DRAPES COME

By

Charles Dizenzo

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO

By

David Mamet

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
July 22, 23, 24, 1982

The Little Theatre

8:30 P.M. Curtain

THE DRAPES COME

By Charles Dizenzo

The Characters

Mrs. Fiers	Betty Kirk
Barbara Fiers	Katie Foster

DIRECTED BY STEPHANIE SHUTE

Stage Manager	Jim Holland

Produced by arrangement with
Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO

By David Mamet

The Characters

Danny Shapiro	Michael Hayes
Bernard Litko	Joe O'Brien
Deborah Solomon	Nancy Ellis
Joan Webber	Moira Lang

DIRECTED BY STEVE STETTLER

The Scene

Various spots around the north side of
Chicago, a big city on a lake.

The Time

Approximately nine weeks one summer.

Stage Manager	Katie Dymoke
Assistant Stage Manager	Suzanne Wootton

Produced by arrangement with
Samuel French, Inc.

Music drawn from Phillip Glass's Einstein on the Beach, Dance 1 and 3, North Star, and Glassworks.

Song Melodies — Alan Mokler

Costumes

Construction

Betsy Downey, Nina Downey, Carol Elliott, Jana Elliott, Dan Heller, Natalie Huesmann, Heather Hunt, Ann Koppeis, Laura Lewis, Marian Litz, Katherine Morrow, Gretchen Noll, Margaret Pearce, Elizabeth Peaslee, Hilde Ross, Ida Weller, Lucy Wollin

Make-up — Cathy Griffiths

Hair — Miss Lucy of Goshen

Roast Pig — Patrice Macaluso

Stephano's Cork — Doug Woodsum

THANKS TO

Dick Andrews, Jack Bridgman, Michael Cadden, The Chipman Inn, Josh Danson, Carol V. Elliott, Dick Foreman, Bill Noll, Dick and Hilde Ross, Ryder and Margaret Smith

SPECIAL THANKS TO

The Madrigalists

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

THE Tempest

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

August 5, 6, 7, 8, 1982

LITTLE THEATER at 8:30

CAST

Prospero	John Doolittle
Ariel	Scott Cameron Todd
Miranda	Kathleen Joy LaShoto
Caliban	Dana Burns Westberg
Stephano	Paul Risteen
Trinculo	Jim Lobdell
Alonzo	Bill Tadler
Gonzalo	Joe Rigali
Antonio	Art Borreca
Sebastian	Stephen Gordon
Ferdinand	Erich Hahn
Adrian	Jay Mead
Boatswain	Thomas Everett
Master	Alan Mokler
Iris	Catherine Griffiths
Ceres	Ann M. Koppeis
Juno	Patricia Ann Weot
Shapes	Faye Jordan Marcie McCrory Paul Sullivan

***** Music by Phillip Glass *****

The performance will last approximately 2 hours and 20 minutes. There will be one ten-minute intermission.

THEATRE STAFF

Director	Alan Mokler
Scenic and Lighting Designer	Walter C. Boswell
Costume Designer	Mary Thomasine Harkins
Choreographer	John Doolittle
Stage Manager	Colleen McGloughlin
Costumer	Vera M. Spanos
Assistant Technical Director	Patrice Macaluso
Master Electrician	Daniel Renn
Sound	David Hart
Assistant to the Costume Designer	Kaja Autler
Costume Assistants	Faye Jordan
Electrician	Angela Rumble
Wardrobe	Terri Vest Margaret Pearce Katie Dymoke
Theatre Assistants	Erich Hahn Angela Rumble
House Manager	Sam Swope

Masque Bouquet
courtesy of
C.G. Cole & Son, Florist
Middlebury, Vermont

Bread Loaf School of English
1982
GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states:
(according to address list)

Arizona	3
Alabama	3
Arkansas	4
California	7
Colorado	6
Connecticut	7
Delaware	3
District of Columbia	1
Florida	4
Georgia	9
Hawaii	1
Idaho	5
Iowa	2
Illinois	2
Indiana	1
Kentucky	2
Louisiana	3
Maine	10
Maryland	5
Massachusetts	18
Michigan	4
Minnesota	4
Missouri	2
Montana	1
New Hampshire	10
New Jersey	16
New Mexico	2
New York	17
North Carolina	6
Ohio	8
Oklahoma	1
Pennsylvania	12
Rhode Island	2
South Carolina	2
South Dakota	6
Tennessee	7
Texas	4
Vermont	27
Virginia	4
Washington	2
West Virginia	1
Wisconsin	2
Wyoming	2
Canada	2
France	4
United Kingdom	8

(42 states represented, DC, and 3 foreign countries)

Total student enrollment	254
Men students	119
Women students	135
Former students	144
New students	110
Number of courses	34
Total number of faculty	21
Teaching one course	7
Number of course changes	40
Cancellations	60
1982 M.A. degree candidates	24
M.A. from Oxford	6
1982 M.Litt. degree candidates	2
M.Litt. from Oxford	2
Prospective 1983 M.A. candidates	45
Prospective 1983 M.Litt. candidates	2
Scholarship students	128
Rockefeller award students	26
International Paper award students	27
General Mills award students	3
Lyndhurst award students	26
Candidates for Midd. M.A.	169
Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	15
Undergraduates	6
Off-campus students	57
Number of colleges represented	167
Pre-1977 B.A. or B.S. degree	157
Average age of students	31
Median age of students	30

Under 21	1
21 - 25	57
26 - 30	71
31 - 35	69
36 - 40	23
41 - 50	25
51 & over	6

Private school teachers	65
Public school teachers	119
College & Jr. Coll. teachers	14
Other:	
Undergraduates	6
Graduate students	15
Ph.D. students	8
Unemployed	10
Other occupations	17
Working for 9 credits	9
Working for 6 credits	234
Working for 3 credits	7
Auditors	3

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51	1945 - 97	1970 - 224
1921 - 84	1946 - 135	1971 - 219
1922 - 102	1947 - 173	1972 - 215
1923 - 112	1948 - 194	1973 - 200
1924 - 100	1949 - 207	1974 - 219
1925 - 105	1950 - 188	1975 - 197
1926 - 106	1951 - 165	1976 - 184
1927 - 130	1952 - 146	1977 - 206
1928 - 115	1953 - 115	1978 - 200+(Oxford-59)
1929 - 116	1954 - 139	1979 - 197+(Oxford-53)
1930 - 129	1955 - 121	1980 - 212+(Oxford-58)
1931 - 111	1956 - 121	1981 - 245+(Oxford-64)
1932 - 103	1957 - 122	1982 - 254 + (Oxford 64)
1933 - 62	1958 - 130	
1934 - 74	1959 - 161	
1935 - 163	1960 - 192	
1936 - 179	1961 - 192	
1937 - 192	1962 - 195	
1938 - 175	1963 - 206	
1939 - 173	1964 - 211	
1940 - 225	1965 - 225	
1941 - 237	1966 - 222	
1942 - 137	1967 - 224	
1943 - 63	1968 - 208	
1944 - 72	1969 - 213	

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

COLLEGES REPRESENTED

Alabama C. - 1

Antioch C. - 1

Arkansas St. U. - 1

Auburn U. - 2

Augustana C. - 1

Bard - 2

Bates C. - 2

Beaver C. - 1

Bemidji St. U. - 2

Bennington - 1

Bethel C. - 1

Black Hills - 3

Bluffton - 1

Boston U. - 1

Bowdoin - 3

Bowling Green St. U. - 1

Brown U. - 1

Bryan C. - 1

Bucknell - 1

Capital U. - 1

Carnegie Mellon - 1

Castleton St. Coll. - 1

Central Connecticut - 1

Central Missouri St. U. - 1

Chestnut Hill - 1

Cleveland St. - 1

Colby - 3

Colgate - 2

Cornell U. - 2

Dartmouth - 4

Denison - 2

DePauw - 1

Dickinson - 1

Dr. Martin Luther C. - 1

Dominican C. - 1

Eastern Connecticut St. C. - 1

Emerson - 1

Emory - 1

Florida St. U. - 1

Florida Southern C. - 1

Franklin Pierce C. - 1

Georgia Southern - 1

Georgia St. U. - 1

Gettysburg - 1

Glenville St. - 1

Grace C. - 1

Grove City C. - 1

Hamilton - 1

Hampshire - 1

Hampton-Sydney C. - 1

Harvard U. - 1

Hiram - 1

Hobart - 1

Hofstra - 1

Idaho St. - 1

Illinois St. U. - 1

Indiana U. of Penn. - 2

Johnson St. C. - 1

Juilliard Sch. of Music - 1

Keene St. C. - 1

Kenyon - 4

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford - 1

Lincoln C., Oxford - 1

Lock Haven - 1

Louisiana Tech. U. - 1

Loyola U. - 1

Lyndon C. - 1

Macalester - 1

Madison - 1

Melbourne U. - 1

Metropolitan St. C. - 1

Miami U. (Ohio) - 1

Middlebury C. - 13

Millersville St. - 1

Morningside - 1

Mt. Holyoke C. - 3

Nanterre U. (Paris) - 4

Newcomb C. - 1

New England C. - 2

New Mexico St. - 1

Niles C. of Loyola U. - 1

North Carolina St. - 1

Northeastern Oklahoma St. - 1

Northern Arizona U. - 1

Northwest Nazarene C. - 1

Northwestern U. - 1

Notre Dame - 2

Oberlin - 2

Ohio U. - 3

Pembroke St. - 1

Pennsylvania St. - 1

Princeton - 3

Purdue - 1

Queen Mary C. - 1

Queens - 2

Radford - 1

Rice - 1

St. Cloud St. - 1

St. John's - 2

St. Joseph's C. - 2

St. Louis U. - 1

St. Peter's - 1

Salem - 1

Sanford - 1

Shippensburg St. C. - 1

Slippery Rock St. C. - 1

Smith C. - 1

SUC - Fredonia - 1

SUC - Potsdam - 2

SUNY - Albany - 2

SUNY - New Paltz - 1

SUNY - Oswego - 1

South Dakota St. U. - 1

Stanford U. - 1

Suffolk - 2

Susquehanna - 2

Swarthmore - 2

Texas Tech. - 1

Thomas Aquinas - 1

Towson St. - 1

Union C. - 1

University C., Oxford - 1

U. C., Berkeley - 3

U. C., Davis - 1

U. of Buffalo - 1

U. of Chattanooga - 1

U. of Connecticut - 1

U. of Dubuque - 1

U. of Florida - 2

U. of Georgia - 3

U. of Hartford - 1

U. of Illinois - 1

U. of Lowell - 1

U. of Maine - 5

U. of Massachusetts - 2

U. of Michigan - 2

U. of Minnesota - 1

U. of Montana - 1

U. of New Hampshire - 2

U. of New Mexico - 1

U. of North Carolina - 1

U. of Northern Iowa - 1

U. of Pennsylvania - 1

U. of South Carolina - 1

U. of Southern Louisiana - 1

U. of the South - 3

U. of Southern Florida - 1

U. of Tennessee - 4

U. of Texas - 2

U. of Washington - 1

U. of Wisconsin - 3

U. of Wyoming - 1

U. of Vermont - 5

Vanderbilt - 4

Vassar - 1

Wayne St. - 1

Wake Forest U. - 1

Wellesley C. - 2

Wells C. - 1

Western Texas St. U. - 1

Western Washington U. - 1

Wheaton - 1

Williamette - 2

Williams C. - 3

Yale U. - 1

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

Bread Loaf

The J. Douglas Harper Scholarship	John Kennedy
The Kathleen Downey Scholarship	Carol Kirker
The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship	Katherine Towler and Robin Reid
The Lillian Becker Scholarship	Amanda Branscombe
The Laurence B. Holland Scholarship	Stephen Stettler and William Wright
The John M. Kirk, Jr. Scholarship	Gene Laskowski
The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship	William Noll and Mark Lawhorn

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (30)

Bass, Franklyn George
Buyske, Donna Cattell
Cantor, Terry Ann
Corcoran, Joan Melville
Dalin, Herbert Ira
Didsbury, Kendall Peter
Ellis, Nancy Valeur
*Hauge, Stephen Burnet
Holland, James Charles
Holland, Nancy Noble
Inglehart, Donna Kamys
Jenkins, Cheryl Sandford
Jenkins, Jeffrey Alan
Johnson, Michael Chesley
Kirker, Carol Lynn
Lance, William Michael - *in absentia*
*Lansdale, Richard Hyatt, IV
Laskowski, Gene Lambert
*Leskiw, Elaine Marie
*Mayer, Mary Elizabeth
*Mayer, Thomas Humphrey
O'Rourke, Timothy John
Risteen, Paul Francis Xavier
*Saladyga, Michael
Sanderson, Elizabeth Selfridge
Shute, Stephanie
Skeele, Jennifer Slingerland
Wiley, Robert Todd
Wollin, Lucy Ann
Wright, William Wilson, Jr.

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS (4)

*Gallagher, Karen Hanrahan
Gray, Mary Elizabeth
*McCluskey, Ann Eileen
Veglahn, Nancy Jean

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 7, 1982

Bread Loaf School of English
1982
AREAS OF CONCENTRATION - M.Litt. (15)

Caserta, John - 19th and 20th Century Literature

Gray, Mary Elizabeth - Dramatic Literature and Theatre Arts

Griffiths, Catherine - Drama

Hilbrink, Lucinda - 19th and 20th Century Literature (Novel Emphasis)

Kennedy, Sr. Francis Assisi - The Classical Tradition in European Literature

Kennedy, John H. - The 19th Century

Kirk, Betty - Theatre Arts

Miller, Katherine - Poetry

Morgan, Carol - The Novel

Rumble, Angela - American Literature

Stettler, Stephen - Theatre

Stoj, Ronald

Tadler, William - 19th Century English and American Literature

Testerman, William - 1850-1930 British Literature

Veglahn, Nancy - The Novel

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Drama
Betsy Gray - Dramatic Literature & Theatre Arts
Catherine Griffiths - Drama
Betty Kirk - Theatre Arts
Stephen Stettler - Theatre

19th and 20th Century Literature
John Caserta - 19th and 20th Century Literature
Lucinda Hilbrink - 19th and 20th Century Literature (Novel emphasis)
Angela Rumble - American Literature
William Testerman - 1850-1930 British Literature

19th Century
John Kennedy - The 19th Century
William Tadler - 19th Century English and American Prose

The Novel
Carol Morgan
Nancy Veglahn

Poetry
Katherine Miller

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

PROSPECTIVE DEGREE CANDIDATES FOR 1983

Master of Arts (45)

Arnold, Carol
Ash, Thomas
Babcock, Brit
Beattie, Joan
Bowen, Betsy
Branscombe, Amanda
Clifford, Elizabeth
Cohen, Barbara
Craig, Debra
Cummings, Marcie
Everett, Thomas
Fritz, Laurel
Griffiths, Kerry
Hardwick, T. Chandler
Hardwick, Monie
Harrington, Timothy
Hayes, Michael
Huntley, LuEllen
Jernquist, Kathleen
Killingsworth, Paula
Kirk, Betty
Lane, JoAnn
Lawhorn, Mark
Lin, John
Lindholm, JoAnn
Meeks, Janet
Morgan, Carol
Mork, Roger
Morrin, Kevin
Mull, Peter
Mulligan, Joy
Mulligan, Michael
Oates, Scott
Peaslee, Elizabeth
Roach, Daniel
Speers, William
Stettler, Stephen
Sutton, Dianne
Tarlov, Richard
Tumlinson, Randall
VonderHaar, Christine
Wadley, Denis
Walker, Robert
Wooton, Suzanne
Zalecki, Dennis

Master of Letters (2)

Gallagher, Kevin
Hilbrink, Lucinda

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING
STUDENTS (90)

Alfonso, Margaret	Auburndale, Florida
Alvine, Lynne	Buena Vista, Virginia
Ash, Thomas	Carrizo Springs, Texas
Atwell, Nancie	West Southport, Maine
Bateman, Steven	Bangor, Maine
Bissell, Norman	Sedalia, Colorado
Blanchette, Bradley	Hinesburg, Vermont
Bowen, Betsy	Portland, Maine
Branscombe, N. Amanda	Auburn, Alabama
Brown, William	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Burrington, Rick	Deadwood, South Dakota
Christensen, Mark	Superior, Wisconsin
Davies, Nancy	Grantham, New Hampshire
DeLong, Michael	Silver Lake, Minnesota
Drake, Diane	Sauk Centre, Minnesota
Dugger, Carol	Roswell, Georgia
Elliott, Jana	Pryor, Oklahoma
Fearon, Kathy	Naples, Florida
Foster, Kathleen	Leesburg, Virginia
Foy, Edward	Weiser, Idaho
Foy, Valorie	Weiser, Idaho
Goodwin, Meredyth	Searsport, Maine
Grant, Margaret	Nampa, Idaho
Gratz, Todd	Findlay, Ohio
Haeger, Jean	Stratton, Maine
Harris, Lisa	Richmond Hill, Georgia
Hatley, James	Whitehall, Montana
Hemp, Christine	Newbury, Vermont
Henikoff, Larry	Middlebury, Vermont
Herring, Arlene	Maxton, North Carolina
Holmsten, Victoria	New Laguna, New Mexico
Horn, Joe Mark	Galveston, Texas
Huntley, LuEllen	Wadesboro, North Carolina
Jeffries, Charles	Weston, West Virginia
Jenkins, Cheryl	Piscataway, New Jersey

Jernquist, Kathleen	Foster, Rhode Island
Jordan, Faye	Auburn, Alabama
Kennedy, John	Randolph Center, Vermont
Keyes, Deborah	Portland, Maine
Killingsworth, Paula	Lafayette, Louisians
Kromer, William	Downsville, New York
Lane, JoAnn	Albany, Georgia
Lobdell, James	Rohnert Park, California
Lujan, Alfred	Sante Fe, New Mexico
Lumley, Dale	Butler, Pennsylvania
McDonough, Edward	Salem, New Hampshire
McElveen, Madeleine	Northway, Alaska
Metzegen-Bundiy, Ambrose	Keokuk, Iowa
Morgan, Meredith	Wilmington, Vermont
Mork, Roger	Lander, Wymoning
Morris, Karen Sue	Beverly, Kentucky
Morrow, Katherine	Onamia, Minnesota
Noble, Bernard	Salisbury, Vermont
Noll, William	Kyle, South Dakota
Orear, Mary	Rockport, Maine
Oxendine, Julia	Pembroke, North Carolina
Parsons, William	Denver, Colorado
Perry, Arthur	Farmington, Maine
Phillips, Conrad	Port Henry, New York
Price, Joan	Sebastopol, California
Prickitt, Christopher	Cambridge, Maine
Rau, Shirley	Nampa, Idaho
Ray, Lucinda	Warwick, Massachusetts
Risteen, Paul	Chelmsford, Massachusetts
Rosenbaum, Eileen	Topsham, Maine
Satterwhite, Laverne	Idaho Springs, Colorado
Schwinghammer, David	Rice, Minnesota
Seeley, Nancy	Teec Nos Pos, Arizona
Seeley, Lawrence	Teec Nos Pos, Arizona
Spence, Jeffrey	Saranac Lake, New York
Stanford, Patricia	Springhill, Louisiana
Stillman, Peter	Utica, New York
Striker, Sonja	Rochester, Vermont

Stubbs, Wendy	Hartington, Nebraska
Thaden, David	Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Vargas, William	West Newbury, Vermont
Vest, Terri	Salem, Arizona
Walker, Susan	McClellanville, South Carolina
Wessel-Friedman, Karen	Homer, Alaska
White, David	Knoxville, Tennessee
White, Donald	Rock Springs, Wyoming
Wilson, David	Tipton, Iowa
Wood, Elizabeth	Burlington, Vermont
Wootton, Suzanne	Hanover, Pennsylvania
Wright, William	Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Yale, Kelley	Canandaigua, New York

Leskiw, Elaine - Oxford	Scottsdale, Arizona
Sutton, Diane - Oxford	Newark, Ohio
Unger, Marian - Oxford	Lincolnton, Georgia
Meeks, Janet - Oxford	Scottsdale, Arizona

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS
FIRST YEAR (43)

Bateman, Steven	Bangor, Maine
Bissell, Norman	Sedalia, Colorado
Blanchette, Bradley	Hinesburg, Vermont
Brown, William	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Burrington, Rick	Deadwood, South Dakota
Christensen, Mark	Superior, Wisconsin
DeLong, Michael	Silver Lake, Minnesota
Dugger, Carol	Roswell, Georgia
Elliott, Jana	Pryor, Oklahoma
Fearon, Kathy	Naples, Florida
Foster, Kathleen	Leesburg, Virginia
Foy, Edward	Weiser, Idaho
Foy, Valorie	Weiser, Idaho
Grant, Margaret	Nampa, Idaho
Harris, Lisa	Richmond Hill, Georgia
Hatley, James	Whitehall, Montana
Hemp, Christine	Newbury, Vermont
Herring, Arlene	Maxton, North Carolina
Holmsten, Victoria	New Laguna, New MExico
Jeffries, Charles	Weston, West Virginia
Lujan, Alfred	Santa Fe, New Mexico
Lumley, Dale	Butler, Pennsylvania
McDonough, Edward	Salem, New Hampshire
McElveen, Madeleine	Northway, Alaska
Metzegen-Bundiy, Ambrose	Keokuk, Iowa
Morris, Karen Sue	Beverly, Kentucky
Morrow, Katherine	Onamia, Minnesota
Orear, Mary	Rockport, Maine
Oxendine, Julia	Pembroke, North Carolina
Phillips, Conrad	Port Henry, New York
Price, Joan	Sebastopol, California
Prickitt, Christopher	Cambridge, Maine
Rau, Shirley	Nampa, Idaho
Satterwhite, Laverne	Idaho Springs, Colorado
Schwinghammer, David	Rice, Minnesota

Spence, Jeffrey	Saranac Lake, New York
Stanford, Patricia	Springhill, Louisiana
Striker, Sonja	Rochester, Vermont
Stubbs, Wendy	Hartington, Nebraska
Wessel-Friedman, Karen	Homer, Alaska
White, David	Knoxville, Tennessee
Wilson, David	Tipton, Iowa
Yale, Kelley	Canandaigua, New York

SECOND YEAR (20)

Alfonso, Margaret	Auburndale, Florida
Alvine, Lynne	Buena Vista, Virginia
Davies, Nancy	Grantham, New Hampshire
Goodwin, Meredyth	Pine Hill, New Mexico
Gratz, Todd	Findlay, Ohio
Haeger, Jean	Stratton, Maine
Henikoff, Larry	Middlebury, Vermont
Horn, Joe Mark	Galveston, Texas
Jordan, Faye	Auburn, Alabama
Keyes, Deborah	Portland, Maine
Kromer, William	Downsville, New York
Morgan, Meredith	Wilmington, Vermont
Parsons, William	Denver, Colorado
Rosenbaum, Eileen	Topsham, Maine
Seeley, Lawrence	Teec Nos Pos, Arizona
Seeley, Nancy	Teec Nos Pos, Arizona
Stillman, Peter	Utica, New York
Walker, Susan	McClellanville, South Carolina
White, Donald	Rock Springs, Wyoming
Wood, Elizabeth	Burlington, Vermont

THIRD YEAR (14)

Ash, Thomas	Carrizo Springs, Texas
Atwell, Nancy	West Southport, Maine
Bowen, Betsy	Portland, Maine
Branscombe, Amanda	Auburn, Alabama
Jernquist, Kathleen	Foster, Rhode Island
Lane, JoAnne	Albany, Georgia
Mork, Roger	Lander, Wyoming
Noll, William	Kyle, South Dakota
Ray, Lucinda	Warwick, Massachusetts
Sutton, Dianne - Oxford	Newark, Ohio
Thaden, David	Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Unger, Marian - Oxford	Lincolnton, Georgia
Vargas, William	West Newbury, Vermont
Vest, Terri	Salem, Arizona

FOURTH YEAR (6)

Huntley, LuEllen	Wadesboro, North Carolina
Jenkins, Cheryl	Piscataway, New Jersey
Killingsworth, Paula	Lafayette, Louisiana
Noble, Bernard	Salisbury, Vermont
Risteen, Paul	Chelmsford, Massachusetts
Wootton, Suzanne	Hanover, Pennsylvania

FIFTH YEAR (1)

Leskiw, Elaine - Oxford	Scottsdale, Arizona

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

GENERAL MILLS FOUNDATION (3)

DeLong, Michael	Silver Lake, Minnesota
Christensen, Mark	Cromwell, Minnesota
Morrow, Katherine	Huron, South Dakota

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY FOUNDATION (27)

Brad Blanchette	Hinesburg, Vermont
Bowen, Betsy	Portland, Maine
Burrington, Rick	Deadwood, South Dakota
Bateman, Steven	Bangor, Maine
Elliott, Jana	Pryor, Oklahoma
Foy, Edward	Weiser, Idaho
Grant, Margaret	Nampa, Idaho
Gratz, Todd	Findlay, Ohio
Hatley, James	Whitehall, Montana
Jones, Kenneth	Newburyport, Massachusetts
Keyes, Deborah	Portland, Maine
Leskiw, Elaine	LeRoy, New York
McElveen, Madeleine	Northway, Alaska
Janet Meeks	Scottsdale, Arizona
Orear, Mary	Camden, Maine
Phillips, Conrad	Port Henry, New York
Prickitt, Christopher	Cambridge, Maine
Romond, Edwin	Washington, New Jersey
Satterwhite, Laverne	Idaho Springs, Colorado
Stanford, Patricia	Springhill, Louisiana
Striker, Sonja	Rochester, Vermont
Stubbs, Wendy	Alcester, South Dakota
Sutton, Dianne	Newark, Ohio
Vest, Terri	Melbourne, Arkansas
Walker, Robert	Hancock, Vermont
White, Donald	Rock Springs, Wyoming
Yale, Kelley	Canandaigua, New York

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION (26)

Ash, Thomas	Carrizo Springs, Texas
Atwell, Nancie	West Southport, Maine
Bissell, Norman	Sedalia, Colorado
Foy, Valorie	Weiser, Idaho
Goodwin, Meredyth	Searsport, Maine
Haeger, Jean	Stratton, Maine
Hemp, Christine	Newbury, Vermont
Holmsten, Victoria	New Laguna, New Mexico
Horn, Joe Mark	Galveston, Texas
Jenkins, Cheryl	Piscataway, New Jersey
Kennedy, John	Randolph Center, Vermont
Kromer, William	Downsville, New York
Lujan, Alfred	Santa Fe, New Mexico
Lumley, Dale	Butler, Pennsylvania
McDonough, Edward	Salem, New Hampshire
Metzegen-Bundiy, Ambrose	Keokuk, Iowa
Noble, Bernard	Salisbury, Vermont
Noll, William	Kyle, South Dakota
Parsons, William	Denver, Colorado
Price, Joan	Sebastopol, California
Rau, Shirley	Nampa, Idaho
Ray, Lucinda	Warwick, Massachusetts
Rosenbaum, Eileen	Topsham, Maine
Schwinghammer, David	Rice, Minnesota
Spence, Jeffrey	Saranac Lake, New York
Wessel-Friedman, Karen	Homer, Alaska

1982
PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

THE LYNDHURST FOUNDATION (26)

Alvine, Lynne	Buena Vista, Virginia
Bradford, Edward	Babson Park, Florida
Bradshaw, Mary	Atlanta, Georgia
Branscombe, Amanda	Auburn, Alabama
Brown, William	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Dugger, Carol	Roswell, Georgia
Fearon, Kathy	Naples, Florida
Foster, Kathleen	Leesburg, Virginia
Harris, Lisa	Richmond Hill, Georgia
Harvey, Steven	Young Harris, Georgia
Hayes, Michael	Bell Buckle, Tennessee
Herring, Arlene	Maxton, North Carolina
Huntley, LuEllen	Wadesboro, North Carolina
Jeffries, Charles	Weston, West Virginia
Jordan, Faye	Alexander City, Alabama
Morris, Karen Sue	Beverly, Kentucky
Mull, Peter	Charlotte, North Carolina
Orr, Charles	Charlotte, North Carolina
Oxendine, Julia	Pembroke, North Carolina
Pierce, Brett	Christchurch, Virginia
Thaden, David	Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Walker, Susan	McClellanville, South Carolina
Waters, David	Charlottesville, Virginia
White, David	Knoxville, Tennessee
Williams, George	Richmond, Virginia
Wright, William	Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

NO EXAMS GIVEN

2A.	Writing Prose Non-Fiction	(Macrorie)
2B.	Writing Prose Non-Fiction	(Macrorie)
3A.	Teaching Writing	(Goswami)
3B.	Teaching Writing	(Goswami)
5.	Poetry Writing	(Hadas)
6.	Fiction Writing	(Houston)
18.	Writing for the Theatre	(Mokler/Doolittle)
92.	The American 1920's	(Donadio)
129.	Introduction to Acting	(Elliott)
156.	Studying Writing	(Britton)
161.	Writing Across the Curriculum	(Odell)
167.	The American Language	(Heath)
169.	Learning to Use Language	(Heath)
170.	Evaluating Writing	(Odell)
172.	Story-Writing in Schools	(Britton)
173.	From Speaking to Writing	(Martin)
174.	Writing to Learn	(Martin)
175.	Wordsworth and Frost	(Pack)

M. Litt Exam
Nancy Veglahn
July, 1982

Professors James and Lucy Maddox

Answer any three of the following questions. In general, try to avoid writing twice on the same author. Some duplication of authors may be necessary, but you should avoid writing twice on the same book.

1. Discuss in detail the use of the "double" in the fiction of Dickens and Dostoevsky.

2. Describe the nature of stream-of-consciousness narration in Ulysses. Compare and contrast the use of similar narrative techniques in one of the following: Faulkner, Woolf, Proust.

3. To what extent can one speak of the early English novel as "psychological"? Take as your examples a) Defoe and b) either Richardson or Sterne.

4. The modern psychological novelist almost inevitably looks upon the parent-child relationship as a primary shaping force in the life of the protagonist. Discuss the exploration of that relationship in two of the following: Robinson Crusoe, David Copperfield, Crime and Punishment, To the Lighthouse, The Sound and the Fury.

5. Which novelist would you describe as the supreme psychological novelist? Discuss what seem to you the strengths--and the uniqueness--of that novelist.

6. How useful are Freudian categories and Freudian terminology in understanding and interpreting the behavior of characters in novels? Use three novels (by three different novelists) as examples.

7. In Tristram Shandy, Ulysses, The Waves, and As I Lay Dying the narrative structure of the novel is fragmented or discontinuous. What purpose does this fragmentation serve in any two of these novels?

8. Much modern criticism of the novel has tended to focus on forms of behavior that violate social, moral, or religious sanctions: deceit, incest, adultery, violence. How appropriate is this emphasis on unsanctioned, guilt-producing forms of behavior as a critical perspective? What are its strengths and its limitations?

9. Write three short essays on the following "problems" in the novels on your list:

   (a) Following is the final paragraph of Roxana, which seems to many readers hurried and ill-considered. How defensible is it as an appropriate ending?

   Here, after some few Years of flourishing, and outwardly happy Circumstances, I fell into a dreadful Course of Calamities, and Amy also; the very Reverse of our former Good Days; the Blast of Heaven seem'd to follow the Injury done the poor Girl, by us both; and I was brought so low again, that my Repentance seem'd to be only the Consequence of my Misery, as my Misery was of my Crime.

(b) Discuss the effects of James's withdrawal from any direct treatment of Milly Theale in her last weeks alive. What problems of interpretation are caused? How would you address them?

(c) How problematic is the "Siberian" ending of Crime and Punishment?

M.Litt. Examination for Betsy Gray
Professors Mokler and Cadden
Tuesday, July 27, 1982

Answer three of the following questions; allow about one hour for each. Avoid discussing the same play twice.

1. a. Men of Thebes: look upon Oedipus

This is the king who solved the famous riddle
And towered up, most powerful of men.
No mortal eyes but looked on him with envy,
Yet in the end ruin swept over him.

Let every man in mankind's frailty
Consider his last day; and let none
Presume on his good fortune until he find
Life, at his death, a memory without pain.

b. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal; and for his passage
The soldier's music and the rite of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.
/ Exeunt, marching. A peal of ordnance shot off. /

c. And after that evening Azdak vanished and was never seen again.
The people of Grusinia did not forget him but long remembered
The period of his judging as a brief golden age,
Almost an age of justice.

/ All the couples dance off. Azdak has disappeared. /

But you, you who have listened to the Story of the Chalk Circle,
Take note what men of old concluded:
That what there is shall go to those who are good for it,
Children to the motherly, that they prosper,
Carts to good drivers, that they be driven well,
The valley to the waterers, that it yield good fruit.

How adequate are these choral (or chorus-like) endings as final comments on the action of the play that precede them? In particular, how does Brecht's use of the singer in Chalk Circle resemble Sophocles' use of the chorus and Shakespeare's use of Fortinbras? How does it differ?

2. Chekhov's Three Sisters has been described as a "period" Waiting for Godot. Characters in each play miss a center to their lives, some one thing that will give them meaning. The ending of each play gives us an image of the quest for a "one thing needful" and the frustration of that quest. Comment.

3. Discuss the use and abuse of the conventions of the well-made play in A Doll's House and It is So! (If You Think So). How do Ibsen and Pirandello introduce intellect into a form that usually resists it?

4. Strindberg's Miss Julie, Chekhov's Cherry Orchard, and Ibsen's A Doll's House all end with a lone character on stage. Describe each ending--sights, sounds, and words--and analyze the effects each playwright achieves by closing with this particular figure.

5. What effect would you expect the wordlessness of Kroetz's Request Concert to have on an audience? What might lead a playwright to give up language as a theatrical resource? You might want to compare and contrast Pinter's use of the pause. Do you feel the absence of explanatory loquaciousness forces the spectator into a more active role in the theatre?

6. a. In the last scene of Twelfth Night, Malvolio speaks his final line after a long silence. What choices might an actor make about both this silence and his exit line ("I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.") to sum up his interpretation of the role?

   b. Comment on the more baffling silence of Isabella in Measure for Measure after her plea for Angelo's life. What choices might an actress (and her director) make to motivate this silence?

7. Discuss the final stage images in Ibsen's Ghosts and Strindberg's A Dream Play as the formal resolution of the action of those plays. What does each ending tell us about the playwright's sense of appropriate dramatic closure?

14. Modern British Poetry
Final Examination

Mr. A. Walton Litz
Friday, August 13, 1982

Three hours. Answer question #1 and two others.

1. Choose one of the following poems and write a detailed critical interpretation, showing how this work is representative of the author. You should give attention to language and form as well as subject-matter, and should refer to other poems by the author wherever possible.

   Pound, "Portrait d'une Femme" (Norton, p. 334)

   Eliot, "Gerontion" (Norton, p. 455)

   Auden, "Musee des Beaux Arts" (Norton, p. 740) or
   "Our Hunting Fathers" (Norton, p. 738)

   Hardy, "Channel Firing" (Norton, p. 56)

   Larkin, "Church Going" (Norton, p. 1015)

2. Discuss the uses of dramatic voices or "personae" in Pound and/or Eliot.

3. Discuss the general structure of either The Waste Land or Four Quartets.

4. In his review of Joyce's Ulysses (1923), Eliot declared that the "mythic method" offered a modern alternative to older narrative forms. Discuss and compare the uses of myth or legend in two of the following: Pound, Eliot, Auden, Graves, Hughes.

5. Discuss the symbolic uses of "landscape" in Auden's poetry.

6. Discuss the modifications of traditional forms and themes in two poets we have read.

7. Choose two or three poems by Hardy and use them as a basis for discussing his characteristic themes and diction.

8. Choose one of the poets we have read and try to define his essential qualities through a close analysis of two or three characteristic poems.

9. Pound and Eliot are often called "modernists," while Hardy and Larkin are thought of as representatives of a "native"strain in British poetry. Does this make sense? What useful connections and/or oppositions do you see in the poets we have read?

10. No matter how "pure" the poet tries to be, he always writes out of a particular cultural and historical setting. Choose one or two poets and discuss their transformations of the immediate historical background.

19. CHAUCER
Final Examination

Mr. Fleming
Thursday, August 12, 1982

INSTRUCTIONS: Answer any three of the following questions. Do not repeat yourself from one answer to the next, and do not repeat material from your course papers.

1. Translate into idiomatic English prose lines 182 - 203 of the Parliament of Fowls (pp. 569 - 570).

2. Write on the relationship between the character of one of the following pilgrims and his/her tale: knight, pardoner, wife of Bath, friar, franklin.

3. Write on one of the following aspects of Troilus and Criseyde: the character of the narrator, the theme of friendship, the theme of treachery, pagan gods and rites, Troilus in bed, levels of language, comedy, tragedy, or the problem of the ending.

4. "Critics usually make the mistake of talking about 'the poet Chaucer,' as though he were a single man. We would do well to admit that there is one Chaucer who is the author of the Troilus and another who is the author of the Miller's Tale and the Summoner's Tale. The two writers share practically nothing but their name."

Discuss.

21. STUDIES IN THE MODERN NOVEL — Mrs. Lucy Maddox
Final Examination — Friday, August 13, 1982

Identify and discuss any three of the following passages. In what way(s) is the passage characteristic of the work from which it is taken? Is the passage identifiable by style alone? Comment on any major themes, patterns of imagery, or methods of characterization that are reflected in the passage.

1. "It had not taken them many minutes, after all, to put down on the table, like the cards of a pack, those that constituted their respective hands; only what came out was that the pack was unfortunately not perfect--that the past, invoked, invited, encouraged, could give them, naturally, no more than it had. It had made them meet--her at twenty, him at twenty-five; but nothing was so strange, they seemed to say to each other, as that, while so occupied, it hadn't done a little more for them. They looked at each other as with the feeling of an occasion missed; the present one would have been so much better if the other, in the far distance, in the foreign land, hadn't been so stupidly meager. There weren't, apparently, all counted, more than a dozen little old things that had succeeded in coming to pass between them; trivialities of youth, simplicities of freshness, stupidities of ignorance, small possible germs, but too deeply buried--too deeply (didn't it seem?) to sprout after so many years."

2. "He turned in confusion. There was always confusion in speech. Yet it must be spoken. Whichever way one moved, if one were to move forwards, one must break a way through. And to know, to give utterance, was to break a way through the walls of the prison as the infant in labour strives through the walls of the womb. There is no new movement now, without the breaking through of the old body, deliberately, in knowledge, in the struggle to get out."

3. "We are absurdly accustomed to the miracle of a few written signs being able to contain immortal imagery, involutions of thought, new worlds with live people, speaking, weeping, laughing. We take it for granted so simply that in a sense, by the very act of brutish routine acceptance, we undo the work of the ages, the history of the gradual elaboration of poetical description and construction, from the treeman to Browning, from the caveman to Keats. What if we awake one day, all of us, and find ourselves utterly unable to read? I wish you to gasp not only at what you read but at the miracle of its being readable (so I used to tell my students). Although I am capable, through long dabbling in blue magic, of imitating any prose in the world (but singularly enough not verse--I am a miserable rhymester), I do not consider myself a true artist, save in one matter: I can do what only a true artist can do--pounce upon the forgotten butterfly of revelation, wean myself abruptly from the habit of things, see the web of the world, and the warp and the weft of that web."

4. "I don't mean that they had their tongues in their cheeks or did anything vulgar, for that was not one of their dangers: I do mean, on the other hand, that the element of the unnamed and untouched became, between us, greater than any other, and that so much avoidance could not have been so successfully effected without a great deal of tacit arrangement. It was as if, at moments, we were perpetually coming into sight of subjects before which we must stop short, turning suddenly out of alleys that we perceived to be blind, closing with a little bang that made us look at each other--for, like all bangs, it was something louder than we had intended--the doors we had indiscreetly opened."

5. "April, herald of horrors, is at hand. The sun was returning to his kingdom with power but without beauty--that was the sinister feature. If only there had been beauty! His cruelty would have been tolerable then. Through excess of light, he failed to triumph, he also; in his yellowy-white overflow not only matter, but brightness itself lay drowned. He was not the unattainable friend, either of men or birds or other suns, he was not the eternal promise, the never-withdrawn suggestion that haunts our consciousness; he was merely a creature, like the rest, and so debarred from glory."

6. "And she peered into the dish, with its shiny walls and its confusion of savoury brown and yellow meats and its bay leaves and its wine, and thought. This will celebrate the occasion--a curious sense rising in her, at once freakish and tender, of celebrating a festival, as if two emotions were called up in her, one profound--for what could be more serious than the love of man for woman, what more commanding, more impressive, bearing in its bosom the seeds of death; at the same time these lovers, these people entering into illusion glittering eyed, must be danced round with mockery, decorated with garlands."

7. "I have, I am aware, told this story in a very rambling way so that it may be difficult for anyone to find his path through what may be a sort of maze. I cannot help it. I have stuck to my idea of being in a country cottage with a silent listener, hearing between the gusts of the wind and amidst the noises of the distant sea the story as it comes. And, when one discusses an affair--a long, sad affair--one goes back, one goes forward. One remembers points thatone has forgotten and one explains them all the more minutely since one recognizes that one has forgotten to mention them in their proper places and that one may have given, by omitting them, a false impression. I console myself with thinking that this is a real story and that, after all, real stories are probably told best in the way a person telling a story would tell them. They will then seem most real."

8. "His own country after all had had most of his life, and his muse, as they said at that time, was essentially American. That was originally what I had loved him for; that at a period when our native land was nude and crude andprovincial, when the famous 'atmosphere' it is supposed to lack was not even missed, when literature was lonely there and art and form almost impossible, he had found means to live and write like one of the first; to be free and general and not at all afraid; to feel, understand, and express everything."

28. SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY — Mr. Danson
Final Examination — Thursday, August 12, 1982

Three hours. Do either Part 1 or Part 2.

Either: I. Write a single, coherent essay on the plays we have read this term, organized so that it shows the range and the depth of your knowledge. Attend both to similarities and to differences among the plays.

Or: II. Write a brief essay on each of the following passages. Use the passage as the focus for a discussion of the play from which it comes. The play, not the passage, is your object.

1. Hamlet.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
(2. 2. 650-68)

2. Othello.

By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
(3. 3. 380-87)

3. Pandarus.

Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars. Let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say, "Amen."
(3. 2. 198-206)

4. Edmund.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
(King Lear, 1. 2. 1-6)

5. Macbeth. What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors.
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.
(5. 5. 7-15)

6. Coriolanus. Cut me to pieces, Volsces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. "Boy"! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecoat, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. "Boy"?
(5. 6. 112-17)

7. Enobarbus. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
(Antony and Cleopatra, 2. 2, 241-46)

8. Caliban. Freedom, high day! High day, freedom! Freedom, high day, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster! Lead the way. Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends.
(Tempest, end Act 2 - beginning Act 3)

37. EUROPEAN REALISM
Final Examination

Mr. Maddox
Friday, August 13, 1982

Answer two of the following questions.
Do not write twice on the same book.

1. The realists create a sense of character through an accumulation of "telling" or "significant" details which eventually convince us of the "reality" of the created man or woman. But different realists, of course, make different choices of detail. Compare Flaubert and Tolstoy in their creation of character. What sort of thing does one author tell us and the other author omit? How do the different selections of material help to distinguish between Flaubert and Tolstoy as novelists?

2. When Bleak House and Middlemarch are set against the other novels in this course, what emerges as their distinctively "English" quality? Use the other novels in whatever way you choose, to establish the contrast.

3. Compare in some detail Tolstoy and Eliot in their use of the multi-plot novel.

4. How similar are the analyses of love in Madame Bovary and Swann's Way? What is there in the fictional worlds of the two novels that seems to foredoom love?

NAME_____

41. Nineteenth-Century American Novels
Final Examination

Mr. Stephen Donadio
Friday, August 13, 1982

PLEASE NOTE: This examination has been designed to be completed in two hours. Please read through the entire examination before you begin to write, paying careful attention to the specific directions for each of the three parts. Please remember to: (1) write on one side of the page only in bluebooks; (2) write your name in the upper right hand corner of this examination sheet, and return the sheet along with bluebooks at the end of the examination; (3) indicate vividly if you are a candidate for a degree this summer.

You have been awarded one point for reading this far.

PART I (25 minutes: 24 points)

Briefly identify and explain the significance of any eight of the following items, indicating in each case the author and title of the work in which the item figures.

Sir Luke Strett

An April snowstorm

Cairo

Yojo, a wooden idol

The tall soldier

Britannia of the Marketplace

Old Moodie

A house swept along on a flooded river

A temple on a cliff

A shattered quadrant

Sick Arab -- but harmless when not out of his head

Pleyel

An heroic color bearer

"Ego non baptizo te in nomine patris, sed in nomine diaboli!"

PART II (35 minutes: 35 points)

Discuss in detail any one(1) of the following passages, indicating as precisely as you can how the specific elements of the passage reflect the author's characteristic concerns, intentions, and techniques.

(a) Bewitching to my fancy are all those nooks and crannies, where Nature, like a stray partridge, hides her head among the long-established haunts of men! It is likewise to be remarked, as a general rule, that there is far more of the picturesque, more truth to native and characteristic tendencies, and vastly greater suggestiveness, in the back view of a residence, whether in town or country, than in its front. The latter is always artificial; it is meant for the world's eye, and is therefore a veil and a concealment. Realities keep in the rear, and put forward an advance-guard of show and humbug. The posterior aspect of any old farm-house, behind which a railroad has unexpectedly been opened, is so different from that looking upon the immemorial highway, that the spectator gets new ideas of rural life and individuality, in the puff or two of steam-breath which shoots him past the premises. In a city, the distinction between what is offered to the public, and what is kept for the family, is certainly not less striking.

(b) Like noiseless nautilus shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. He saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles rose and danced by his side. . .A gentle joyousness, a mighty mildness of repose in swiftness, invested the gliding whale. Not the white bull Jupiter swimming away with ravished Europa clinging to his graceful horns; his lively leering eyes sideways intent upon the maid; with smooth bewitching fleetness, rippled straight for the nuptial bower in Crete; not Jove, not that mighty majesty Supreme! did surpass the glorified White Whale as he so divinely swam.

On each soft side. . .on each bright side, the whale shed off enticings. No wonder there had been some among the hunters who namelessly transported and allured by all this serenity, had ventured to assail it; but had fatally found that quietude but the vesture of tornadoes. Yet calm, enticing calm, oh whale! thou glidest on, to all who for the first time eye thee, no matter how many in that same way thou may'st have bejuggled and destroyed before.

PART II (Continued)

(b) (Continued)
And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose handclappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk,entirely hiding the wrenched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waved his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded and went out of sight. Hoveringly halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

(c) Col. Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the Widow Douglas said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mud-cat himself. Col. Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean-shaved every morning, all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep back that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. . .There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be -- you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards.

PART III (50 minutes: 39 points)

Write an essay on one of the following topics, making specific references to the texts in question wherever necessary to support your assertions. (PLEASE NOTE: You may not choose the author whose work you chose to write on in PART II.)

(a) The nature and significance of violence in any three works on the reading list.

(b) The sense of time (and the rate at which time passes) in any three works on the reading list.

(c) The effect of the narrative voice on the reader's interpretation of events in any three works on the reading list.

You have been awarded a second point for reading to the end of this exam.

45. Contemporary American Drama
Final Examination

Mr. Michael Cadden
Friday, August 13, 1982

Everyone must answer Question 1. Choose one of the two possibilities in Question 2. Question 3 3 gives you three choices; pick one.

1. Below is a list of props gathered from some of the plays you've read. Choose six of them, say where they're from (author, play) and what significance they have in their dramatic context. (45 minutes)

Cookies
Toasters
A Meat cleaver
A signed copy of Memoirs
A great bunch of snapdragons (Flores para los muertos)
A refrigerator
A paper hat
A woman dressed in a wedding gown and seated in a wheelchair
A bench in Central Park
A dead rabbit
An N.B.A. Ref with a huge scoreboard
A glass unicorn (Just in case you're stuck for Number 6)

2. Choose either (a) or (b). (45 minutes)

(a) Which of the plays we have read has affected you most deeply and why?

(b) How would either Eugene O'Neill or Arthur Miller or Edward Albee or Sam Shepard or Christopher Durang do a theatrical treatment of the following story. (Allow for a lot of latitude in the adaptation process -- e.g. the transposition to an American setting.)

"Orpheus was husband to Eurydice. He was a masterful player on the lyre which Apollo (some say Hermes) gave him. Rivers ceased to flow, beasts forgot their wildness, mountains moved from place to place to listen; all nature was charmed and animated when Orpheus played. His married happiness with Eurydice was brief; Aristaeus became enamored of her, and as she fled from him, a serpent bit her foot; she died. With lyre in hand, Orpheus went into the infernal regions, where Pluto and Persephone agreed to restore Eurydice, provided he did not look back. Orpheus did not keep the promise and consequently lost her. Stories of his last days and his end vary."

45. Contemporary American Drama
Final Examination

Mr. Michael Cadden
Friday, August 13, 1982

3. Choose one of the following questions. (90 minutes)

(a) Robert Brustein speaks of contemporary playwrights as having "virtually demolished the tasteless parlor of the illusionistic theatre." He continues, "By leaping beyond the physical confines of the kitchen, the bedroom, and the living room, these writers are transcending the thematic limitations imposed by those rooms as well. . . .The strict laws governing so much modern drama (e.g. O'Neill, Williams, Miller) provide an atmosphere of safety and predictability, but only at the cost of severe restrictions on the possibilities of creation. . . Like Moliere's Monsieur Jourdain, we are beginning to discover that we have been speaking bourgeois prose all our lives -- and we have been listening to too much bourgeois prose as well. But the non-linear theatre fulfills some of the conditions of poetry by introducing us to the unexpected, and bringing us beyond the prosaic formulas of our social-psychological universe." Comment, using at least four of the playwrights we have read this summer. (Three "contemporaries")

(b) "In its essence theatre is that which shows us life being fabricated, so to speak, from scratch; when an actor steps onto a stage, he appears to have emerged as by spontaneous combustion and he must live in this artificial environment by the inventions -- the created words and gestures -- of the playwright. What modern realism had done (and continues to do), however, was to disguise behind a multiplicity of detail, a surface likeness to life, this radical nakedness." (Richard Gilman) Discuss the importance or unimportance of <u>theatricality</u> in at least four of the playwrights we've read. (Three "contemporaries")

(c) "Good playwrights are moralists. They hate, and express their hatred on stage. They are constantly in the position of saying, 'You live badly, my friends; it is a pity to live as you do.'" Comment, using at least four of the playwrights we have read. (Three "contemporaries")

52. EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL
Final Examination

Mr. Maddox
Thursday, August 12, 1982

Answer two of the following questions.
Do not write twice on the same book.

1. How "psychological" is the eighteenth-century novel? How interested are eighteenth-century novelists in the task of portraying complex mental states? What narrative strategies do these novelists devise in order to reveal psychology? First address this question generally, and then focus upon two of the following works for most of your essay: Robinson Crusoe, Clarissa, Tristram Shandy, Emma.

2. The eighteenth-century preoccupation with a social self displayed before the world's eyes often creates a deep disparity between the sense of public and private selves, both in eighteenth-century novelistic characters and, if we can judge from the case of Boswell, in eighteenth-century characters outside novels. Write an essay considering the ramifications of that split. Take as your examples two or three of the following: Lovelace, Boswell, Frank Churchill.

3. Discuss the relationship between social structure on one hand and moral and psychological dilemmas on the other in two of the following: Clarissa, Joseph Andrews, Boswell's London Journal, Emma.
To what extent does the idea of society in these works predict the forms in which moral and psychological problems present themselves?

4. Many eighteenth-century characters, both inside and outside novels, write in order to create portraits of themselves which they can study and from which they can learn about themselves. Many of our texts, that is, tend toward the introspective forms of journals, letters, autobiographies. Discuss the process of self-exploration and self-creation in two of the following: Robinson Crusoe, Clarissa, Tristram Shandy, Boswell's London Journal.

71. THE CLASSICAL AND THE MEDIEVAL — Mr. Fleming
Final Examination — Friday, August 13, 1982

INSTRUCTIONS: Answer any three of the following questions, devoting about an hour to each. Do not repeat yourself from one answer to the next, and do not repeat extensively from your course papers.

1. Explain the function of one of the following to the work in which he/she appears: Turnus, Alypius, the Duenna, Ulysses.

2. Write on Augustinian themes in Petrarch.

3. What did Vergil mean to Dante?

4. Explain the importance of the Consolation of Philosophy for an understanding of the Romance of the Rose.

5. Write on one of the following ideas in several of the works read: metamorphosis, justice, the quest.

6. Explain, as to an introductory student, the literary structure of one of the following books: the Aeneid, the Consolation of Philosophy, the Inferno, the Rime sparse.

75. THE MODERN AMERICAN LONG POEM
Final Examination

Mr. Mariani
Thursday, August 12, 1982

Answer both I and II.
(Total time: three hours)

I. In Paterson 3, Williams makes a statement about the language of poetry which seems to directly contradict the symbolist esthetic of T. S. Eliot:

> We read: not the flames
> but the ruin left
> by the conflagration
>
> Not the enormous burning
> but the dead (the books
> remaining). Let us read
>
> and digest: the surface
> glistens, only the surface.
> Dig in--and you have
>
> a nothing, surrounded by
> a surface, an inverted
> bell resounding, a
>
> white-hot man become
> a book, the emptiness of
> a cavern resounding....

Discuss these lines (P. 123) in the context of an anti-symbolic reading of language. Certainly Crane, Eliot and to some degree Stevens prefer a poetic based on the use of allusions and traditional and private symbols. If Williams believes an in-depth reading of his text is an illusion, how does he manage to get his poem to resonate with meaning? Be sure to give examples of the Presence/Absence addressed by each of the four poets.

(90 min.)

II. In Paterson 5, Williams addresses the woman seen on the streets of his city:

> . if ever I see you again
> as I have sought you
> daily without success
>
> I'll speak to you, alas
> too late! ask,
> What are you doing on the
>
> streets of Paterson? a
> thousand questions:
> Are you married? Have you any
>
> children? And,most important,
> your NAME! which
> of course she may not
>
> give me--though
> I cannot conceive it
> in such a lonely and
>
> intelligent woman....

Discuss the nameless woman, Kore (the Virgin) in Paterson. This is the linguistic moment of which Hillis Miller speaks. Who is the figure addressed in Stevens' two poems, Eliot's two, and The Bridge? Specifically, what is the import of the multitudinous Verb Crane addresses, the fluent mundo of Stevens, and the Word of the Four Quartets? Discuss briefly the differences between Williams' Kore and these others.

(90 min.)

101. Yeats and Joyce
Final Examination

Mr. A. Walton Litz
Thursday, August 12, 1982

Three hours. Answer three questions, at least one from each half of the examination.

I.

1. Discuss and contrast the Rose and the Tower as emblems in Yeats's poetry.

2. Discuss one or two of the following "pairs" of poems:

   "September 1913" and "Easter 1916"

   "The Second Coming" and "Prayer for My Daughter"

   "Sailing to Byzantium" and "Byzantium"

   "Coole Park, 1929" and "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931"

   "The Gyres" and "Lapis Lazuli"

3. Compare Yeats's view of Parnell with that of Joyce.

4. Discuss Yeats's poetry as a form of secret (or not so secret) autobiography.

5. Discuss (with reference to specific poems) the ways in which a knowledge of Yeats's visionary "system" can illuminate his later poetry.

6. Discuss two or three of the following poems, showing how they are typical (in language, theme, and attitude) of the period in which they were written.

   "The Lake Isle of Innisfree"

   "Adam's Curse"

   "The Wild Swans at Coole"

   "Among School Children"

   "Leda and the Swan"

   "The Municipal Gallery Revisited"

   "Under Ben Bulben"

II.

1. Discuss "The Dead" as a recapitulation and extension of the major theme in Dubliners.

2. The theme of frustrated escape is repeated throughout Dubliners: discuss its treatment in two stories.

3. Joyce once called the first three stories of Dubliners "stories of my childhood." Compare the small boy of these stories with the young Stephen Dedalus in Portrait.

4. How is the growth of Stephen's artistic personality reflected in the structure, imagery, and language of Portrait?

5. Discuss the first three chapters of Ulysses (and the Library chapter if you wish) as a "sixth chapter" of Portrait.

6. Discuss the workings of the Homeric parallels in Ulysses, with emphasis on one or two chapters.

7. Discuss the various meetings (or near-meetings) of Stephen and Bloom.

8. Discuss the theme of "Home Rule" in Ulysses.

9. Why did Joyce call Molly's chapter "the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity"?

10. Discuss the "styles" of Ulysses, their range and functions.

105. ENGLISH STAGE COMEDY
Final Examination

Mr. Danson
Friday, August 13, 1982

Three hours. Do either Part I or Part 2.

Either, (1) Write a clear, coherent essay on the plays we have read, showing the breadth and the depth of your knowledge. Attend to both similarities and to differences among the plays. Keep in mind both the idea of Comedy generally, and the facts of these particular comedies--and supply as much specific illustrative detail as possible.

Or, (2) Write a brief essay on eight of the following quotations, using each as the focus for a discussion of the play from which it comes. The play, not the passage, is your object:

1. S. Antipholus. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.
Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?
Act 1, scene 2

2. Lady Fidget. Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honor? You see I'm as good as my word.
Horner. And you shall see, madam, I'll not be behindhand with you in honor; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you please but to withdraw into the next room.
Lady Fidget. But first, my dear sir, you must promise to have a care of my dear honor.
Horner. If you talk a word of your honor, you'll make me incapable to wrong it. To talk of honor in the mysteries of love is like talking of Heaven or the Deity in an operation of witchcraft, just when you are employing the devil; it makes the charm impotent.
Lady Fidget. Nay, fie! let us not by smutty.
Act 4, scene 3

3. Mammon. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In Novo Orbe; here's the rich Peru,
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, "Be rich."
Act 2, scene 1

4. Jack. (Rushing over to Miss Prism.) Is this the handbag, Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.
Miss Prism. (Calmly.) It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage, an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extravagant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without it all these years.
Jack. (In a pathetic voice.) Miss Prism, more is restored to you than this handbag. I was the baby you placed in it.
Act 3

5. Antonio. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in twain is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Olivia. Most wonderful.
Sebastian. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?
Act 5, scene 3

6. Mirabell. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.
Fainall. Have we done?
Mirabell. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.
Fainall. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently. The coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.
Mirabell. You have a taste extremely delicate and are for refining on your pleasures.
Act 1 (opening)

7. Don Juan. ...what is virtue but the Trade Unionism of the married? Let us face facts, dear Ana. The Life Force respects marriage only because marriage is a contrivance of its own to secure the greatest number of children and the closest care of them. For honor, chastity, and all the rest of your moral figments it cares not a rap. Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions--

Ana. Juan!

The Statue. (protesting.) Really!--

Don Juan. (determinedly.) I say the most licentious of human institutions: that is the secret of its popularity. And a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all the beasts of prey.

Act 3

8. Geraldine. I can't go on, doctor! I must tell the truth. (To Dr. Rance.) I'm not a boy! I'm a girl!

Rance. (to Dr. Prentice.) Excellent. A confession at last. He wishes to believe he's a girl in order to minimize the feelings of guilt after homosexual intercourse.

Geraldine. (wide-eyed, desperate.) I pretended to be a boy. I did it to help Dr. Prentice.

Rance. How does it help a man if a girl pretends to be a boy?

Geraldine. Wives are angry if they find their husbands have undressed and seduced a girl.

Rance. But boys are fair game? I doubt whether your very personal view of Society would go unchallenged.

Provoked beyond endurance, Geraldine flings herself into Dr. Rance's arms and cries hysterically.

Geraldine. Undress me then, doctor! Do whatever you like only prove that I'm a girl.

Dr. Rance pushes her away and turns frigidly to Dr. Prentice.

Rance. If he's going to carry on like this he'll have to be strapped down.

Act 2

9. Prospero. As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

FINIS

154. CONTEMPORARY DRAMA: BECKETT AND BEYOND — Mr. Cadden
Final Examination — Thursday, August 12, 1982

Everyone must answer Question 1.
Choose one of the two possibilities
in Question 2. Question 3 gives you
three choices; pick one.

1. Below is a list of props gathered from some of the plays you've read. Choose six of them, say where they're from (author, play) and what importance they have in their dramatic context. (45 minutes)

A mug of tea, a piece of brown bread
Wig and false breasts
A rocking chair
A cigar box
A machine for removing eyes
A glass of water
A toy dog
A do-it-yourself wall hanging
A capacious black bag, shopping variety
A gibbet
A vacuum cleaner

2. Choose either (a) or (b). (45 minutes)

(a) You want to do one of the following plays at your high school/community theatre. Make a case to your principal/head of the board as to why the play should be done. For the sake of the argument, finances are not a problem.

Michi's Blood or Request Concert
Bingo
Kaspar or Ride Across Lake Constance
A Beckett Triple Bill: Not I; That Time; Rockaby
Sizwe Bansi is Dead

(b) Which of the plays we have read has affected you most deeply and why?

3. Choose one of the following questions. (90 minutes)

(a) "In its essence theatre is that which shows us life being fabricated, so to speak, from scratch; when an actor steps onto a stage, he appears to have emerged as by spontaneous combustion and he must live in this artificial environment by the inventions--the created words and gestures--of the playwright." (Richard Gilman)

Discuss how and why some of the playwrights you've read choose to emphasize the theatricality of the stage--its existence as an independent, contemporaneous, non-representational space--in the creation of their worlds.

(b) Many of the playwrights you've read write violent and/or shocking actions into their plays. Discuss the similarities and differences in their deployment of these actions. Why run the risk of offending the audience? What strategies does a playwright use in his presentation of such actions? (Use at least three playwrights.)

(c) "The development of theatre since Beckett has been more anti-literary and more influenced by anti-art attitudes than has generally been recognized. An aversion to current practices in literature, art and theatre has inspired an alternative method of procedure. To use the term 'anti-theatre' is to emphasize the negative, destructive, revolutionary, reductionist and abstractionist tendencies in the new theatrical art."

Comment, using the works of at least three playwrights. You may want to include the work of a writer not principally involved in anti-theatre, for purposes of comparison and contrast.

166. TRAGEDY
Final Examination

Mr. Damrosch
Thursday, August 12, 1982

Write on four (4) of the following, relating the specific topics to the larger questions raised by the works from which they are drawn. Observe differences as well as similarities.

1. Kattrin in Mother Courage and Stevie in The Secret Agent as tragic innocents.

2. Antigone and Max Piccolomini: tragic simplicity in a complex world.

3. Differences between Hippolytus and Phedre suggested by
   (a) the addition of Aricie,
   (b) the subtraction of Artemis.

4. Affinities of Mother Courage with Nietzsche's theory of music as the foundation of tragedy.

5. The function and effect of language/style in
   (a) two passages from Antony and Cleopatra,
   (b) two passages from The Secret Agent.

6. Mystery and guilt in Oedipus and The Trial (you'll have to narrow down the focus of your answer to particular aspects or passages).

7. "We're tragedians, you see. We follow directions--there is no choice involved. The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily. That is what tragedy means" (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, p. 80).

   Apply this statement both to Stoppard's play and to Hamlet.

8. The significance of the gods: Dionysus in The Bacchants and Heracles in Philoctetes.

168. American Confessional Poetry
Final Examination

Mr. Paul Mariani
Friday, August 13, 1982

Choose either A or B and write for 2½ hours. Spend about 15 minutes reading through the poem of your choice, and the last 15 minutes proof-reading your essay. Each essay is divided into two parts: the first half is an explication de texte (a close critical reading); the second is a more far-reaching essay which covers all four poets studied this semester.

A.1. Here is Robert Lowell's poem, "Marriage," included in his last book of poetry, Day By Day. In it, Lowell recalls the time in early 1971 when he and his third wife-to-be, Caroline Blackwood, and her three daughters by a previous marriage went to Maidstone, near Kent, England, to have a family portrait taken. Caroline was already noticeably pregnant at the time and Lowell wryly remembers Jan Van Eyck's family portrait painting (the first of its kind, incidentally, in modern pictorial history) of ~~Jan~~ John Arnolfini and his wife. Read the poem and then show what Lowell is saying about man and woman in contemporary society. What images especially does Lowell use to contrast the Arnolfini portrait with his own? What is the tone of the poem? What is Lowell implying about his own marriage? What is the real force of the closing lines? Lowell says that his own poems lack humor. Do you find any humor in this portrait which Lowell constructs from a~~n~~ painting and a photograph?

A.2. Now consider what Roethke, Plath and Berryman -- as well as the earlier Lowell -- had to say about men and women, either inside or outside of marriage. Please refer to specific texts in each of these poets in answering this part of the question. Which of the four, if any, seems to treat the man/woman problem most satisfactorily for you personally, and why?

168. American Confessional Poetry
Final Examination

Mr. Paul Mariani
Friday, August 13, 1982

B.1. Here is Robert Lowell's poem, "For John Berryman (after reading his last Dream Song)", together with a copy of Berryman's last Dream Song. In what ways does Lowell identify with Berryman and in what ways does he see them as differing? Is it true that Lowell is a poet without humor? How would you define Berryman's humor in his poems, and how does it differ from Lowell's? What accounts for that difference? What do you think Lowell means when he says he prays to and not for Berryman? Since Lowell mentions Shakespeare's broken syntax in this poem, what can you say about Lowell's syntax in the poem itself in relation to Berryman's syntactic strategies? Is it true from what you know that Lowell and Berryman both shared the one life?

B.2. Now consider the place and the shape of humor in Roethke, Plath, Berryman and Lowell. All semester we have spoken of the terrible price these figures paid in terms of insanity, alcoholism, divorce, separation, misunderstanding and even suicide to follow the light as best they saw it. Was humor, the comic, mordancy, whatever, a tool these poets used to survive? Please look at specific texts and show where you see a sense of humor or a sense of the comic breaking through. Is the comic in keeping with the vision these poets had? Why or why not?

I didn't. And I didn't. Sharp the Spanish blade
to gash my throat after I'd climbed across
the high railing of the bridge
to tilt out, with the knife in my right hand
to slash me knocked or fainting till I'd fall
unable to keep my skull down but fearless

unless my wife wouldn't let me out of the house,
unless the cops noticed me crossing the campus
up to the bridge
& clappt me in for observation, costing my job -
I'd be now in a cell, costing my job -
well, I missed that;

but here's the terror of tomorrow's lectures
bad in themselves, the students dropping the course,
the Administration hearing
& offering me either a medical leave of absence
or resignation - Kitticat, they can't fire me -

5 Jan 72

171. MILTON AND BLAKE
Final Examination

Mr. Damrosch
Thursday, August 12, 1982

Write on four (4) of the following.

1. Compare Milton's sonnet "When I consider how my light is spent" (xeroxed) with Blake's "O why was I born with a different face" (p. 469); consider the self-image of each poet and the poetic means he uses to examine and convey it.

2. Lycidas, lines 165-81 (from "Weep no more" through "And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes"): discuss how the poem arrives at this consolation, and how the language and metaphors support it.

3. Discuss the image of creation (both in concept and in poetic presentation) in Paradise Lost VII. 449-74 and in Blake's "The Tyger" (pp. 49-50).

4. Discuss the psychology of Eve's fall, with reference to specific passages in Book IX of Paradise Lost (you may also, but are not required to, refer to earlier passages in the poem).

5. The theories of religious symbolism expounded in Paradise Lost IV. 761-76, and in Marriage of Heaven and Hell, plate 11 (p. 91).

6. The possibility of "innocent" sexuality in Paradise Lost IV. 750-75, and one or two passages in Visions of the Daughters of Albion.

7. Satan as heroic figure in Paradise Lost I. 84-126 and Marriage of Heaven and Hell, plates 5-6 (pp. 87-88): discuss Blake's critique of Milton and also the kind of reply that Milton might make to Blake.

8. Relations between poem and picture in any three (3) of the following:
   Norton edition: color plate 8, "The Sick Rose"
   color plate 12, the "Argument" to Visions of the Daughters of Albion
   Klonsky: p. 36, "Infant Joy"
   p. 36, "The Tyger"
   p. 81, Eve's dream (Blake implicitly commenting on Paradise Lost
   p. 83, the Fall (ditto)

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SIXTY-THIRD SESSION

Commencement Ceremony

THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1982

8:45 P.M.

PROGRAM

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

PAUL M. CUBETA
Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

ALAN MOKLER
Director of the Program in Theatre and Dance
Princeton University

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts
and
Master of Letters

OLIN C. ROBISON
President, Middlebury College

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1982

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

Franklyn George Bass
Donna Cattell Buyske
Terry Ann Cantor
Joan Melville Corcoran
Herbert Ira Dalin
Kendall Peter Didsbury
Nancy Valeur Ellis
*Stephen Burnet Hauge
James Charles Holland
Nancy Noble Holland
Donna Kamys Inglehart
Cheryl Sandford Jenkins
Jeffrey Alan Jenkins
Michael Chesley Johnson
Carol Lynn Kirker
William Michael Lance, *in absentia*
*Richard Hyatt Lansdale, IV
Gene Lambert Laskowski
*Elaine Marie Leskiw
*Mary Elizabeth Mayer
*Thomas Humphrey Mayer
Timothy John O'Rourke
Paul Francis Xavier Risteen
*Michael Saladyga
Elizabeth Selfridge Sanderson
Stephanie Shute
Jennifer Slingerland Skeele
Robert Todd Wiley
Lucy Ann Wollin
William Wilson Wright, Jr.

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

*Karen Hanrahan Gallagher
Mary Elizabeth Gray
*Ann Eileen McCluskey
Nancy Jean Veglahn

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 7, 1982*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Commencement Address

Alan Mokler

August 14, 1982

President Robison, Mr. Cubeta, parents and guests, and members of the Class of 1982.

Though I must admit I didn't feel this way every minute of the past week - for example while the faculty was trouncing the students in volleyball and I was typing away on this talk - nonetheless I do want to thank you for asking me to speak to you tonight. You've made this summer unique for me. Usually when the play is up and over I collapse onto the tennis courts and pound away the final days of the summer. This year I retreated to Kay's office and pounded away on the IBM Selectric. Still, I feel very honored to be able to talk to you tonight, and I appreciate your asking me. I really do. No, I really do.

I remember the first Bread Loaf graduation I attended, seven summers ago. Time flies. Chekhov says that in THE CHERRY ORCHARD. He says it twice just to be sure you don't miss it. Time flies. What a surprising night. That night I sat in the audience rather than on the stage with the rest of the faculty because at the time I was still a graduate student at Yale, and somehow I felt I didn't deserve, or even want, to participate yet in a Bread Loaf tradition. Do you ever feel that way, that you have to earn your place in a community? (Well, after THE TEMPEST and THE CHERRY ORCHARD and all the rest you notice I'm sitting on the stage.) I was also a little suspect of ceremony and sentiment, having graduated from college when to graduate meant going to war or going to jail -- although in my case it meant going to teach high school (what can I say?). At any rate, that night I watched, and I was amazed to find again and again that I was moved - as I have been every year since - by a genuine love that I could feel here - love of a place, of an idea, of a community, and even of each other.

So now every year I stand on the porch of the Inn and line up with my cap and gown. Then the bell rings and the music plays, and the column moves onto the dark lawn and into this theater -- and I feel connected, more than at any other time, with this place and the people who are a part of it. In an even deeper way I feel connected to all those who have gone before us here, marching in similar odd processions wearing similar odd costumes -- and, in a strange way, with those dons and professors and scholars and students who, over the centuries, have preceded us in these old rituals. What a joy, once a year, to reach backward in time and share a procession with spirits. And what a special opportunity for me to be with you tonight as we leave our spirits here for others to find in future days.

Will you forgive me if I talk a little about THE TEMPEST? I haven't thought about much else for the past three months. I'm still having my usual post-production dreams, as a matter of fact. It happens every production, just as we're getting ready to close. For a week afterwards, every night about two a.m. I sit up in bed and begin directing the last scene of the play. This is true, ask Carol. The cast is right there in the bedroom with me. Paul Risteen is in the corner, drunk. John is over against the wall working with the shapes on some insane dance; they're climbing the walls. Jim Lobdell is quacking up a storm - this is the truth - I'm trying to pull together the end of the play which in my dream is a shambles. OK everybody over here, now if you'll just sit down on the edge of Carol's bed there we'll try and work things out -- Marcie, where's Marcie? Paul, is Marcie here yet? Paul, will you go run to Larch and get Marcie? Faye, have you seen Marcie? -- and then Carol sits up and says WAKE UP AND GO TO SLEEP WILL YOU! and I say I am awake. I'm not dreaming. The cast was right here, except Marcie. Have you seen Marcie? ZZZZZ and I'm sleeping again. That's the truth. Every play it's the same way. Edith has ceased to worry about it. She sleeps through.

The point is, I'm still living with THE TEMPEST for another couple of days, and I don't think I really could talk about much else. That's all right, though.

It has lots of things to say to us. And to those of us who love art and literature, and to those of us who try to teach it or create it, THE TEMPEST speaks of something very disturbing indeed. Do you see how I'm closing the comedy scene and trying to get you in the mood for serious business? The clowns go singing away off stage. The music rises, the lights change, and the set is suddenly more severe. The music fades and the main character appears. We prefer the clowns, but what are you going to do? It's culture. He's going to talk at us now, might as well settle in. Silence.

"Burn but his books," Caliban says. "Without them he's a sot like I am." And, what a strange thing, Prospero does almost just that. He drowns his book. Given the fairy tale style of the play, we might be tempted to take that book as a symbol of his power and magic, and, of course, it is. But it's also a book. All his books, his library, once dukedom large enough. Prospero drowns them. Real books. Imagine drowning your books, forever. Or I should imagine drowning all the plays, so there are no plays to direct, none to act, none to see. What is going on? Is Shakespeare suggesting that books are bad to have around? That art is dangerous? That it can deceive? That art, especially literature and the theatre - might be better left drowned certain fathoms deep? Why would he say that?

For three reasons.

First. Prospero reads a lot. Here at Bread Loaf he'd pick up his degree in a couple of summers. He's studied all his life, and he's created a mental picture of the way the world works. He's taken this massive, sprawling, frightening, mysterious messy thing that is life and, through his books, he's made some sense of it. Having accomplished that, he sets out to improve it by rearranging in his mind all the odd shaped pieces so they form a perfect picture of the way life can and should be. He then proceeds to try to make everyone else fit into his vision, tossing them off ships, dumping them into brine pits, setting a harpy after them, chasing them with dogs. Finally, at the peak of his powers he presents his vision to Ferdinand and Miranda in the masque -- and it's no wonder Ferdinand asks to live there forever,

it's so much more beautiful than hauling wood or drowning, or even just living in the real world.

Don't you do the same thing? I do, all the time. I look at life - my own mixed-up brain, or the mess that is this globe of ours, or the baffling depths of the universe - and I get confused or frightened or depressed -- and I return to art and literature to help me make sense of the confusion, to tell me how to live, to give me a picture of how the world really is. Look, I'm doing it right now. What is the world like? Well, it's a lot like THE TEMPEST. How do people behave? Well, they act a lot like Lopahkin or Gayev or Madame Ranevskaya in THE CHERRY ORCHARD. Isn't there more to life? Oh yes, indeed, there is the dark and beautiful forest of MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. How can I be a better person? I should have courage, courage like Nina in the SEAGULL. I do it all the time, looking at art rather than life. Art is my guide. Like Prospero, I tame the world with my books. Most of us here probably do.

But it's all a lie. The world isn't like THE TEMPEST, and people don't behave like Chekhov characters. Oh, a little bit they do, but those plays and every play and every book and every work of art is just the palest reflection of life's exploding complexity. I think the artists know this most of the time - certainly Shakespeare did when he wrote THE TEMPEST. We're the ones who forget. We study and struggle to try to understand these works of art, and when we succeed we think we understand life. We proceed on our way with images of truth as clear to us as Prospero's are to him, and we return to them over and over for guidance. And like Prospero we suffer for it. For instead of shaping our visions, our visions begin to shape us. We mold ourselves into characters, from books, plays, films, television, advertisements -illusions all. We cast others in our plays and insist they act the part we've written for them. We live our lives as if they were stories or plays or epics, as if there were a plot, as if someone cared how it all came out, as if someone were going to study us someday. We inject images between ourselves and our own

lived experience until we can't look at a sunset or a person or a mirror without comparing what we see with the powerful images born of books. We cut ourselves off from the paradoxical, unshaped mass of conflicting impulses that is each of us, and foresake the authentic being that is the crazy sum of those impulses for a being that is predictable, comfortable, and makes sense. What a loss.

Second reason.

Like Prospero, many of us go even further. We retreat from the world into our books and art. I do it. You do it. Isn't it so much easier, there in the library or in the theater? -- there we can make beautiful images; we can make things come out right. After all, the play ends, the book has a last page, and the imaginative world can be whipped into shape. But the real world from which we retreat isn't like that. It never stops. Caliban is out there. He's out there now. He always has been and he always will be out there - plotting, raping, killing, unstoppable. If, like Prospero, we lock ourselves away in our books and theaters and choose not to enter the frustrating - always frustrating - world, then the gates of every city on earth are doomed one midnight to open, and Antonio's troops - made up of those who relish manufacturing bombs and bullets, those who find nuclear explosions "exciting" as our Secretary of Energy does (not terrifying or depressing or even sobering, but "exciting"), those who find joy in the exercise of power, those who are willing to threaten and kill and bomb simply to feed their egos - if like Prospero we sit with our noses in our books these people aren't just going to put us on a barc and set us afloat, they're going to incinerate this planet. Evil is loose in the world and it won't go away, ever. The world is a dangerous place, Prospero discovers over and over again, and to retreat from it is to let evil fly unchecked, until it kills you, your baby girl, and destroys your city.

The third reason to drown our books is that there is a real danger that, like Prospero, we will succumb to the sin of pride. If, through our books, we come to believe that we understand the way the world really is and that we can contain it,

we may be tempted to look down on those who perceive it differently. We may begin to believe that those who read less or write less don't understand life as well as we do. Those who are not as articulate as we may start to seem less than human. Those who experience life differently than we do - visually, physically, emotionally, those who are the so-called mentally handicapped, or those who simply deal differently with the world - these people may begin to seem not different but inferior. But inexperience with books and language is no barrier to perceiving life. In fact, those less well read than ourselves may have a deeper and more profound connection with life and its complexities, its power and its paradoxical impulses, than you and I will ever have, detached from it as we are by our language. Prospero is filled with this kind of pride. He thinks he knows life better than others when in fact he has as much to learn as they do. This pride cuts him off from other people. It breeds in him anger and resentment and hatred because the world won't measure up to his principles. It leaves him isolated, frustrated, terribly bitter and - ask Miranda - awfully difficult to live with.

So Prospero is not exaggerating when he says he must drown his book. He sees its dangers. They are dangers we who love art and love books ought to write large on our walls; for like Prospero we too risk casting ourselves as predictable characters in a life that is not our own; we too risk losing the world to those who will use it only for their own purposes; and we too risk isolating ourselves from other people, and from their very different (perhaps better) perceptions of the world by our pride.

Prospero drowns his book. Is that what we should do? Stop reading? Stop going to the theater? Maybe so. The temptation to live in those imaginary worlds is so great. Look at me, right now. Rather than speaking to you out of my own experience I am speaking to you of THE TEMPEST. I'm going back to a work of art, <u>again</u>, for my clues to the world. Sometimes I feel it in my soul: Where am <u>I</u>? Am I only a collection of Prospero and Hamlet and Gogo and Didi and Hoss and Crow and

all the others? Do I exist? Is there anything authentically me? Can I perform a single action - even this talk - that hasn't been shaped and predetermined by simplified images?

Drown the books! Drown them! If they are your guides and gods, drown them. If you believe that they can tell you more about life than your own experiences, drown them. If you find you are modeling yourself on Hamlet or Anna Karenina or Garp, drown those books, they're your enemies. If you teach your students to revere books rather than to question them, argue with them, let them stimulate their own thoughts - then drown those books. On the other hand, you may not be as far gone as Prospero. You may still have a healthy skepticism about the images others hand you. Then I don't think the books have to be drowned. Dampened, probably, but not drowned. Because, tempered with skepticism and treated without the awe they are often accorded, they can be extremely useful. Their images can be pitted one against the other, and against the countless images we receive from much more terrible sources. And taking them all, all their images, as a kind of swirling mental collage, allowing Beckett to live with Tolstoy, Durange to co-exist with Chekhov, we may in fact begin to experience something of the richness of life and its paradoxes. We don't have to choose Beckett over Balzac, not the one or the other, but both. Embrace their visions each as incomplete, and the whirling storm that is their sum becomes not a guide but a distant metaphor for the complexity of life. But, if it is the metaphor that interests you most: drown the books, drown them all.

With Prospero we have to let our books sit on their shelves more often than we might prefer, and step down into the world of torment and trouble. The Milan Prospero returns to is no paradise. Nor is your town, your city, our world. Like Prospero, we are doomed to be the responsible adults in a dangerous time - probably the most dangerous time in the history of this planet. Well then, we simply have to face up to that task, leave our libraries and classrooms and theaters and muck

around in the mess that is the political world. I've come to believe that the involvement and action of people like us, little people, in our towns and communities can make a difference, that it can influence the decisions made by our leaders. But that process is hard; it is never-ending. It takes time and energy that we would rather spend on more lovely tasks. But who will do it if not you and I? Can we afford not to take responsibility for having an informed opinion, for having the courage to stand up and say this is what I think, and for acting on it? Can we afford not to take a leadership role even when we'd rather not? Who else is going to do it? Can we afford to leave decisions to people who love power? We have to step off our beautiful, pure upper disc, down into the circle of murderers and conspirators and well intentioned softies -- even if it means we don't write that article or direct that play. And we have to encourage our friends and family and students to do the same, or we are going to be dead, dead, dead.

Finally, - how can I say this? - I'll say it to myself - try to remember humility. It is so hard, being a teacher, to remember how little I really know. I'm treated as you probably are in your schools, as if I had the answers, as if I were not just a dull sot, too. And I simply have to kick myself around the block, over and over again, to remind myself that the tiny little piece of knowledge I have is nothing, it's nothing. That the way I perceive the world - including this speech - is certainly no better than the way you perceive the world. What a curse education can be, to make us think that we know; and what a torment it can be to be a teacher, like Prospero, bringing with it as that task does arrogance, pride and isolation. How hard it is to teach our classes, or write our novels, or direct our plays, remembering that these things are but a tiny vision of a great world, and so must be presented, as Prospero finally discovers, simply, from one tiny human soul to another.

Bread Loaf, as every one knows, is like a dream. It is cast forth each June and for seven weeks it lives and breathes as if it were real. Inside, all shimmers,

all has shape, and time runs his course at a different pace. Then, like a dream, suddenly it's gone. Halfway down the mountain we suddenly wake, and what was clear is cloudy, what a moment ago seemed so important recedes, vanishing into air, into thin air. The world toward which we race, that seemed so distant and so terrifying, suddenly looms ahead, -- and for an instant we are caught between two dreams. Bread Loaf behind, Milan ahead, no landmarks to be seen, this is strange country indeed. Yet it is from this country that we may catch a glimpse of a most rare vision - for we may see that it is all, all a dream, and that we will never, never, never understand it from within. And then the radio plays, or the traffic signal changes, and we're in it again, lost in the dream, thinking we know who we are, and that the world is something other than a mystery.

1

The day before I left was a madhouse. My husband John, the super organizer, was flipping out because I waited so late to pack. He would have done it all the day before so he'd have had time to get all the last-minute items he'd forgotten.

Instead, I had been typing a research paper that I hadn't gotten written the semester before when I was taking an independent literature course.

The baby picked up the static in the air and began crying and fussing, so I had to hold her most of the time and watch the accusing eyes of John as he looked from me to my half-filled suitcase. The baby wouldn't take a nap. She wanted to "help."

John fumed and looked like punching was in order. He finally hit a styrofoam head which was sitting on the end of the stairs, knocking it to bits. More tension. Deirdre, the baby, screamed hysterically, and I felt like crying. John's face showed less pressure.

Deirdre finally fell asleep. I finished cking, and now had time to cuddle John and spend time with him, which was what he had wanted.

2

We'd been talking about this day for almost ten months, Kathy and I. When it finally came, the cork wouldn't come out of the champagne bottle, so the green cold glass of the bottle that we'd saved all year broke.

We were supposed to be celebrating the dramatic and long-awaited end to a perfect school year. Somehow it didn't seem as though that end was as wonderful or as powerful as we had expected.

We thought about New Year's Eve and how we prayed that we'd make it through June. We talked about all the good things: the thank-you notes from cute, snotty-nosed ds, and the "See-you-again-next-year-if-u're-lucky's."

We wondered last night if, in fact, we would be lucky enough to face again those --well, I don't quite know how to describe them--not gems, not stones, but somewhere between.

Massachusetts' young teachers are dying.

3

There was a large mosquito settling on arm. I tried to swat it casually without taking my arm off of Gracie's shoulder. It was our last night together for a week and I didn't want to go.

Number 1 : Summer 1982

Bread Loaf School of English

Middlebury College

Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Last summer, the teachers taking Teaching Writing, sections 3B and 3C, did 12-minute writings on the first day of class. Here are some of them, with authors' names omitted, and some names of characters in the writings changed to protect against injury.

It's not that I'm possessive or anything, or dependent on her, but I just like walking beside her with my arm around her.

It was 11:00, dark, with haunting clouds zooming overhead. I felt like I was in some Emily Brontë novel.

We walked down to the pool. I thought about her parents upstairs in bed, and I hoped that they were asleep. I guess I am a self-conscious romancer--I couldn't imagine what her father, former banker and friend to Spiro Agnew, might think if he saw me kissing his daughter in his swimming pool. His youngest and only unmarried daughter at that.

@@@

4

I'm a liar! When I applied to Bread Loaf I said I wanted to come here to enhance my knowledge of teaching writing, or some such stuff. I really wanted to come here to get away from the goddamned tent worms we have in Downsville.

Our part of New York State is full of deciduous forests; in plain language, broadleaf trees; and the months of May and June have been, as my eight-year-old daughter would say, "really gross."

The worms hatched inside their silken tents toward the end of April. For a while we could see them crawling around inside their tents. Then, in early May, just when the trees had finished leafing, the little bastards went to work.

They devoured the lovelyflowering quince in our front yard in one day. On windless days you could hear the chomping of their minute jaws; and burning out the tents did no good at all. The worms infesting the tallest maples spun gossamer threads to let themselves down onto the trees below.

By mid-May the village was a shambles. Milly Grey's car slid on a roadful of worms on Main Street and did $300 worth of damage to her car. I put up my Honda 250 for good after getting a face-full one afternoon.

@@@

5

It will be difficult to focus. Life moves much faster when you move 200 miles away from the coast. The guy next door has a distracting voice, an intense, fast talker --"characters searching for fulfillment."

When I left yesterday, Mark started to cry. Seven-year-olds don't like to have Daddy go away. Gay had the movie camera running, and Mark and I walked the dog to the truck. Mark's visor on his baseball cap was tipped up, his ears sticking out.

He buried his head in his mother's stomach as I started up the road. I yelled good-bye. His reply was muffled. I was glad he couldn't see my eyes; men aren't supposed to reveal they feel that way.

@@@

6

Driving up from Boston, everything seemed uphill. The highway climbed pretty steadily and the sky lightened. I felt as thought I'd left everything arrested--locked in, waiting for my return. What I want to be able to imagine is how things will change while I'm away.

I left a woman alone and I'm to go back to her in August and to be married to her. The ceremony will take shape while I'm gone and I never feel very comfortable in ceremonies. It's hard to lose oneself in the role.

My brother is off to camp. He spent the four days that I saw him--before he left for camp and I left for here--yelling at me. "I hope you crash your bike again. I hope they scratch your eyes out in Boston." He made it sound like a jungle up there but he made me realize that I have behaved in a slightly jinxed fashion. Running red lights on a bicycle is never sa

My parents and sisters told me it was because of the wedding. He thought I would leave and not come down to see him again. He almost convinced me that that was what I would have to do. I'd never felt that way before.

My mother told me that she had come close to strangling him one day--home alone with him. She had her hands around his throat and screamed at him. But she held back. It amazes me the anger that a person can draw from another. Especially in family that holds things in very closely.

@@@

7

I listened to my mother--why, I don't know. I usually don't, especially when it comes to reading road maps. But this time I did, because my mother still wants me to depend on her, wants me to be vulnerable, childish, needful.

So, every three months in summer I am that way. It pleases Mom, replenishes me and my need to be pampered, and creates a harmony in the house.

But I knew that I should have taken 133 to Route 2. But since I was following my need to please Mom, I went on to Auburn, to meet 26. Auburn was a maze of every route but 26. I was getting angry, upset, as I knew Vermont was another six hours down the narrow, unknown road. But I couldn't find 26 to save my soul.

Finally had to stop and ask, I hate to stop and ask. I feel defeated; no longer a pioneer, no longer a master of travel. And after three times cross country one would think I was seasoned. Yes, but I listened to Mom instead of my instincts.

Anyway, finally found 26 after traveling through Podunk Mechanic Falls and Bristol

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11

Get the circuits flowing, he said. I'd have liked to have used my circuit to blow dry my hair this morning instead of having the greasies--yetch. I will adjust. . .

When I saw the sign for the Luxury Budget Motel on Route 81 North, I knew it would be close as to whether I-84 East came before or after Exit 24. How to decide whether to stay forthe night in Scranton or to drive on?

I let the highway lead me to I-84 East--and another hour of Penn's woods--and darkness. Trees and more trees. Too bad they hadn't made one or two into a motel room. A sign ahead near Port Jervis, N.Y. said, Lodging next right." I was ready.

No needfor a Holiday Inn expense. I would stay at the Blue Spruce. The desk attendant seemed to be Mexican or Puerto Rican or some Latino persuasion.

Me: How much for just myself?

He: You travelin' alone, lady?--$34.95.

Me: That's too much.

His friend, brother, amigo? came in and said, "How much will you pay?"

"Me: That's still too much.

I quickly got into the car, locked the door, and backed into a garbage can near the driveway edge.

I drove on through Penn's Woods again--to Port Jervis and the Painted Aprons Motel, which was run by Edna and Bernard Gibson. Bernard was a toothless, white-haired grandfatherly man who assured me that my car would be fine in front of his "family" establishment.

I slept well.

@@

12

On Monday night I had been reading the comics and I glanced at my horoscope (Gemini), which said: "You may be embarking on a course where you don't belong." I laughed nervously and showed it to Robert, and he said, "Well, don't go."

But I came anyway, and last night I lay alone in bed and thought about the horoscope and why I was here. And I missed my husband and my children and my cat.

Today when I woke I felt a little better. I felt as if I were embarking upon an adventure, like an African Safari or a mountain climbing expedition. And I would just do it until I got it done. Good or bad--of course I would try to do my best. Else why not just leave and go home?

I don't really know why I'm so scared. So scared I could cry. It's not that I've ever been away from home before--though never for six and a half weeks. And of course I can go home on weekends--but then that would get expensive. I guess I'm scared because I just don't know what's going to happen, to me or Bob and the kids.

I really want to do well here. I'm just not sure why it is so important, or if it even matters at all, really.

@@

13

When I told people at home that I was coming here, they all had the same response --that's wonderful, but why are you doing that? So I began to ask myself the same question, especially yesterday after I had been here for a couple of hours.

The people here are so intimidating. They have gone to big schools and have travelled and have had such interesting experiences. I'm afraid my small midwestern school and my experiences will make me unable to compete.

Yesterday while moving in, I met mostly women. Betty, my roommate, is almost fresh out of college. She seems very bright. She has read every novel for her American Novel course already.

I haven't done a single thing to prepare for coming here--except pack. Everyone is prepared except me.

Well, I have just run into a wall. What shall I write about now? I read the first eight chapters of your book yesterday because I got so scared about not being prepared. You suggested describing something in the room. Actually I'm afraid to look up because all these people are probably writing truths all over the place without thinking, and I'm writing jibberish.

I knew that you would have us do this, because of the book, and I should have prepared something brilliant to write about but I didn't.

Anxiety attack! Oh God, now I have to turn this in.

@@

14

There have been many words in the air these last hours, words of greeting, words of sharing, words of delight at companionship, words perhaps duplicitous, unspoken words with mystery of references behind them.

Some of it is joyful and some of it is the noise of the human animal.

Not as much laughter as I expected, but perhaps that bellyrubbing pleasure comes only after more exposure. I suppose some of the seriousness comes from the anxiety each feels in his own way--performance anxiety.

It's at once false notion and an important propeller to sharing and learning.

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NOTE ON THE NAME OF THIS PUBLICATION:
The growing number of students in the Writing Program from the South, West, and Midwest thought that Y'EAST *would be a name for a new Bread Loaf publication that would keep oldtimers from feeling overwhelmed by the outlanders.*

Y'EAST

In this issue, a few first-day writings by members of the Writing Prose Non-Fiction course.

Some people dismiss 10-minute impromptu prose writing in class as playing in mud puddles, but we keep getting a number of finished miniature oil paintings. Why? I suspect because of our high,expressed expectations, the pressure of the winged chariot, or George Bennett's bell, and the rustling sound of all those pens hurrying near.

K.M.

Number 2 Summer 1982
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

"B" FOR BRAN MUFFIN

I was worried about waiting tables, and still am. So many orders to take and I'm afraid to show that maybe I can't handle it. Of course I can but this place is very frightening. If I can't wait tables, then how can I write, say things about literature that put me "in" with this place? I'm afraid when I wear that white coat that my level here is already lower than that of those I serve. This all seems illogical, but there it is. This morning's breakfast gives a good example of my fear of displaying incompetence. Used the same symbols for the same order on the pad I bought--was it B for bran muffin or B for boiled egg? Was it hard or soft?

In the kitchen, staring at the pad, I was seized by fear. I have to back out (on stage, on stage) and check the order again. Show people I can't remember what they asked for, or that I can't get it together. (What a fool, I hope he's not in my class.) Look closely at the faces as I ask again and nobody laughs as I feared. Why such a big deal? Dr. Gerlach told you you create your feelings yourself by imagining things in a certain way, and that the things themselves seldom cause the feeling. Insecurity, as usual.

And now in class, insecurity again. Get off the words? What was it you wanted to say? Was there anything? Focus! Stop worrying so much and write. I knew this moment would come. I knew what I would have to do, and now I'm tensing up. Want to show this to them? Waiting and writing--I'd like to try to bring this together somehow.

SO DAMNED CIVILIZED

My wife and I were both accepted to Middlebury and spent ten days driving here from Idaho across seven states and Canada. The day we arrived in Middlebury it was raining with a depressing misery, and for good reason, too. It was the background for a damned depressing day. The steady beat of rain on the car roof made the mood-setting music which could only be drowned out by the swell of our younger kids fighting, laughing, screaming, or playing.

Upon entering Middlebury, the last stronghold against our trip to Bread Loaf, we got out the homemade map to look up our short drive to the mountain cabin in the scenic Green Mountains. There were no distances marked on the map--a wise plan on the part of the people. So we drove and drove and drove, first up a state highway, then up a county or township or whatever in the hell they call them out here in the East--road. Finally we turned off on to a dirt road. I told my wife if they are so damned civilized here how come their roads aren't any better?

I was also a little frosted in finding out we had to be twenty or thirty miles from Bread Loaf and still had not reached our cute little cabin nestled in the Green Mountains just an easy drive from the Bread Loaf campus. This was OK, because around the curve the road was no longer there--the rain had washed it away.

DISPLACEMENT

I am afraid to write about anything that really means anything to me at this moment. My world has moved so quickly this last week. A brother-in-law is divorced, a sister-in-law's sudden change in jobs, my displacement here--all have left me supercharged and vacant.

When I called home last night my husband greeted me with yet another trauma to deal with. He has been offered another job. As an abstractor for real estate. I don't even know what a real estate abstractor does, let alone know I would want to marry one.

Everything is inside out and now the teacher wants me to turn myself--my one last refuge--inside out too?

I haven't felt this way since first grade. My mother led full of fears to the schoolhouse door, poked 2¢ milk money into my overalls, and pushed me inside. "Don't worry. You'll do just fine," she said. And I did.

A VERMONT CEILING

Outside the house I heard the burble roar of a stream. It was 12 o'clock at night and we had driven to Rochester, Vermont, from Washington, D.C. My head and body were tired but my eyes would not close long enough to sleep. The sounds were different, 1830 restored house sounds: settling, creaking, wind coming in brief, surprising whistles The roar of the brook soon droaned me into a trance like a Mantra--when my toes wiggled in the morning I was automatically aware of the air conditioner being on. I opened my eyes and saw a different celing, a Vermont ceiling, not a Tennessee ceiling. There was no air conditioner. It was the sound of the stream moving swiftly over rocks. It had movedthrough stone ears all night

while I slept, unaware that it had lost me to its sound or I had lost it to the sound of me hearing it.

The sun hit the deck outside the bedroom in long leaf-flashing movements separated by shadow. Swaying branches above controlling the movement of light and shadow. I could still hear the stream among the sounds of the wind in the trees, which sounds itself like a stream in the distance.

I've died and gone to Vermont.

LAYOVER

Ill-fated trip. In the JFK airport--we brought a typewriter all the way from the West. The typewriter was packed in lieu of a stereo or clock radio, considered contraband items, We struggled around Salt Lake airport with the typewriter for a two-hour layover. Betty moaned continually. The strap broke in the JFK airport somewhere on the road between Delta and Western. Since the typewriter was one of eight bags we carried, I was about ready to cry. My shirt was sticking to my front and back like in the movies I've seen.

We strapped the typewriter on a six dollar luggage carrier. It came loose and plunged down an escalator into the calves of a man near the bottom. He survived, but a woman told her child in the baggage check line to "watch out for the typewriter!" and cuddled her protectively.

Too bad. You've only been married a few months and you are away from your husband. He's really nice looking. Don't you miss him?

No more than the cats. Or my bed. Or a moment alone.

He calls almost every night. He misses me. I tell him I miss him too. I don't. Maybe he doesn't miss me either.

ANTICIPATION DREAM

Anticipation. How do I prepare for a new beginning? Sometimes I worry; often I dream.

Yesterday morning as I struggled my way out of sleep, I had an anticipation dream similar to others I have had just before new beginnings.

In the dream, I drove to Bettla, Vermont, to hear an old friend speak at Whitcook High School. His name is Bill Wester, now principal there, often called "Bullet" or "Bullet Bill" by those who fear or otherwise avoid his machine-gun pace.

I was to attend a pot luck supper before the program, but arriving late, I missed both the pot luck supper and Bill's speech.

I went instead to a snack-bar there, very similar to the snack-bar in the Barn of Bread Loaf, Before I could order, the young woman there gave me a scoop of pumpkin ice cream in a brown paper bag, and accepting the buck that I held out, turned her back on me. She disappeared, and with her the snack-bar.

From there I flew, in whatever way people travel, to France

THE SMELL

Pine smoke. . . It's strange, for it's not pine smoke I smell, but the scent of pines, or more actually, pine needles, and wood smoke that I smell or sense. I haven't seen or felt a fire yet this cold morning, but the odors are here, the scent of Bread Loaf, and cold and alone I feel at home.

Home, what a strange feeling. I never feel more at home than when I am away from home. Maybe it's being alone in a crowd of trees and strangers, who are almost friends, yet not, Not because they aren't faced daily. Like friends made on a bus, we share our hopes and dreams, fears and realities, but with the knowledge that we will leave them soon.

Bread Loaf, God, how I struggled to come. A student loan, borrowing against my life insurance just to pay bills to get here. I said no phone calls this year--it would cost too much, yet that really isn't why. Even Lorne's call yesterday, welcome though it was, was an annoyance. He complaining of the operator and defensive for not calling, and complaining about sales. Me wanting a hint of softness and not minding when the call ended.

Maybe Bread Loaf will be an ending. In its primitive state I feel protected in spite of being at the mercy of the elements--at least more so than in my valley in Cedar Rapids. Why can Nature, and has Nature, through the centuries soothed mankind? I don't know. I just sense pine smoke.

CLARENCE

Clarence Williams would be considered by most objective observers to be the least gifted of my ninth-grade students. And it's true at least to some degree. He has difficulty reading large chunks of material with what is called comprehension. He cannot do well on simple vocabulary quizzes.

Generally he tries hard and is able to push out a D+ average in a school where most kids do better in English and try for Harvard and Yale. Clarence, despite all the "objective" criteria, remains an enigma to me.

He smiles at some subtle humorism of mine that has gone over (or under) everyone's head. He reads poetry aloud with a beautiful voice, expansive rhythm, despite his obvious trouble in actually reading some of the words. Of all the ninth grade writing I received this past year, some of it pretty accomplished stylistically, there are only two snatches I remember, and both are by Clarence.

One was about the way he and his brother Alton used to take turns in the bathroom

brushing their teeth and the other was about how his next door neighbor used to cook spaghetti and meat balls for his whole family.

toes

My toes are frozen, my nose is frozen and my teeth are almost chattering. It's cold here, it's wet, and it's green, and it's the first of July and it doesn't make sense to my toes to be so cold.

I'm at Bread Loaf at last, all this planning and driving and riding and negotitating switches of transportation and dog sitters and finagling of funds and finally I get here and my damn toes freeze.

I'm out of place here right now. I'm totally out of sync with the East Coast prep school attitude that I seem to hear and see everywhere I go on this campus.

I went to college in the Midwest. They all seem to know here that nothing intellectual or profound ever came out of the Midwest, and now I'm teaching in New Mexico.

People stop and look at me in just a little bit of a funny way when I say "New Mexico" in response to the usual question. They probably don't where it is or why it is. How quaint of me to be teaching on an Indian Reservation in New Mexico, wherever that is. Out there somewhere where it's not so green and so cold and where the rocks live.

My hands are starting to get cold now. Writer's cramp is setting in, and my teeth are starting to chatter. I've lost my train of thought. I've come unstuck in time and geography and here I am on a mountain in Vermont feeling out-classed, out-smarted, and out of place.

Didn't know what I was getting into, I guess. Too big a jump from New Laguna, New Mexico. New Laguna? Oh come now, it's not even on the map. I get phone calls, "Jeannie, you're not on the map, where are you?" I'm not sure, I say. I'm really in the center of the universe, in a place where tremendous power resides. It comes from the rocks and the sky and the circle of mountains that surround my secret place.

And it's not so cold that your toes freeze in July.

[Editor's note: Just before asking people to do these impromptu writings, the teacher described the dances of Pueblo Indians in which they go into themselves so deeply that they don't see the spectators when they look right into their eyes.]

YIEI!

Perez was a tall and skinny seventh grader. I looked up to him. I was in the same grade but small. We'd fool around each day in school, never worrying about reading or math or going to the library. But we were expert pranksters. We'd pick on feeble kids and place thumbtacks on teachers' chairs. We often got paddled by the principal for our ever-present naughtiness.

Sometimes, usually in English class, we'd plan an expedition of his pueblo, Nambe, to search for pottery and arrowheads. We'd go on horseback Saturday mornings with a canteen of water and peanut butter tortilla sandwiches.

I'll never forget one October 4th, the pueblo's feast day. Perez was a warrior in buckskin, a red streaked face, beaded head band, and moccasins. He and other warriors stamped the earth with fervent hope of a plentiful harvest season. They'd pound on the drums--"thump. . . thump" and the ground--"thump. . . thump" and raise dust.

Suddenly they'd stop. A silence mingled with the dust in the air, "thump" again, and an eerie cry, "yiei!" As Perez danced past me I tried to get his attention by imitating that savage scream but couldn't quite reproduce it. I found it peculiar that he never even glanced at me. They'd stop and scream until the dust they raised succumbed to gravity, "thump. . . yiei!"

- TANYA

I dreamed last night I was back in Leningrad. The frosty sherbet colors of those buildings were real to me again. I could see the Nevsky Prospect--except that in dream I was floating above it--removed from it. Tanya was there. Her smile and her self-confidence came through even in the dream. Her clothes were distorted and for some reason she was talking on an old black phone--but I could hear her voice--just as clear as if she were in the room--her Russian English with a British accent.

Why does Tanya keep coming back in my dreams? That place haunts me--is it because of its suppression? its history? The difficulty of getting in--and out?

I am now thousands of miles away and yet Tanya and her city are as close as my hand --Tanya--I keep intending to write to her, but I want my letter to be perfect. I was going to write here on Tuesday, and then in my mail came a letter from her. Much like the dream, her presence and her country were close to me again.

I'll never forget our parting, at 11:30 at night on the Nevsky Prospect. She didn't want us to accompany her to her house. She was unaccustomed to public display of affection. In an awkward embrace we said good-bye. I can still see the back of her head--erect, disappearing on that strange Russian spring night.

RUFF

The three of us stood on the train platform beside the silent blue Hudson River waiting for the Albany to New York train. My problems were plentiful. I was dead tired, hung over,

and excited, too. The opposition of those feelings affected my balance and my ability to interact.

My sister took photographs and discussed the method she uses to ruff her hair enough so it stands straight up on top. Irish, not a real sister, but really our sister, was fixated on the coffee spilled on her dress, her hurt knee where I had jammed the gear shift into its cushioning, and her sleepless, asthmatic night. Several small children observed us from the train steps, while we chewed jut-juice peppermint gum and laughed somewhat hysterically about dinner the night before. Trish and I were starved afterwards because we eat often and a lot. My sister, contrarily, had felt the bird-like servings of rice and vegetables and cold, soused chicken were more than ample.

The whistle of the train announced its rumbling arrival. Tears swelled my throat as I parted from them. Climbing the Rhinebeck train station stairs, I felt warm, strong, separate, things I had gotten from Linda and Irish.

Fog lifted from the mountains as I headed off to Vermont.

AN INTERVIEW

This library has nothing more recent than the 1920s, the last year he used this house. She said he left his wife then.

I feel as if I'm in a sanctuary. The windows and doorway are so ornately carved. The sun pouring through the lead pane adds to that sanctity feeling. She mentioned that he learned wood carving from his father working in Russian cathedrals.

I can't imagine all this is the result of only five years of working. How did he have time to do so much at the studio? The same wood carver father sits by the river fishing --immortalized by his painter son. I feel this place to be charged with creative energy--my own hands cramp.

I leave the library now fully absorbed and return to the unfinished stairway that leads to the unfinished second floor. Even Nickolis Feschen ran out of time.

I must ask her how she knows so much of the man. Was she a student? Friend? Lover? I must ask--

"I sort of fell into this place. He was my father."

BLOTCHY

Pictures of the class? But I'm so unphotogenic, which strangely, I guess, doesn't mean I don't like to have my picture taken. I think I always hope that it will magically turn out beautiful? No--attractive, interesting, acceptable.

I would have liked to have S. have such a picture of me--not taken yesterday, because I don't think I looked well--blotchy skin, not quite clean hair, and, I felt, early in the day, incredibly fat--lumpy, out of shape.

The blotchiness--was it from feeling so strange, dizzy, rocky somehow--too much coffee? I am an addict. I had two cups this morning, all the while thinking I shouldn't and I was so proud of becoming "decaffeinated" and gaining some assurance of not being a hopeless addictive personality.

Too much coffee maybe. Tension--emotions--about what I was coming to and what I was leaving, or was leaving me, at 12:30 yesterday afternoon.

What would a photo look like taken as I stood by my outrageous blue car with the rust spots that plague me? This car must last. Standing with tears springing to my eyes, redfaced with embarrassment about the tears and smiling broadly to belie the tears. Hay fever allergies was the excuse offered and accepted, neither one of us believing it nor believing the other believed it.

Babbling about getting the brakes checked, something concrete to say. Not "I'll miss you" because it had been said and acknowledged and known so there was no need to say it again. Not certainly, "I love you."

COULDN'T HANDLE IT

Bill had a truth to tell that day. He stared across the room, not seeing the other faces intently examining their blank sheets of paper. He thought of that girl, as he had so often, even obsessively, since 9th grade. The Steppingstone assignment now brought his truth pounding at him: "Write about me, about me!"

A week later, it was ready: blow by blow, embarrassed silence by embarrassed silence, blush by blush--the story of his 9th grade crush, a story that had no closure for him even now, three years later.

It was his best writing. The truth, the need, the purpose drove him. A shy boy had longed and suffered, had been teased, had been beckoned, and had been rejected. A girl had never known the truth I knew now in Bill's story, had never known the devastating effect of her every word, smile, silence.

"I wrote this to share with you only," he told me in a note on his paper, "no one else. I just couldn't handle it." In the months that followed, he tentatively, fearfully showed his Steppingstone to one classmate, then to another. He finally read it to the class. It is now published in the class's anthology, The Inkslingers' Review, and he is very proud.

Names of some places and persons in these writings have been changed to protect against injury.

Y'EAST

In this issue, writings by members of courses in Writing Prose Non-Fiction, Teaching Writing, and Writing Poetry.

Number 3 Summer '82
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Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Bread Loafers

PAT, THE PRIEST

I went to mass Sunday, been wanting to do that for a long time. That afternoon I had the privilege of sitting with Pat, the priest, for dinner. I normally have to hear a person's name a couple of times before it sets in. But this time the association was simple--Pat, of course, O'Brien, from the movies. "Do you prefer to be called Pat?" I asked.

"Yes."

Tuesday, the next time I saw him, we were both headed for our 11:30 class at the Barn. I had a couple of doubting faith questions. "I grew up an altar boy, I said, "then I drifted from the church because I felt a hypocrisy in the congregation. And I got into existential thinking."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That we are in control of ourselves. The power of our decisions lies in the individual being, not in the will of a God."

"That's interesting," he said, "tell me more."

"Sartre said, 'existence precedes essence.'"

"The presence of the Lord is within all of us," he told me. "We find our essence in the presence of Christ."

The bell rang, time for American Drama. It was an interesting class, a discussion of O'Neill and Williams, two who found and lost their own essence, quite appropriate. Afterwards I found a need to be confronted with the Savior again, mass at 12:30.

"You can't deny God because of the church's hypocrisy," Pat had told me. "Life is full of hypocrisy and we don't deny life."

It was a typical mass in a unique setting, but Father had an interesting sermon. "When I first came here three years ago, I kept my vocation a secret. The second year I was ready and defensive, 'Yeah, I'm a priest and what are you gonna do about it?' This year more than any other year at Bread Loaf people have come up to me asking questions. Just yesterday someone sat with me and proceeded to confess without knowing it. The world is tired of rebelling. People here are looking for meaning in their lives--in poetry, in prose, in theatre. . . in religion. We are sheep without a shepherd, everyone afraid to act. Let's be bold. It is time for timidity and politeness to evaporate. We can discuss freely our beliefs. Nowhere do people talk as freely as at Bread Loaf."

"Amen," the congregation said.

We got to the part of the mass when everyone offers peace: "Peace be with you." An unpretentious ritual, I see.

"And let's pray for our own intentions," Father said.

There was a momentary silence from which grew hope:

"For all the people we left at home."

"Lord, hear our prayer," Father said.

"For all my sisters who search for ways to spread the word of God."

"Lord hear our prayer."

"For my daughter's peace."

"Lord hear our prayer."

"Lift up your hearts," he said.

Pat told me, "Yeah. . . I have something to offer, to give, to harvest."

Peace be with you.

Alfred Lujan

****

JUSTINE'S TINS

Roundly she spoke, with soft hands, "When I sit down I kinda sit down into a puddle of butter." Justine Codding has her own ways of making sure the life of bread isn't lost, even on days warm enough to turn butter sour if you're not careful.

By 10:30 a.m. the white was cooked, the wheat was baking, and the oatmeal bread made with molasses was rising. A sense of timing her nose-controls lets Justine know precisely when to turn the loaves or shift wide tins of handcrafted rolls. An added "By gosh or by golly" goes into each one of her batches of dough. A fresh hot tray just set out from the Edison oven to cool is preyed upon quickly by sneaky kitchen hands who get first dibs.

Carefully weighed portions of all the best for her bread are put on the scales and scooped large into the mega-bowl attached to the three-speed model mixer made before my time in Troy, New York. The stirring is easy this way with a wheel, a crank, and one heavy hook.

Once this mixer is in motion, the wooden floor moves up and down to jungle rhythm; in third gear, that hook slaps the mix ready for its second stage, which is to pour out a lump, make a mound, then cut, press, fold, or roll.

Like the proud fruit grower, Justine knows too the sound of her best by a thump. She gives her time of day to those who might need to know what keeps yeast alive in the life of a loaf.

Lu Ellen Huntley

JULIA LOWRY

An Interview at Texas Falls

"I am a Lumbee Indian. I wish that said it all. I get tired of explaining. I know I'm home when I don't have to tell people who I am. That must be why so many of us return to the Pembroke area in North Carolina."

Julia's rich laughter echoes in the falls canyon. The roar of the falls all but drowns out the interview as I ask about the tribal system.

"We don't have a tribe. They are trying to make a roll."

Julia sees I'm having a problem with "roll" in her southern accent, and I ask her to explain.

"Roll--list? They're not certain how many there are of us, maybe as many as 40,000 But it's complicated; no one agrees about who we are or where we came from. The word Lumbee itself was voted on in my life time. Most of the Lumbees believe we are descendants of John White's lost colony at Roanoke and that our first name was the one carved on the tree there, "Croatan." The government still hasn't made our name Lumbee legal. Some of the reservation Indians fear that will take away from what they have. Then there is always the problem of purity, how much of the three races mixed. The government doesn't want to make us legitimate if it means there might be old claims or treaties to live up to. I told you it was complicated." Julia laughed.

The huge rock we sit on is a swirl of color, aggregates locked in for centuries, worn smooth by the flow.

"This is only my opinion. I can't speak for all Lumbees. That's been the problem, too many people speaking for us."

Julia's voice is more intense now. The words pour out. "How can anyone deny us our name, our identity? After we've lived for generationas as Indians, a mix of persecution and pride, the struggle to keep the pride alive. How could they take that away? We have been shaped by that experience."

Will the final proof of identity ever be known?

"Those who come from Harvard to do research and write books say the strongest evidence of the Roanoke connections is in our names. My own is Lowry, though my sister, more political, spells it with an "e." See? We can't even agree in the family!"

If I came to Pembroke to do research and talked to people, what kind of response would I get?

"You would be offered a Budweiser and told you're talking to the chief." Julia laughed."Then they would drag you off--not literally--to the next showing of Strike at the Wind by Paul Green. One of the folk heroes is my great, great, great grandfather, Henry Barry Lowry. The hostilities between the races were particularly intense around the Civil War. Some whites accused the Lowry family of stealing grain. They came and killed Henry's father and brother. Henry plotted revenge and did succeed. He had to stay on the run for the rest of his life, and became sort of a Robin Hood figure. People had to help him escape many times. No one now knows how it ended, like so many of our stories."

A tree bent and distorted by years of pushing through the rock hangs over the falls.

"The community in Pembroke, that's ours. Our doctors and lawyers have come home. They could make it in other places, but return. It's good for the children to know that. That's why I teach *there*. My choices were more limited for careers. I might have been an engineer. I love math. I went to Radford, Virginia, at my father's insistence. He wanted me protected from local prejudice. But the teacher's college across the street was ours then. Now it's part of the University system and practically all white. It really turned its back on us. That hurts."

Do you think the government will recognize you soon?

"We have waited a long time now. It may never come. It doesn't matter to me what is in my blood or where it came from. I need it. It gives me life. But I do care about--what I really care about, is in my heart and soul. I know who I am. No one can take that from me, no one. And I can help kids with the struggle. No, we aren't waiting. We can't wait. Maybe someday we won't have to explain."

Chip Bissell

☆☆

HUSKY MAN (1)

I wasn't sure what to think of him when I first saw him at the salad bar putting raisins on his ice cream. But after last night, I like him--at least I like the stories he tells about his coon hounds and huskies. Twenty-five of them live with him some place where it's cold enough to "freeze his best bitch." By "best bitch" he means his fastest hound, the leader of a team of sled dogs. This bitch wins prizes for sprinting--almost always finishes first in a three-mile race.

She's not a good distance runner, though, because she was bred in some "hick town" in Tennessee (near my hometown) where a short-haired dog could run a winter's day away without shivering once. There,the climate spoiled her; then, she raced just for the fun of chasing raccoons. But now she competes in the cold, dragging a sled behind her as her trainer dragged a dead animal before her so she'd learn the scent. And sometimes, unable to withstand the cold, she "freezes up." Then he has to thaw her out before racing her again.

I'll bet he bitches about it when she freezes in a long run. But afterwards, when they're back at home, I imagine he stops banking the fire just to stare at her moving in circles, bunching up the rug. Lots of times he's seen her doing this--patiently pushing imaginary sticks and rocks away, making his rug into her bed. Still he watches her. Again, he watches. I'm sure he does--because talking of her, he makes "bitch" sound like a term of endearment.

Emily Chamberlain

HUSKY MAN (2)

He looks the spittin' image of David Crosby, and he races sled dogs in Michigan. He is full of stories about huskies, coonhounds, and cold weather. He says not many people race coons, but he figures in a few years more people will, and he sure seems to know.

Before he came to Bread Loaf, he had fifty stitches sewn in his head after it was split wide open by a galvanized fence. He uses the phrase "you know" pretty much, but you know I don't have any idea what such a slash on the head would feel like. But I do know I don't want to know that; however, I'd enjoy hearing him talk about his dogs some more.

Lu Ellen Huntley

☆☆

On the Mountain

FLY PAPER (1)

"How can I commune with <u>Bleak House</u> when flies are hanging on every word?"

"How can <u>I</u> expect to get an even tan, when flies cover forty-four percent of my body?"

I went jogging at noon. An occasional fly "bst" by. As I neared the pond, several circled for a better look.

"Get it out of my hair! Get it out!"

My arms flailing, I screamed through the woods. I panted into the Inn lobby and slammed the door behind me. My back braced against the door, I tried to regain my breath and composure. A preppie in the parlor peered over the edge of <u>Moby Dick</u>, surveying my fear. "My God, here is a case" I took a few deep breaths, smiled sweetly, and sidled toward the stairs and my room.

"Panic is a sudden unreasoning fear in the face of real or imagined danger," a voice inside droned.

Yes. Yes. Yes, of course. I picked up D. H. Lawrence. The weather is beautiful. I want a tan to take home with me. With my jaw clenched, I turned and marched out to a chair on the lawn. It was covered with flies. Like the garbage in my garage. The chair moved with millions of tiny legs and wings.

"Breathe deeply. Picture the air entering and leaving your lungs," the voices chanted.

I slid into the chair sideways, disturbing a flurry of flies. They landed on my face. On my pants. On my hand. On my book. On my shirt. On my foot. On my hair.

"Clench and relax your hands. Move from your hands to your arms and shoulders. Clench and relax. Picture some pleasant scene". . .

My cat, Pangur, sleeps on top of the refrigerator, his body smashing the remains of the ivy which occupied his spot first. Upside-down, his face hangs over the edge of the freezer door, a pink tongue poking out of his flat round face. He awakens when he hears me and stretches over the edge of the fridge. His head butts mine.

My cat eats flies.

Shirley Rau

☆☆

FLY PAPER (2)

I went to get a tan today and the flies ate it. Nowhere in America are the flies more persistent or educated than in the state of Vermont. Their young can read the international signs for pedestrian crossing and lie in wait on the other side. Adult flies have read Milton and Virginia Woolf and I am no match for them. Inspired to new highs by Emily Dickinson, now they buzz contantly.

This afternoon I think one fly read more of Thorstein Veblen's <u>Theory of the Leisure Class</u> than I did. Particularly the chapter on "Dress as an Expression of Pecuniary Culture." He left me to buzz round a girl in an Izod shirt.

Several of his low-brow friends hung around to see what would become of Mr. George F. Babbitt. I wanted them to really get into the book. . . but I couldn't close it fast enough.

Jana Elliott

☆☆

FLY PAPER (3)

Every time I try to start this journal entry that huge black buzzing son of a bitch lights on my arm. His red eyes stare out blankly at the world. His nasty little feet rub each other as if he were contemplating murder. Then the bastard's tongue pokes around like an accusing finger, eating God knows what, spreading God knows what. I won't even think about the number of cows in Vermont.

Now there are two. Why are they so interested in covering the same territory --in each other? Oh God--they are trying to copulate on my arm!

Strange how literary allusion presents itself at such time. In Karl Shapiro's "Ode to a Fly" (I think it goes), "You climb the steaming mounds of my food like a Duncan Phyfe/ And in mid air while I eat take to bed a wife."

GET OFF!

Bill Brown

☆☆

7:00 a.m.

I start out on my bike and the air is still and fresh and invigorating. I push off slowly, tensing and relaxing my arms and upper body as my legs warm up to their cadence.

On my left, the mountains insist magnificently on standing against the sky. I breathe their energy in and quicken my pace.

I stretch and twist to loosen up, not enough to rock my balance, just enough to feel pleasant cracks. Then I straighten again and concentrate on my rhythm. I am

warming now, ready to unzip my windbreaker and suddenly with the approval of the wildflowers, I want to sing.

Joan Price

☆☆

ENTRY

Bright hopes and promises, a pocketful of dreams; that's why I'm wrapped up in. Maybe it's selfish.

Everything thus far in my so-called writing career resembles torn railroad tracks--splintered, scattered wooden ties, non-parallel, with steel bars waving their helpless arms.

I haven't the grace to slide into Bread Loaf, but a stubborn crawl--instincts flaring, defense mechanisms at red alert.

I want the sun to blind me outwardly and inwardly, causing a warm glow to propel, bribe, or lead me to a new direction. If I fail or panic, well, I don't know.

Friends, students are waiting nearby-- "Bread Loaf--that's great! You'll be OK!" Or, "Just write us once in a while. Let us know what's happening." They're there to help, cheer me on, especially if I fall.

Yet falling is always lonely. It has to be performed alone so that your sense of balance, sense of pride, allows you to land slightly disoriented, but going somewhere.

A. A. Metzegen-Bundy

☆☆

EYES

There aren't many emotive faces up here, but dammit, she sure has one. A happy-to-be alive face that makes you believe the day is going to do great things.

She doesn't have to force her mouth to smile; with most people you think their skin will crack. No. Her smile is just one of the more likely and frequent possibilities for that marvelously wide, mobile mouth.

But first things last. It's the eyes. Those intelligent blue eyes, spaced wide apart against the brown skin, just reach out and take in all those nuances. No, not beautiful probably. The nose is too big, the legs too long. But a face that's intelligently responsive is erotic. I swear it is!

Dan Farber

☆☆

DUST

No mail at midnight, so why'd I check? And this morning? There ain't no mail on Sundays.

While I was sitting by the fireplace smoking cigarettes, every single Bread Loafer came by, searching for dust, lonely folks peeking in their mailboxes--on Independence Day.

Alfred Lujan

MUSIC

I marched into the Barn this morning to a student playing classical music. There was an anxious line of coffee seekers and a spread of readers, as always, everywhere.

But no one was talking. They were communicating with their eyes an appreciation for the free concert, lost in that pensive haze which joins live music with morning thoughts.

Bill Brown

☆☆

GOLD HATTED

Recurring dreams. What do they mean? I have one. I am in my old high school and I am running down the stairs. The school has three stories. Pretty soon I am taking three steps at a time and then I am taking them all at once.

The next moment I am zooming around banisters --I'm not quite flying yet-- then flying down the stairs. Eventually I am outside the building flying higher up in the sky. The only problem with the dream is getting down. Sometimes I can't; sometimes I get caught up in the telephone wires.

Interpretation of this dream isn't too hard. Fitzgerald explains it well in <u>The Great Gatsby</u>:

> Then wear the gold hat, if that
> will move her;
> If you can bounce high,
> bounce for her too,
> Till she cry, "Lover, gold-hatted,
> high bouncing lover,
> I must have you!

So I am trying to impress someone, most likely of the feminine persuasion, but I must not have a lot of confidence or I wouldn't get hung up in the wires.

The dream could also mean that I have a driving ambition which is represented by the flying. Or that I like to be the center of attention but am very shy.

But why be so analytical? Some people ride motorcycles or race cars; I fly in my dreams where it's safe.

David Schwinghammer

☆☆

THIS IS BRAHMS

Stacked on the floor, to the left of the green sofa, out of everyone's view, out of everyone's way, is the Blue Parlor's modest homage to classical (or, as my students say, "clay-assical") music. Overall it is not an impressive collection there are about two dozen recordings mired together with no discernible purpose or taste. Indeed, "collection" would be a charitable word for it--"droppings" perhaps a more accurate one. In the midst of this mediocrity, there are a few records, the youngest at least thirty-five years old, tarnished, scratched, barely even monophonic, that are worth the entire tuition money just to listen to now and then.

Heifetz in the 1930s, his tone hard with no excess flesh, could make the

violin do what it never imagined it could. Parenthetically, for Heifetz of course, the piece is Sibelius' Violin Concerto. Did it ever matter to Heifetz what the piece was?

My own Boston Symphony Orchestra, known in its RCA Victor Red Seal Advertising language as "The Aristocrat of Orchestras," had in its first chairs plenty of aristocrats who didn't blend very democratically, but gave under Koussevitsky's insistence a performance of Beethoven's Fifth as good as any I have heard. And it's sitting right there in the Blue Parlor--a gift from one of Bread Loaf's graduating classes--but unless there are some insomniac music lovers here who sneak down at 3:00 A.M., I supsect very few of having heard it.

Yesterday I listened to the first movement of Brahms' Second Piano Concerto in an old, beaten up recording by Serkin, who fires his way through it saying, "This is Brahms; I am Serkin; and dammit, this is how the piece goes, it goes IN NO OTHER WAY. I needed to hear something this forceful and direct to counteract a bad phone call and some very inattentive, nonparticipatory reading. I get some hope of doing better from a performer who projects his decisions with so much conviction. To write like that! Even to read like that! To be so sure!

Dan Farber

☆☆

BECOMING

Across the hall, framed in the L of the doorway, I see Shirley, wrapped in white and standing before the plain mirror, brushing maple-colored hair until it cups gently under her pointed face. Sunlight fuzzing up everything in the room creates a portrait of a Victorian woman, one of the heroines she has babbled about from Eliot's novels over potato chips and baked beans. She is trying so hard to understand them--that she finally has become one.

Jana Elliott

☆☆

LUNACY (1)

Last night I was exhausted. I dropped into bed about 10:00. My sleep was shattered at 11:35. I knew because I squinted at the clock. Beneath my bedroom window, beneath the silvery moon, the Bread Loaf Jubilee Science Club was worshipping the moon.

"What the hell?"--my roommate lurched out of bed.

"The Moonies."

A strong female voice picked up song after song with the weaker voices joining in in what sounded like a cat fight. Lilting strains of "Moonshadow" drifted up.

I saw the lunar eclipse and went back to bed. My sheets were rough. My eyes hurt. I was glad when the singing died out.

"I thought the New York Times said the eclipse was tomorrow night. Who can you trust if you can't trust the Times?" My roommate is hung up on detail.

"How often do we have lunar eclipses?"

"Oh, I thought about every three hundred years, but the librarian says it happens about every three years. No big deal.

Shirley Rau

☆☆

LUNACY (2)

Last night I watched the lunar eclipse, along with a few others, and thought all the usual thoughts about how slow and majestic it was, and how small we are in the cosmic scheme of things, and so forth, and so on.

I tried to be very profound. But the only thought I really remember was the image that briefly occurred to me of Harold Sann and my father and I toiling up a hill at 4:00 one morning fifteen years ago, and getting to the top and seeing in wonder the tail of a great comet spread out against the sky.

James Mead

☆☆

LUNACY (3)

A lunar eclipse, a chance for adventure and excitement, a rare moment for the camera of my mind.

A slow Alabama drawl announced, "Y'all ever no-tice how, how theese here flower beds at Bread Loaf are shaped like the state of Ala-bama?"

His humor grabbed me, as he pointed with his toe to the petunia that represented home. "Now don't y'all be a steppin' on my home."

We all giggled.

Will I see him again? Or is our meeting like tonight's lunar eclipse, a moment that happens rarely and briefly but remembered, like a snapshot in my mind.

Lynne Heckman

☆☆

OKLAHOMA

As soon as I stepped off the airport bus in Boston I knew New England was not Oklahoma. People walked in cold rain without raincoats. Anemic men made whiter by their frame of black hair and beard ambled without purpose down the sidewalks. A few steps left, a few forward, STOP. I remember thinking, "These men don't know where they're going."

An Oklahoma cowboy will walk straight and purposeful while he's stone drunk and fumbling for the pick-up keys. He knows wherever he goes, he's going home.

Jana Elliott

☆☆

SUPERIORITY

The gnawing in my stomach increases each time regional areas are set against each other to prove a point. Seems to me the point could be made another way without constantly alienating and emphasizing

factions. I resent the label "Easterner," as if I had green warts on the palms of my hands and tainted, but blue, blood in my veins.

After all, if we're going to operate on this level, I insist we divide the east coast into its three regions--instead of clumping it all together as preppy and snotty. There are levels to that prep and snot.

Why do I react so defensively to this? I know it is my disgust with labels. An attitude of southwestern superiority, after all, is equally offensive to the eastern brand. I remember an argument in '71 in an apartment on the lower east side. Both participants with too much bourbon in them, one male, one female, discussing how being equal didn't mean being alike.

Lisa Harris

☆☆☆

ART

Art. There is none here in this classroom. Or so it appears. Blank, stark, glaring white walls. An old slate gray blackboard dusted over with chalk imprints of long ago wisdoms.

Even the desktop lies bare. It lacks mounds of papers with curled corners, red ink that belches out on mistakes.

There's nothing hurried here, nothing to distract the wanderings of the mind. A sign with graying edges of time stencils out its abrupt message--NO SMOKING. Apparently there's no art.

Invisible to the eye, art abounds. Busy, active minds, dance to the pens of thirteen students. Silence penetrates, but the art goes on.

Lynne Heckman

☆☆☆

AT THE FRONT DOOR

I was startled. A kiss at the front door on the first "date"? That kind of thing happens in close-up commercials, to high-school students.

I mean, I've been married, and then unmarried, and all that. Even peeked out from behind a few trees in the sexual revolution. But, I'd been caught, here on the front porch, in a time-mind warp.

The EverReady 9-volt analytical mind immediately lit up the significance circuit. A kiss is just a kiss, in some quarters. In others, a kiss is a KISS, fraught with special meaning. This had been the stuff of long discussions with only the closest of friends, as we attempted to establish our code of kissing ethics.. For some, kissing directly preceded living together, or marriage. I barely knew this guy. My heart was not going pitter-pat in the prescribed manner. Why did he have to up and kiss me?

Ah well, to remain calm, to take it in stride, without a stiff upper lip--

It was a hell of a lot more fun than shaking hands. I suppose.

Mabel Thistleworth

Teaching

GET MY BRAIN WORKING AGAIN

As I drove here from South Dakota, just reaching Bread Loaf was beginning to seem like an end in itself--nearly 2000 miles--an accomplishment. I've now been here for one week and I realize this is just the beginning. I'm not talking about the assignments--yes I am. I mean to say that in addition to the class work I've begun to do the outside work necessary to get my brain working again! I use an exclamation mark here because I'm surprised. At home I'm constantly reading but without direction--like holding up a magnificent painting and seeing a piece of cardboard. Here I hold up that piece of cardboard and see a Rembrandt.

. . . Back from an hour's break. My roommate and I have been talking about school writing assignments. When a student is requested to write about a piece he has read, his response is seldom any more than what Ken Macrorie calls Engfish. The teacher will then mark the paper up and return it to the writer, who, if this goes on long enough will begin to hate writing. My roommate and I came up with what we consider to be the reason: the kid isn't writing about something he knows but rather something he <u>thinks</u> he knows.

When asked to write something he knows (I've finally realized what writers mean when they say to write about what you know) he is writing for himself and not the teacher. The teacher can't say, "No, Johnny, that's not right," because the kid knows that he is right. He can defend his own writing and doesn't have to worry about the teacher being able to slash his work to pieces.

Rick Burrington

☆☆☆

WITH CLASS

1

Before I was born, he died, leaving his last name to me, a street, and a sports stadium. The street is near a school where for two years I taught students who knew my name before they knew me.

On registration day, they looked at the familiar word misplaced on a blackboard. "Chamberlain," Terri said, sure of herself. "Hey, that's where me and my friends live."

Months later, as they were filling in boxes of a grid marked <u>Teacher</u>, I told them how my grandfather was related to their street. "It was named for him," I said.

Of course they didn't believe me. Myron was the first to say, "Sure thing, Miss Chambo!" but the others were quick to affirm his disbelief: "Yeah, shuwah!" and to laugh with him at me.

2

Myron, our quarterback, was tough, but not tough enough to take the state proficiency test without kicking the metal part of his desk or breaking the point of his pencil because he felt like grinding it or me to bits. I felt his frustration as he got up, pivoted toward the pencil sharpener, changed his mind, and paused, looking for a receiver.

For a tense moment, he stood motionless holding the emotion. Then, in one quick, smooth move, he turned on me, hurling the words as fast as he could throw a pass, but with less control: "You said I was doing good in English. I don't know these words. I can't read. You lied!"

I cried.

Emily Chamberlain

☆☆

AND GLADLY TECHE

My first serious study of early English literature, Chaucer, was directed by a dumpy, witty little woman named Emily Lendell, "Miss Emily" (after Faulkner's "A Rose for . . . ") I called her, but not to her face. Then she was Doctor Lendell. Five feet one in heels, fifty pounds overweight, close to sixty then, she puffed up the stairs to Main 208 three days a week to meet our class of seven girls. She was delighted to have "only ladies." She said we could talk about more interesting things. And we did: she explained every scatological or sexual reference in the Canterbury Tales (or so it seemed) with severe, old maidish disapproval. She told us not to read "The Miller's Tale" because it was "too dirty," then spent an hour discussing it to be sure we "understood the language."

Because we were upperclassmen in a small class, she let us choose our assigned seats, and once she scolded one of the girls for sitting in the wrong place. We had to learn to pronounce Middle English and then memorize the first sixteen lines of the Prologue. Each of us had to stand in front of the class and recite; successful students earned prizes--candy.

Fascinated by trivia, she repeated her lecture on 13th and 14th century politics at least twice, and she wrote the syllabus and assignment sheets in Middle English, complete with Chaucerian references for each Saint's Day. We had to read a modern mystery, Daughter of Time by Josephine Tey, because it was about Richard III. She knew all the reference works I read on Chaucer; she blue penciled the library copies, then corrected our papers if we misquoted a critic.

The first test made me anxious because of her emphasis on details, but it was simple: we had to identify and interpret quotes in no more than one sentence each. I got an "A," but she scolded me in class for "fudging" by using compound-complex structure.

She had two favorite wool dresses which she wore alternately all semester--without benefit of occasional cleaning. Outside of class she wore tweeds and a sweater when I'd see her pottering about her yard, hose hopelessly ruined, slate gray hair wisping in every direction. "Pottering" is a good word for whatever she was doing; she appeared to be encouraging a jungle. Clumps of ragged bushes edged the lawn, choking the flowers beneath, while solitary tulips sprouted occasionally, with clumps of wood violets and an iris or two in the lawn itself.

She's retired now, and I understand she's taken to marking up public library books with penciled criticism and doing all the crossword puzzles in their newspapers.

Margaret Pearce

☆☆

Home Thoughts

AUNT ELLEN

I see my grandmother again half-sitting, half-lying on the couch in her study, laughing so hard I am afraid she will topple over, and I, laughing myself, ready at any moment to leap out of my chair and dash over to catch her.

Aunt Ellen, as we called her, had been so crippled and fragile for the last twenty years that she could move only with the greatest pain and difficulty, and seemed more to balance precariously than to sit or walk. She had made a whole world of that study during the two decades since my grandfather died, alone with the pain and loneliness she never spoke of but must have felt.

There time had stopped, and she lived surrounded by her books and pictures and surviving bits and pieces of an extraordinary life, like driftwood cast up on the shore.

The evening draws on, lamps are lighted, the sherry is brought in on a tray, and the conversation rises and falls and sparkles like a fountain, full of her vitality and the visitors' wonder at it.

Jay Mead

☆☆

FRENCHY DUVAL

Working. Sometimes it seems that I've done it all. My first real job was with Frenchy Duval. I was fifteen and he hired me for a day to fill in on his logging operation. My step-mother told me had trouble getting help because he couldn't find anybody crazy enough to work for him. I went anyway. What did she know?

We clanked up the mountain on a rusty D9 Caterpillar tractor to a landing near the top. I had told him that I knew how to operate a chain saw. What I didn't tell him was that I had only done it once. He didn't question further and I didn't volunteer the information. As I sat on the

hood of the tractor, I cradled the forty pound McCulloch saw on my lap and practiced its operation in my imagination.

At the landing, he stopped and gathered up his double-bitted axe and peevee and we clattered on to the cutting area. The mountain was rough and ledgy and when he stopped the tractor, I could not believe that it was possible to cut and skid logs there.

He was a short man, half a head shorter than my five foot eight, but powerfully built and radiating an energy that passed into all who were within sight of him. He spoke twice the normal rate and as he looked down among the ledges that day to the grove of ash trees, he yelled up to me in his animated way, "Steeper than a cat's face, boy. Too steep! Too steep! but bright teeth flashed in his hourglass face to tell me that he meant to have the logs on the landing.

I picked my way down the face of the ledge, holding the saw in one hand and grasping at tree roots with the other. When I handed him the saw, he started the engine with a single pull of the starting cord. The tree was a bull ash, thirty inces at the base and eighty feet to the first limb. The saw bit deeply into the wood, spewing clean white chips from the slot with rakers undercut as only a French logger knows how. Frenchy felled the tree downhill with the accuracy and knowledge of ten thousand downed trees. He scrambled down the ledge and limbed and topped, and scrambling back, handed the saw to me and pointed to the next tree.

Before I had mastered the starting operation, he had climbed to the purring Cat, wrapped the choker chain around his thick neck, and placing the one-inch wire cable around his hip, peeled cable from the winch drum like silk thread from a spool, bounding down the ledge. As I notched the second tree for felling, he throttled the Cat to a roar and hauled the log to the skid road, shouting back at me, "She's a good wench, boy. A good wench."

We cut and skidded fifty logs that day, and when I couldn't keep up he carried the double bit in his belt as he pulled cable and lopped limbs as I topped. Being green, I mistakenly cut a basswood tree that looked much like an ash. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Big strapping boy. You don'd know your ash from your elbow, but you make a good cut."

I felt good about the work, but I was careful not to cut another basswood.

Bob Walker

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STRING BEAN

Liberty Street. . . Belleville. . . the garden. . . Momma and Grandma in house dresses, and Ada.

Ada in this huge garden the size of a city lot. Behind the garden stood an old shed of graying wood, while in front of the garden squatted Ada's and Earl's unpainted shack.

Ada was a large, fat southern lady. A lady though unkempt, illiterate, and not very bright. Her thick southern accent came from deep within the hills of Tennessee, where Earl had gone to find a third woman to marry. He believed women should be "barefoot and pregnant" but he never had any children. He drank to excess and beat Ada at times. She cooked, cleaned, and slept with him. She cared little for herself, seeing this life as her lot, role, only existence.

We kids in the neighborhood loved them both. Ada was warm, reaching for the sunshine. She was also hardworking, loving, and hugging, soft and fleshy, safe and secure. Earl was loud, but loved us kids, or maybe only tolerated us. We were welcome in the garden. And what a garden! --weed free and full of food. There were always tomatoes or green onions or turnips to munch on, and his voice shouting, "Don't step on the green peppers!"

In quieter moods we could join him on the lake bank while he fished. We didn't talk and he didn't tell stories. We were just company, like the huge willow whose fingered branches trailed the water. He fished, this group of five-year-olds sitting next to him, silent.

I remember when Ada and Earl moved. We went to visit them weekly for two years, but it was never the same. Ada left and went back to the hills when Earl grew meaner. At least that's what the grown ups said.

I just remember the garden, the warm, loose earth crumbling between my toes and the crunch of vegetables and their sharp tastes. Once I rushed home from catechism class to announce to them all that God was a "string bean." I meant "supreme being" but both were right, then.

They bulldozed the shed and shack and garden to build a large brick eight-plex, with a small lawn and a parking lot out back.

Kathy Stevens

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PALEFACE AND CHEROKEE

My grandmothers are opposites. One has pale skin, pale eyes, pale hair--paleface. Her ancestors were Amish. And she has found religion, even if she isn't Amish herself. Church on Sunday, church on Wednesday, footwashing and Brother this and Sister so-and-so. Her life has her cycles and circles, confining boundaries to be lived within.

Her living room is hung like a sideshow game booth with plaster praying hands loaded and aimed at the Lord; tapestry, cardboard and 3-D representations of The Last Supper; my grandfather got up in his doughboy suit; drawings I made as a child; and a weather forecasting device consisting of a flap of leather and a bit of horsehair. A red card over the door keeps the devil out.

Against a sun-flooded window sits my grandmother, her knobby feet working the treadle of her only sewing machine, whose wheel goes round with a hollow click. She

is making a scrap quilt for a neighbor and after we hug she goes back to her sewing. Usually we talk. Today she fells the seams and binds tightly the edges of the quilt, saying little as I watch.

Grandma knows I've come to say good-by and she refuses to discuss it. I am about to leave my circle and she is afraid for me. Her grandmother once stepped beyond the boundary to dance with a man she loved and the shunning that followed her the rest of her life is seldom mentioned. Outside her kind of circle you are fair game for the devil and and no one can guarantee you can break back through to the safety it once offered.

We hug again. I hear the treadle creak behind me and I am gone.

My other grandmother is dark, Cherokee-skinned, long-eyed, straight-haired, angle-faced. She never looked for religion; it found her. Found her in the cycles of her life. Monday, tend the garden; Thursday, sell the eggs; Saturday, walk the two miles to town and buy three tins of snuff.

Her religion is the circle of repetition. All things come again. When two babies died at birth, "There will be other children." When she spent her huckleberry money to bail two drunken sons out of jail, "There will be another spring." When her life made only small advances she saw a still larger circle for life's plan.

I have the once-silver traveling trunk, now traced with rusted strawberry leaves, that her grandmother brought from Georgia on a trail of tears that almost broke their circle. But the circle found them.

Her tiny house sits lopsided against the wind, four concrete blocks supporting a green afterthought of porch. The front yard garden is plain, just past blooming and not yet ready to bear.

Grandma meets me at the door, waving me past the torn screen with plump brown hands that pause lightly on my shoulders as a greeting and I return the touch. Her black and grey braids I remember as a child are gone, a concession to arthritis.

In her small living room that reeks of propane gas and fried fish we do not hug to say good-by. We don't talk, we feel. Brown deer eyes caress me as I stand to go. "Be careful," she finally says. "You will be back by and by." She is comfortable in her house. She walks the edge of every day in her hopeful circle.

Rani Olwood

(NOTE: Some of the names of characters and authors above have been changed to protect against injury. K.M.)

☆☆

NOTE: The Poetry Writing class picked out, among themselves and at random, seven pairs of rhymes for all of them to use, in any order, in the composition of a sonnet. P.H.

LEAVING SEASONS

Could my enslaved essence be of leaf-mold,
marked with the stains of this autumnal bower
whereby I squirrel-search the fen forest fold
seeking a dream stream in my earthly hour;
Could my October soul be a brown clowning nut,
a prostituting jackal, Ha-Ha tramp,
the miming mask of a harlequin mutt
shrouded in tears of leaving seasons damp.
Yet my woodland breath is my naked shawl
sheltering twilight from November's might,
a haunting lair into my core can crawl,
December winds the eventual recite.
Queries on the aged autummal quip,
the jesting master's final gruesome rip.

Ernie Codding

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOLLAND TUNNEL

Canal will take you out, but through the bower
Where Stuyvesant left pillage safe for tramps
Who haunt the granite walks next to our
Houris who keep men's pants from getting damp.
The rescue mission's "Jesus Saves" sign might
Invite your smile that contemplates a quip:
"Why doesn't he do it? His rats recite
The Nicene Creed well enough."

And you rip
The city's riches silent; now you crawl
Under the river back into your nut
Shell and read the day's litter. Like a shah
You sit with gin and tonic sips. "The mut-
ton head," you say. "The city's bound to fold."
Even cities are shaped by their mold.

Peter C. Mull

☆☆

EDITORIAL

For generations we ran ratlike in a brainless damp,
forcing a new nation's images into a 13th century mold.
Free verse frightened some, but the fold
of language from rigorous Latin into an American tramp
of Anglos, Gaelics, spics, wops and all thawed the Frosted shawl
of pedigreed forms. Then came a Whitmanlike mutt
of free language with free men. Craftsmen crawl
from unmetered closets, reveling in Ferlinghetti or Lowell and his nut-
ty damned students like Sexton and Plath. Instead of resight-
ing canticles in a dead language they unclip
their wings, hitch a ride on a Picasso dove and rip
up their Byronic orangoutan rhymes and batshit for poems. Listen here, Goddamnit,
a few might
even write the Great American 15 line sonnet some day or at some hour
after grammar school lets out and they find a hero like Eliot (not the kid
in E.T., but the other Eliot) who studied all the old stuff so he could
come up with something new and fresh and different after he quit looking
for a leafy unsunned place that is just the right word to rhyme with "bower."

Tom Miller

On the Mountain

MULLED

"If you have sex with more than one man, by the time you are thirty you will kill yourself."

"Ladies drink wine and daiquiris, never beer or bourbon."

"Your body is a temple--only give it once."

"And if you ride motorcycles, you'll end up killing yourself."

These are the dogmas of my youth, engendered in my mother's mind to guide me and protect me. When I was eight they were pretty convincing.

By the time I was fourteen, I'd begun to doubt these absolutes. I had drunk Seagrams 7 and liked it, filling the bottle back up with water to the carefully drawn line on the label. I'd been kissing Gary McKinley behind the gym and I liked that, too. But I'd never ridden a motorcycle.

All the bad boys in town rode motorbikes and hung around the corner in downtown Snow Shoe. Bill Soltis, after too many Rolling Rocks, drove his bike through the A & P plate glass display window. The town council decreed that motorycle riding within the town limits was forbidden. The appeal of the motorcycle grew. Forbidden machinery.

Finally in the year of our Lord, 1973, I sat astride a Suzuki dirt bike behind Jonathon, my boyfriend's step-brother. And for once I agreed with my mom. This was too much. Not the business of falling off and tearing up the body. Nope, that wasn't the fear. I liked it too well. Molded to the seat, to the body in front of me by the wind, I was in ecstasy. When I dismounted I could not look at Jonathan. What thoughts! The sensation of being free, being close to death, and being part of this man and machine kept me silently crazed for days.

The Green Mountains, Vermont, 1982--I stand beside the monster machine. The helmet, black and polished, fits squarely over my head. I feel like an astronaut. The countdown is ticked off by the ignition. I clumsily get on behind Jeff. As we pull out onto 125 my legs become rigid, my jaw clamps, and my hands grip his waist. Down, down, down, past trees, water, trees, rocks. The wind mulls me. My thumbs are latched to his belt loops. I want to laugh, but my locked mouth and clamped jaw cannot. The laughter knocks around my chest--a ball bearing in a pinball machine.

Lean the opposite way of how you feel. Lean into the curve; lean into the situation.

Zipping along I realize we are only to Ripton. I want to keep riding, but I'm afraid my concentration will flounder when I look at the passing stream. The water rushes over rocks. I looked at the stream and I didn't fall off. My legs are stiff from conducting so much adrenalin. My knees clench Jeff's legs like an equestrian's. I laugh by turning my face out of the wind, let my legs relax, and lean toward falling.

Lisa Harris

YEAST

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Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

SEA

The wind swept green waves toward the chairs where we lounged. Jack sat alert. His elbows rested on his knees. Wearing only his cap and flowered shorts, he concentrated on the motion of the waves. He cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled at two children rolling in the waves a few feet away:

"Watch out for the undertoads!"

People drown every year in the wheat fields of Vermont.

Shirley A. Rau

DANGLING

"Feet on the ground while you're writing! Ken Macrorie commanded.

They don't reach. My feet reach the ground from very few chairs. The only way I can set my feet on the ground is to slide forward until they touch, but then the back of the chair digs into my shoulder blades.

The adult world in our country is constructed for those 5'2" tall and over. I don't suppose most of you notice.

You big people have no idea what it's like to sit through a fifty-minute lecture in Barn 2 on a hot day, thighs sticking to the seat, rear sore from this being the third class that day, and feet dangling towards--but never to--the floor.

Joan Price

A SNAP SHOT

I've seen him in the swamplands, along well-worn trails, and in the arroyos after the flood has become a puddle of still water. I saw him last night in Vermont as I crossed the brook. The firefly, modest, occasionally gets the urge to fire up.

I played basketball with him last night in East Middlebury. No spectators in the stands, no pom pom girls in heat. The self-proclaimed jocks were in privacy doing their thing. . . make it take it to fifteen, win by two. He was trying to hide in the background, but the sun outshines the stars.

When he felt like lighting the candle, he'd rip the hoop. Could do it every time if he wanted to. But no, our mission here is to pass the ball. Flick.

Al Lujan

□□

ONCE A MONTH

Here again. . . the sloughing off. My womb prepares each month a secure place for life to begin, and each month it remains without life, wasted.

I experience a slight cramp as the thickened wall slips down and the slow, heavy, silent flow of wasted nourishment begins. I sense the barrenness now, though I have two children. The problems and the discomfort of pregnancy remain small in comparison with this immediate void.

I can feel, almost see, my vacant womb . . . a huge hall with crumbling, peeling paint. A scene both of disgust and joy, for as the cracked and fallen coating is swept away, the walls beneath lie pink and tender, welcoming a child that never comes. And, each month, this pinkness slowly ages to crumble away again.

As I sit here, the blood flowing in a heavy stream, I sense the emptiness more severely. This room will never be filled again, its vacancy only part of a meaningless cycle, reminding me of a past joy.

Though I am forty, and really do not desire another child, monthly, motherhood calls out to me. My stomach, swollen with water retention, reminds me of the pregnancies I have experienced, enjoy experiencing--a painful, sensual adventure men have not/ can not encounter.

Do other women sense this nurturing, this physical desire each month? My breasts tighten. I am aware of my body, round and full and ripe. It is not the body I usually wear, nor are these my usual thoughts. But sometimes, when the flow starts. . .

Cathy Stevens

□□

WRITER'S VOICE

For two days I've changed the station, trying to find my voice. All I get is static. Things I thought didn't work, did. Things I thought did work, didn't. What if, when I find it, my voice is like a dog whistle, and only dogs can hear it?

I can't find a place quiet enough to hear myself. Voices scrape in from all around me.

"The couch is uncomfortable."

"This light doesn't work."

"He just walked in the door."

Can't you see I'm writing? Do you see this pen? I may quit trying to turn it on myself. I might turn it on you, lay you open for others to see. Then we can discuss your heart, your lungs, and your lungs, and your intestinal walls.

I've pressed this pen against me and pressed it till it hurt. But no blood has come out. Just sand and dust and sand.

"It's all dried up," they'll say. "No voice here."

Shirley Rau

HOME FOR THE WEDDING

Descending at dawn, all the
  mountain was mine,
and the billowing mists,
  blushed with rose,

And the deer by the roadside,
  standing still
with her spindly legs
  and split toes.

Forty-six (?) miles of thick, wet
  fog, worthy of Harbor Town,
from the ear-popping hill at Ski Bowl
  to Connecticut's flowing down.

Now the highway's burning up behind me,
  it's so hard to stay awake,
ROAD CONSTRUCTION NEXT THREE MILES
  WARNER RIVER, CONTOOCOOK LAKE.

Blue-red eyes play highway games
  converging lines and fences,
danger signals from my brain
  alarm my numbing senses:

'Switch from Bach to Benatar!
  sing with her, "Precious Time,"
STATE POLICE CHECK SPEED BY AIRCRAFT,
  don't get caught in highway crime.'

When I knew I'd have to stop
  or drowse off any minute,
I became aware my empty car
  had all of Bread Loaf in it!

Hey, there's the tan-legged waiter,
  and there's Dixie, Barbara, Pat!
And all the rest, names known or not,
  we'd had a lovely chat.

Students, Staff and Faculty, all
  jammed back there, cheek-by-jowl,
and from the glove-compartment
  I heard Edith's gentle growl.

The chorus of your voices
  stayed me safely on my track,
mostly, sounding like family,
  was New York-born Robert Pack.

(I'm really sorry that you smoke,
  it's bad for you, you know,
but it's roughed-up your voice wonderfully
  --then there's your New York "o.")

You say Frost like Mother, Dad,
  and Robert, Rose and John,
and just like Uncle Francis did,
  though he's been gone so long.

So, you re-say Friday's lecture,
  I'll re-hear it, best I can.
Interesting, to get to know
  the poet through the man.

POINTS SOUTH, POINTS SOUTH from Boston!
  Look, we've made it (there's the sea),
the lot of us, Sir Thomas
  and Mozart, Kirchel #53.

Say, all, how can I thank you
  for your generous company?
Tomorrow I reverse the process,
  you folks riding back with me?

Betsey Veit Downey

WHILE BREAD LOAF SLEPT

Earlier this week when I arrived to pick up my six-year-old at Croutons, the day care center, he was excited. He kept telling the same story as we walked to the car: ". . . terrible explosion. We shouldn't have mixed up that formula."

Like the Ancient Mariner, he seemed driven to tell the same tale to every person we met. He told his sixteen-year-old sister as we arrived at the car, "Secret formula. . . blew up the lab. . . sorry we made it. . . don't know what will happen!"

When we walked over to the barn to wait for his mother, he approached two strangers, Bread Loaf fellows, and poured out his bizarre story. Should we believe this little fellow? Did his parents let him loose like this, or did they normally keep him locked up? He wasn't telling them to save their lives. He was telling them out of anxiety, the same anxiety that all Bread Loafers feel.

When his mother arrived, he stuttered and jumped up and down as if he had to go to the bathroon while he was telling the story. She looked at me. I just rolled my eyes. As we drove away and the Bread Loaf campus fell behind us, John Began to relax--ground zero was getting farther and farther away.

But his conscience was not relieved. He kept repeating the tale. During the forty-five minute drive home, through questions and imagination, we managed to piece the story together. John, another boy his age, and two older boys had built a lab behind the tea house. While John and his friend were gone, the older boys poured part of the explosive out of the lab bottle, an Old Mr. Boston. Next, the older boys tossed the sticks, rocks, and boards used for the lab into the woods. When John and friend returned, the older ones told them the formula had destroyed the lab.

After the older boys left, John and the other little boy took the deadly bottle and headed up the hill to show Mrs. Litz. They spilt it! In wide-eyed terror, they watched the destructive amber liquid glug out on to the ground. John lived in fear from that moment on that it would go off, sending him, his sisters, the tea room, Mrs. Litz, the tennis court, his friend, and God only knows what else, soaring into space.

Reassurances didn't help. He knew otherwise. That evening while he was playing in the creek, a sonic boom sent him flying to the house--this was it! Bread Loaf was no more! No argument could overpower that boom.

After a restless night, we climbed the hill to our car while John bombarded me. "Yes, but what if it did blow up. . . if they know who did it?" John half felt the F.B.I. would be waiting with handcuffs by a big crater.

Bread Loaf campus came into sight. John's eyes showed he knew we were close. The other buildings were standing. It had gotten only the tea house and maybe the tennis court. We unloaded and walked toward the tea house as John's agitation steadily increased. The building came into sight. When Mrs. Litz walked forward to greet us and take the baby, John shot around the corner.

As I turned toward the campus, John came running. "Nothing happened, Dad!" he said.

Still today John tells the story of how he almost destroyed the entire Bread Loaf Campus.

Edward Foy

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SPLITTING THE LOAF

Joseph Battell would rumble in his grave to hear the logging trucks pounding, grinding down the curve that splits Bread Loaf."What would it take to get the state to lower the speed from 45 m.p.h.?" I asked Paul Cubeta at lunch yesterday.

"Five fatalities," he said. "Maybe we could get volunteers? We tried blinking lights, but they made us take them down, too much of a distraction for drivers. True, at that speed it's hard to negotiate the curves. Battell didn't know how to arm posterity against the state."

Perhaps the sign could read:

CAUTION
SLOW WRITERS AHEAD
ENDANGERED SPECIES
EASILY DISTRACTED
LOSE FOCUS
WHEN STRUGGLING TO FIND A VOICE
PROCEED
AT YOUR OWN RISK

Chip Bissell

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FILMY

Everybody's doing it. Not blinding horses, Thank God, but talking about Equus.

"Whadjauthinkathumovie?"

No one who saw it is without an opinion, since we all love to "interpretate."

"What was the central point?"

"The psychiatrist is as crazy as the patient."

"We live in a society where it has become increasingly difficult to separate what appears to be normal from what appears to be abnormal."

"He blinded the horses because they were his God and saw him incapable of performing a fundamental human action." And so it goes.

Arresting it was in a perverse sort of way. There was a great shot of Richard Burton's filmy left eye--the eye of someone who admits to drinking a quart of vodka a day. His voice--a great voice, of courses, but it rattled around the barn, all vowels, all inflections.

What happens? A boy with a puff face of Jello, a nasty-tempered, arrogant, androgynously whining boy blinds six horses and we are supposed to feel sorry for him? What about the horses?

I simply cannot accept the premise of this film; the boy's troubles do not

interest me, so noxious is his crime. I take the position of the stable owner; maybe the boy shouldn't be shot--blinded would be enough.

The rest of it is the modern age's creation of nuance where none exists.

But don't get me wrong. For my part, a person can be as crazy as he likes, just so long as he doesn't frighten the horses.

Dan Farber

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SILK HOPES

Terri sits at a round table by the mirror taking stitches out for longer cuffs; a tail has been snipped from a shirt. Vera inserts, "We call this something pulled from stock." She shows the shirt. "We're altering to fit, we'll patch up later."

Kaja sticks pins around the shoulders of Bill, an actor: the correct effect on stage starts with precise exaggeration. Sewing machines run red thread through fine fabrics; when Lucy's at the wheel,she studies her lines. Later she comments when her hands take over flat basting, "This really needs it, this slippery stuff. I'm not ready for my eyes to do this yet."

If Mary Harkins isn't seen around the theater for several days, more than likely she's been in Boston looking for more fabric or in New York being inducted into the United Scenic Artist Union 829. But if Mary's sketches of all the costumes for The Tempest are an indication of what's soon to follow from all these industrious scissors, sewing machines, and straight pins, then the performing arts at Bread Loaf this summer will dazzle. Looking at pink metallic brocade, I have silk hopes for The Tempest.

"We're interesting, there's no doubt about it," Mary puts it mildly, "like a professional designer from New York once said--'It's always fascinating to the people who don't do it.'" Vera, with the tape measure draped around her neck, says, "There are no stupid questions, there are only stupid mistakes."

Mary talked more about directors and their concepts. Her question to a director is always, "What is it about the play that you saw you want the audiences to see?" She adds, "I want him to let me help him do it."

About the idea of an island in The Tempest, Mary Harkins and director Alan Mokler were able to arrive at a similar image of shapes. It took months.

Lu Ellen Huntley

From the Larger Community

EYE

It was a long time ago and it was winter In the back of Mr. Wendell's yard,Michael Randall found a rock.

Michael was an admired and respected member of our neighborhood. Perhaps it was because his house was always well stocked with candy and cookies and ice cream. Perhaps it was because of the fascinating stories he used to tell, most of which were probably lies. But most likely it was because of his imposing manner, his know-it-all atittude. The air of a real bully hung around his every word.

My little brother David was the most avid of Michael's worshippers. Even when Michael broke most of his treasured possessions, David still believed in him. When David ate over at Michael's, he would eat everything put in front of him, simply because Michael said it was good. David spent every day with Michael. And that was how David and I came to be with Michael the day he found the rock.

Michael had the rock in his pocket when we crossed the ice-encrusted field, cut across a corner of his sloping yard, trudged down the hill to the junk-filled place commonly known as "down back."

Michael sat on a discarded refrigerator and took the rock in his gloved hands. He was fingering it curiously. I remember that it was a jagged, gray affair, more like a piece of shingle than a rock. Then suddenly something happened. Michael gave the rock one final look and he tossed it away just as David was passing the place where he sat.

I was horror stricken as I watched my baby brother start to bleed and cry, his hand covering his eye.

"My God!" I thought, "he's got his eye popped out." David stumbled up the slope.

"Davy, Davy!" Michael was chasing him, pleading with him.

"David," I said softly. Michael and I caught up to him and grabbed him.

"Say it's not your eye," I begged. David took his hand away from his face and stared at the smearing of blood on it.

"yuck!" he said. I laughed, partly in relief that his eye was still intact and partly to cheer him up.

Michael was frantic. He insisted that David not go home.

"Wait here," he said,"I'll fix you up. He ran into the house and then came out again, carrying a box of band-aids. He proceeded to place two over the wound, making a plus sign right next to David's eye.

Then we could go home. I held my little brother by the hand as we again crossed the field. We slammed through the back door.

"What happened?" Mommy asked, seeing the band-aids and David's tear-streaked face.

"Michael threw a rock at David," I reported. Mommy tried to pull the band-aids off but they stuck to his face. She had to use the scissors to get them off.

The cut was incredibly close to his eye. David had to have stitches and he still bears the scar.

Later, Michael knocked on the door.

"I'm sorry I hit Davy," he said. His voice was smug and self-satisfied, as though he expected to be thanked for it. Mommy wasn't taken in. She spoke coldly and sharply.

A couple of weeks later, though, Michael had convinced David it was all his own fault.

Margaret Gray

Teaching

TONY'S INTERVIEW

Tony poked his head into my classroom. "Ms. Price, it was awful!"

I looked up from my cottage cheese and the pile of journals I had hoped to get read by sixth period. "What happened, Tony?"

"I had my interview with the food caterer," said the boy who had originally wanted to interview George Lucas of Star Wars, and at the last minute had to settle for what he could get. "He made me feel like a fool." Tony's clipboard blaanced precariously over the edge of his lunchtray. Some of his milk had already spilled onto the pizza.

"He was so mean, Ms. Price. He didn't answer my questions." Tony bobbed forward, the clipboard started to inch its way off the tray, and he jerked to catch it.

"Do you want to put down your tray?"

"Yeah, thanks. He said they didn't serve cold cuts when he had just said they did serve cold cuts. He stepped on my foot and then said, 'I'll fix it.' How could he fix it?" Tony rummaged through the papers on his clipboard, loosening some, which floated to e floor.

"He told me his goal was to work at McDonald's because he through their uniforms were classy. Was he putting me on? Did he really think their uniforms were classy?" Tony reached for the loose papers on the floor and dropped the clipboard.

"Oh yeah, and he said, 'This is an oven, this is a toaster,' like I really didn't know. And I dropped my clipboard and the questions went all over and I felt like such a fool. Ms. Price, I can't write this. If I had only gotten George Lucas!"

"You can write it, Tony," and Tony did.

The title of his paper, which made the caterer the fool, was "I Wanted a Star but I Wound Up with Space Debris."

Joan Price

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NEW YORK CITY HUNTERS

Opening day of deer season reduced my first period class to four members. I was a bit surprised to see that this was a co-ed activity. The next day was no time for Hamlet, either. The returning students had to tell their stories of the previous afternoon's experiences.

Bob Farmer told how he and his father cut the shape of a deer out of plywood, tacked hide and antlers on it, and propped it up on a hill away from his house but in plain view of the road. He described a car full of New York City hunters, coming to a halt, the members scrambling over each other, cramming ammo into their guns, the miniature world war which followed and the deer's refusal to fall down.

Meanwhile, Rocky Lomenato was falling out of his seat, waving his hand in the air, demanding recognition. He was the class character, so expectations ran high.

Rocky began in a high nasal voice: "I dint go huntin' yesterday. I was workin' down to Bart Whaley's garage. All a sudden, this car come rollin' up to the pumps, city plates onto it. I look on the back and I can't believe it. He's got a goddam billy goat tied cross his trunk.

"So I sez, 'Hey, mister, you got a goddam billy goat tied cross your trunk!'

"So he sez, 'Ya mean that's not a deer?'

"So I sez, 'Hell no! That there is a billy goat!'

"So he sez,'But it's got horns onto it.'

"So I sez, 'I knoooooow it! But so don't your car! That don't mean I'd put no slug into it!'"

Jeff Spence

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DE-ESCALATING

Her name was Carrie Crawl. She was large of body, large of mouth, and small of mind. When I asked the principal about her his only comment was, "You should have seen her last year. You would have puked." Small consolation. I still had to deal with her every second period.

The crucial test came early the next week. The bell had sounded and the class was still, waiting for instruction. Carrie pierced the silence with a loud, much-enhanced yawn. With the other students' combined attention riveted on her, she felt obliged to provide an encore. Looking me straight in the eyes, she enunciated, "I hate you, and I hate this class!"

Without thinking, I broke into the broadest, most sincere smile I could muster and said softly, "Aw, Carrie, you're just saying that to be nice."

The whole class exploded. Carrie laughed as hard as anyone, and behaved perfectly for three weeks.

Jeff Spence

Home Thoughts

Dearests, Daphne and Annie,

I'm sorry about those chains and leashes and I'm sorry about that neighbor that comes out of his house to holler every time you walk by.

I'm homesick, too, if it makes you feel any better. I miss the runs on the mesa maybe as much as you do. I miss waking up to a paw planted on my shoulder and an occasional doggie kiss on my nose. I miss opening the door and letting you out, leaving you to find your way around the neighborhood and complete your morning rituals in your own fashion. I miss the rabbit in the yard that's too dumb to move to another yard and I miss the wild horses that roam the neighborhood munching on car bumpers in order to give you something to bark at.

I'm being humidified in Vermont and you're on those chains. I can't find a horizon here for a sun to set into, just lots and lots of green trees clogging up the edges of the sky. And for you--
No Sunday morning swims in the sewer. No dead birds to carry home. No clotheslines to plunder and pillage. Not even Leon Kie to chase you around and bother you with his five-year-old caveman fantasies.

Hang in there, doggies. Only a few more weeks. I promise we'll go home then and you can go back to your mesas and rabbits and nasty neighbor children.

Vicki Holmsten

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VAGABOND

My students say Palmer Childs sleeps on their porches. Palmer Childs. Mr. Bicycle Built for Two. Mr. Vagabond. Grey stubble beard and layers of clothes held together with safety pins. You can easily see him from a distance because he doesn't ride his tandem bike; he walks alongside it, pushing it up hills. Strapped to his cycle are rattling pans, roadside bottles, and debris from the river. Craig Hervey said he once saw a dead hawk tied to the handlebars like a masthead, its wings hanging down and battering against the spokes.

No one ever calls him "Palmer" or "Mr. Childs"; it's always "Palmer Childs." He pushes that bike a good ten miles a day--from Bradford up to Newbury and across the river to Woodsivell.

Once he somehow purchased (or received as a present) a Mo-Ped. He was seen putt-putting along Route 5 but he became a hazard to cars. HE had an accident and the local police took the car away from him. It was really too heavy for him to push anyway--with cartons and bottles tied on it like a camel's cargo. Palmer Childs. A man of endurance.

Christine Hemp

WINTER

When Miss Hatty looked off her front porch in winter she was reminded about her Daddy. Sad thoughts came in pairs, she said. She stooped down, conscious to keep her back straight and picked up two pieces of hickory and held on as best she could through the men's work gloves she had bought at Took's Bi-Rite. Split wood will cut bare hands when you fool with it. Heating with coal was easier but she had hated coal for a long time--it was dirtier, it made an ugly mess of the mountain across the hollow, and then her Daddy.

He didn't chew tobacco but he kept a Ball jar around for the black dust spittal. When she was small he would come home drinking and laughing in the afternoon looking like a vaudeville Al Jolson dressed in hard work clothes. When she was sixteen somehow the black wouldn't leave the crow's feet beside his eyes, no matter how much washing. She was a woman when he began to shrivel. Hacking and spitting and this was before the government made allowances for black lung.

She announced that since she became seventy-six that her old body seemed to perch uncomfortably wherever she decided to put it. I took her a large jar of wild plum jelly from he pantry last August. She said she hardly cared when Summer night came with all its fading slowly. The coolness from the oak stand crept out to help form the evening breeze which sifted onto the back porch. The revival meeting fan bestowed with church settings and funeral parlor salutations could be set aside after five o'clock and placed in the side magazine holder of the wicker swing. Everything had its place, she said, but winter.

Bill Brown

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KILL

The garden needs work. What a fool I was to plant three-quarters of an acre. Cucumber beetles eat the cucumers, turnip weevils eat the turnips, damned Colorado Potato Beetles eat everything.

Tomato-vegetable dust. That's the thing Kills the beetles, kills the blight, kills the bees, kills the fish. It'll probably kill me before the summer's out. Mix it in water, breathe the dust, breathe the spray. I get dizzy.

Sometimes Winona and the kids and I pick beetles from the plants. Row upon row of lush green potato tops, poison green with gentle dipping blossom. Pick a beetle squish it to orange liquid between your fingers. Drop copulating beetles into a can of gasoline. But the eggs remain small orange dots on the undersides of the leaves.

Bob Walker

SLIP SLIDING AWAY

Last winter at thirty-five, Janie decided to take up skiing. She is a nice-looking woman with long black hair and cute figure that is turning slightly fleshy on the buttocks and low stomach. Not enough to really be noticeable unless she has her clothes off--but this isn't about the side effects of child bearing, so I'll move right along.

Janie, after three ski lessons, had gone for the first time up one of the longer, steeper runs. As she worked her way down the slope, Janie had to go to the bathroom. Becoming increasingly uncomfortable, she realized that she would never make it down the hill, so stopped behind one of the clumps of spruce that dotted the mountain. Stabbing her poles in the snow, she peeled down her pants and squatted. At this precise moment, her skis took off with her. Janie suddenly found herself shooting bare-ass naked down the slope. Unfortunately she sandpapered her rear to the degree she couldn't walk, and the ski patrol had to pack her out on a stretcher.

Fully humiliated, Janie lay on a treatment table, raw rear in the air, surrounded by drawn canvas curtains. The main in the curtained area next to her tried to strike up a conversation by asking what happened to her. She gave it a moment's thought, then said she had suffered a skiing accident.

He quickly replied, "Me too! I broke my leg. You'll never believe this. I have been skiing eleven years without an accident but today I was coming down and this lady shot by me naked as a jay bird! I was so taken in by the sight I lost track of what I was doing and smashed into a tree."

Janie responded, "Believe me, I don't doubt your word for a second! Not for a second!"

Edward Foy

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TONTO WAS NOT AN INDIAN

When I sit down to talk to you and say, "I teach Indians," in your eyes I see teepees and war paint and peace pipes.

In my classroom, you'd see much of your classroom: kids in rock concert T-shirts, Levis, and beat-up running shoes; bulletin boards re-decorated in "Go Hawks!" and "School Sucks"; the green notebook on the filing cabinet that Becki Touchin left last month; and the IN basket on the teacher's desk piled high with papers that want to be read. These kids worry about the game Friday night, Robert and JoAnn breaking up last weekend, and the paper they haven't done yet that was due two weeks ago.

But when I attend a feast day dance, I see my kids dressed for ceremony. Soft brown moccasins, white leather leg wraps, green and red embroidered skirts and loincloths. Long black hair loose down the back, black eyes looking at something the spectators can't see, hands carrying green pine brances, always green pine branches from the Earth, a connection to that place we come from.

Steady drum beats and a circle of men around them, singing, chanting in voices that I can't understand. A long line of dancers coming from somewhere outside the plaza. The line shuffle-dances to the sounds of the singers. The dancers move around the plaza and then dance back out in the line; they disappear behind an adobe corner.

I am in awe of my students in their concentration and power. This is all I'm allowed to see of their Indian life, the rest I can only sense in their silences.

Vicki Holmsten

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DAVID

Friday night I was at the Dubuque Inn again and there was Dave, leaning against the bar in his blue security guard uniform, wearing that Harley Davidson timing chain as a belt. I joked about the "bullet belt" and he began to grin as usual. Pencil thin, his shock of blond hair in his eyes, he fingered it back and winked at me. At thirty, he still didn't shave, and called me gorgeous knowing I'd blush.

We had been sharing our writing for months. Tonight though, he needed to talk, so I began with the weather and let him ramble. I asked him if he'd seen Coming Home. He had, but said the film needed more time on the husband, who returned uninjured from Vietnam.

"Tell me."

He started slowly, with long pauses. I didn't ask him a question for fear he wouldn't be able to continue.

"At eighteen they assigned me to a construction company in Nam, whose job was to keep the roads cleared. One day a hunge boulder stood in our path, and Sarge asked, 'Who knows about explosives?' Well, I had exploded caps with my dad. 'Dave, you're our demolitions man.' I guessed as I went. Months later I found an engineer's manual with one small chapter on explosives.

"Road building through the jungle, Poet and I stopped for lunch. My back against a bamboo tree, I heard, 'Don't move.' Poet stood there firing his M-16 at me. I felt the bullet as it passed my shoulder. A three-step-snake lay dead. . . I could have been.

"Prostitutes were forbidden in camp. We'd gotten caught with them hiding on the floorboard of our truck, so we'd stop a few yards outside of camp. They'd hide their tiny bodies under the hood, and inside they'd visit our barracks. It was safer in camp, though Poet and I got used to watching each other, rifles ready, to keep our throats from being slashed.

"An eight-year-old girl, the age of Evy, my sister and four years too young to be a prostitute, brought cokes to us each day. She playfully kicked a pop can. It must have been left out overnight. I can still see and feel the pieces of her hit me.

"One day we received the radio message that the VC had the lieutenant pinned. He radioed, 'No way out. . . couldn't get to him. . . road probably mined. . . cost too much. . . forget it.' He was a good officer. No time to mine sweep. Poet and I drove

empty trucks in front of the rest of the platoon. We got him out.

"I was debriefed in Seattle in twenty-four hours. It took me another twenty-four before I was ready to go home. I stayed drunk for nine months and got married. I haven't heard of Poet since Nam."

He paused and then was quiet.

"Why Dave?"

"Somehow we didn't want to write, but I have all his poems in my lock box. I haven't read them since I left Nam. I'd like you to read them some time."

He stopped speaking, his attention back on his job. He noticed something across the bar, and as he went back to work, the twinkle in his eyes returned. He grinned that crooked smile of his and said, "Catch you later, gorgeous."

I was left with so many questions, but Dave couldn't answer them that night.

He had never been able to write about Vietnam. I wasn't sensitive enough to realize he wouldn't be able to deal with Nam in print, so I gave him my first draft of his story.

On the phone the next evening he said, "I was patrolling the corridors as I read your piece and found myself running. Today I couldn't think. I just sat there holding my rifle.

Kathy Stevens

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discipline problem

It was May in my first year of teaching, and I was worried about being evaluated by Nick, the assistant principal. A former marine corps sergeant who teaches Latin by drill techniques he learned in Vietnam, he can silence a room of the rowdiest sixteen-year-old boys just by walking into it. Five feet seven inches at most, he makes up for his Napoleonic size with outburst of Napoleonic temper. In eight months, he had been in my classroom only once--for five minutes.

On my birthday, a Friday on which I was not thinking about being evaluated, he came up to me while I was standing outside the faculty mailroom, waiting for someone's mother to show up for a conference at 3:45.

'You need to tell me what day I can come in and videotape you next week," he said.

"Videotape?"

"Any day is good for me."

"Monday," I stammered.

Good to get it over with. I spent a late Sunday night preparing the last word on Poe's poetry. On Monday morning, I put on my black shoes and went in early to write a lesson outline on the baord. He didn't show up.

He said nothing about it until a week and a half later, after spring break. He caught me in the hall again.

"You need to tell me what day I can come in and videotape you this week."

Silence. "Wednesday."

I had a lecture on Emerson planned for that day, and thought it would be easier for me if the students didn't have to talk in front of the camera. But I spent more time worrying about being videotaped than I did organizing my ideas.

On Wednesday morning, I ran into Nick immediately upon entering the building. He told me I would be teaching on the first floor because it was too much trouble to lug the equipment up the stairs to my room on the second. I had dreaded many first class bells in the eight months that had passed, but that day I felt sick.

Most of the kids were in their desks when I arrived at the room. It had blue, rather than green, walls--in addition to a large camera with a blinking red light, a television set on a mobile stand, and Nick himself, who had chosen his blue three-piece sit over his green and brown ones for that morning. He didn't say a word, or even look at me. Throughout the class, he just stared at the back of the camera, grinning occasionally.

After that grin, all I could see was the blinking light.

Yellow legal pad in hand, I turned to the blackboard to put up the words "Unitarianism" and "Romanticism." It was six inches higher from the floor than the board in my room. I proceeded to explain Transcendentalism.

"L-lots of isms today," I said.

No response.

"Today I'm going to talk about Ralph Waldo Emerson and a thing called Transcendentalism. That's a movement which has its roots in Unitarianism and Romanticism. Now we've talked about Romanticism before. Who can tell me about it?"

No response.

"Does anyone remember Romanticism?"

A few "hmmmms." Nick grinned, the red light blinked.

At the end of the hour Nick said he wanted me to view the tape in his office at noon. Before he turned on the machine, I told him that I knew the class was bad, that I was intimidated by the camera and reacting to the new surroundings.

I don't think he heard me. He played the tape, pointing out the pauses, the slowness and lack of dynamics in the delivery, and everything else I already knew was wrong.

"It's no wonder you have discipline problems," he said, "if you teach like this every day."

I wondered how he could know I had discipline problems if he had been in my room for only five minutes.

"Father Dailey teaches next door. I teach below you. We hear the noise."

"Through the wall and floor?"

"You can tell as much about a teacher by the hunches you pick up indirectly," he explained, "as you can by watching him."

"Oh. 1984." (A flash of bravery.)

"Well," he went on, staring at the evaluation form on his desk, "we're going to give you a contract for next year, but if the problems aren't worked out we'll have to look for someone else."

I was without words. I eventually said something about how he made me feel like shit, and about how he couldn't judge my teaching and its relationship to any discipline problems I might have by

watching one class with a videotape machine at his side.

He didn't hear me.

When I went home that day, I cried hard for two hours. In the next few days I found support in my friend Bob, who has had rotten experiences trying to plan the school's Latin program with Nick.

"If there's one thing I learned in the Marines," Nick once told Bob, "You have to know how to lead men to hell and make 'em love it."

Art Borreca

HARVEST

The grain was sturdy and tall
on our arrival, and I learned
to discriminate: barley
was orzo,with a bearded jaw,
wheat, frumento, kernels up its spine,
and hay, fieno, slender as its name.
Then the harvesters levelled the fields.
Clattering engines woke us
each morning at six o'clock,
and nighttime, at one a.m.,
the tractors plodded like bulls,
white bulbs going forth as horns.
The anonymous stubble glowed,
embers up and down the valley.
The noise kept on, observed
no bounds except siesta,
when farmers loosened their belts,
rubbed napkins over their dampened chests,
laid cloths across their eyes. Outside,
loosely bound, the bundles of grain
leant head to head in desultory mounds.

Devon Jersild

SUSPENSION

On Titan men have satin
between their fingers. She molts
there enveloped, muffled in time.
Snails served in manganese bowls
trickle juices down bearded gnomes.

She has seen clowns steal
tricks out of bottom drawers,
and if it continues her hair combs
will come untangled. Her flower
panties hang from the tower.

Turbanned zealots play her
every mood, helping her gather
brittle sticks for the fire. She
does not know what is happening within her.
Returning poses the dilemma.

Ann Scott Gray

YEAST

Number 5 Summer 1982
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

On the Mountain

FIFTEEN SUMMERS

Firewood is stacked neatly by the fireplace in the Barn. Tennis courts are swept and ready for the first match of the day. How do these things come about?

For an answer to this question I sought out the person in charge, Ryder Smith, caretaker of Bread Loaf, a quiet, wiry man with thinning hair.

From his idling pick-up, he replies to my request for an interview. "Catch me at lunch in the back of the Inn on Monday. That's probably the only time you'll find me sitting still long enough."

On Monday I found him in the kitchen at a table reserved for those dedicated to the care and grooming of the Bread Loaf campus.

Bob Walker

BW: Ryder, would you tell me how you came to work at Bread Loaf?

RS: I guess God or fate or something directed us here. I grew up in Massachussetts and worked at everything from washing dishes at Howard Johnson's, to manufacturing cigarette lighters on the Cape, to starting my own plumbing and heating business.

My wife Marty and I just got tired of Massachusetts, so we packed up and moved to Vermont. In Middlebury we saw the sign for the college and I applied and went to work downtown. After a year and a half, this job came up. They gave it to me and I've been here ever since.

BW: How long ago was that?

RS: This is our fifteenth summer on the mountain.

BW: I remember reading a student paper a few days ago about the magical way that firewood appears in the Barn. Do you make an effort to get things done when it's least obvious?

RS: Yes. We replenish the wood in the Barn about seven in the morning or during mealtime when not too many people are around. We eat before everybody else. While they're eating, we're working. We sweep the tennis courts and roll them early in the morning or during breakfast. We collect the garbage then too.

Marty is in charge of housekeeping. Her crew gets a lot of work done then too. A lot goes on that isn't noticed during mealtime. (He laughs.)

BW: What are some of the other things you do here?

RS: I'm electrician, plumber, janitor, fireman, ambulance driver, policeman, repairman, all around gopher. I'm Justice of the Peace. I've married several couples in the Blue Parlor. Last Saturday, the 17th, I married a couple from Ripton by Johnson Pond.

In the fall, early winter, and spring, we cut firewood, take care of the grounds, and paint and repair buildings.

BW: Tell me more about the firewood.

RS: We used to cut cull-wood from the forests nearby, but recently the college hired a forester. He sells stumpage to loggers and we buy cull-wood from the loggers, who bring it here in twelve-foot lengths. We cut it up and split it and stack it for drying.

We burn about forty cords each summer. People sometimes think I'm kidding when I talk about burning that much wood in the summertime, but that's what it takes.

BW: What kinds of emergencies do you have to cope with?

RS: Dripping faucets to heart attacks. Burned-out light bulbs to broken bones and kidney stones. On opening night the boiler quit at 4:30 in the afternoon. It often quits when we need it most. Fortunately most of the cooking had been done then, but we had to use paper goods for the meal because we couldn't count on steam for washing dishes.

Some emergencies I remember by the year they take place. Last year was the year of the skunks. There were several that would come to the back of the Inn looking for food and would scatter the garbage.

Dr. Cubeta was afraid one of the students might be wandering about in the night, disturb the skunks, and get sprayed. He asked me to take care of the problem as soon as possible.

I had to go back to a more primitive way of hunting for that. It's not reasonable to discharge a firearm at Bread Loaf at one o'clock in the morning. In the course of a week I dispatched four or five of them with a croquet mallet. Marty always knew where I had been when I came home.

This year is the year of the porcupine. Professor Danson called me one night from Homer Noble Farm. He had a porcupine on his cellar stairs. I couldn't shoot there either. I used the billy club that Dick and Hildy Ross gave me last year as a joke because the people at the Writers' Conference were getting a little wild.

Professor Danson was a good student, though. I killed another in the back entryway, but he killed the last one himself.

BW: Can you tell me about some medical emergencies you've had?

RS: Well, we took a man to the hospital in great pain with kidney stones a few days ago. Last year one of the professors fell and broke his arm. All I do is drive the ambulance, the nurse takes care of first aid.

This doesn't have to do with the English School, but I remember an incident with some hikers on the Long Trail a few years ago. On a Friday a man and his pregnant wife stopped in to see us. The man said his wife was six months pregnant and they wanted to know of an easy trail to Skyline Lodge. They were from Burlington and wanted to take an overnight hike before the baby was born. I sent them up the trail from the Steam Mill Clearing. It isn't far.

The next morning the man was sitting at our kitchen table asking for help. It seems his wife delivered a baby at two in the morning at Skyline Lodge. He cut the umbilical cord with his hunting knife and tied it off with a rawhide shoelace, and then put the baby into a sleeping bag with its mother. The only supplies they had were wine and crackers.

I called the state police and Dr. Peters. We all went up, six state troopers, Dr. Peters, his sons, me and my daughter Cheryl, who was still in high school at the time, with a portable incubator and a stretcher.

Dr. Peters put the baby in the incubator and he and I carried the incubator out of the woods while the troopers carried the mother on the stretcher. The man wanted one of the troopers to carry out his pack. The sergeant got angry and said, "You got your wife into this mess. You can carry your own pack." (He laughs.)

When we got home we put the incubator on my kitchen table and plugged it in while we waited for an ambulance to come to Middlebury. Dr. Peters told me that in his opinion the baby had been full term.

BW: Amazing. With a job like this, you must be on call most of the time.

RS: My hours are from midnight to midnight. We get a good vacation though. We usually go to Florida in March.

BW: Any fires?

RS: Two years ago I got a call at 11:00 p.m. There was smoke coming out under a door in the Inn. I called the fire department, but there was no damage. It turned out to be a resistor in someone's hi-fi.

BW: Do you have firefighting equipment here?

RS: We used to have a couple of old-fashioned two-wheel pumpers, but a few years ago a group of us formed a volunteer fire department in Ripton. Oh, yes, I'm fire chief of Ripton too.

BW: I can see that you like your job here.

RS: Yes. It's wonderful. We like the variety and we like the people here.

BW: Do you get on well with Dr. Cubeta?

RS: Yes, he's very straight-forward and thoughtful.

Dr. Cubeta appears at that moment. He addresses Ryder and Marty. "Is everything OK? How were the grounds after the Frost picnic? I hope things weren't messed up too badly."

"Everything's fine."

He looks at Ryder, then at Marty. They are wearing Bread Loaf tee shirts. "Almost a match."

"Yes," Marty says. "We wore them in Florida last winter and a friend commented that my yeast was rising better than Ryder's."

As Dr. Cubeta exits, three teenage boys come in for afternoon work orders. "I lost the gas cap to the pick-up," the first one says to Ryder.

He smiles. "Any more of that and I'll give you that wheelbarrow out there to drive."

When they leave, a man comes in to find out where to unload a delivery. Ryder excuses himself and accepts my thanks with a smile. He leaves his lunch unfinished and exits with the deliveryman.

OF CORKS!

"Thirteen thousand?"

"Thirteen thousand!" Doug Woodsum sat back and grinned, blue eyes animated. He looked as proud of astonishing me as of the feat of collecting 13,000 corks. Corks?

Corks.

"'Cork' is a funny word, "Doug said with a shrug. "Is that my fault? No. And I didn't even know it was a funny word when I started my collection."

Doug's first corks floated into his life at twelve, when his mother collected two hundred wine bottles to use as flower holders at a fundraiser. After making table-savers and a cork doll, he began gluing corks onto a large piece of plywood. Now he was hooked. It took about two hundred corks to cover a plywood board.

His collection grew slowly, first one piece of plywood, then another. "I had at least two, maybe three, plywood boards covered with corks when I started prep school as a junior. My roommate didn't mind my cork boards on the wall, and I didn't mind his floor-to-ceiling columns of empty Coke cans."

Doug's classmates and their parents started visiting to see his collection, and began to give him corks and send them through the mail. Then a friend got a job in a French restaurant and sent him 2,000 corks in one summer.

In his freshman year at Middlebury College, Doug began to advertise. He wrote to his home-town newspaper in Maine asking for corks. "Not only did they print the letter, but they came to my house and took a picture of me with my collection. I became a star overnight."

Doug still receives corks in the mail from acquaintances and strangers from all parts of the country and Europe. "Look what came in the mail today," he told me, tipping a small cardboard box so I could see the corks inside. "Y ou'd be amazed at some of the pictures on corks--famous chateaux in France, pastoral settings, people with a clump of grapes in one hand

and a goblet in the other."

Doug always writes a thank-you note when he receives a cork. "Anyone who sends me a cork has taken the time to think of me, and"--he added with a grin--"has a sense of humor."

"Corks are going to get scarcer," Doug's voice got serious. "Portugal, one of the smallest countries, is the world's major exporter of cork. With a greater demand for wine than ever before--even college students are turning from beer to wine now--you need more corks. Wine comes in six-packs now, bottled with plastic corks, would you believe it? that resemble real ones in texture, color, and sponginess. You even have to use a corkscrew."

Doug has corks autographed by George Bush, rock star Jonathan Edwards, former U.S. Supreme Court justice Potter Stewart, and writer James Dickey. "I went to a reading by Dickey, and afterwards we talked for an hour. He was interested in me because I was a young poet and he was an old one. He pulled me over, squeezed my arm, and whispered, 'Keep doing what you're doing, because that's what it takes.' I asked him to sign a cork for me."

Woodsum is not only a collector of corks, but also of cork facts. The space shuttle was insulated with cork; Shakespeare's original acting troupe wore cork-soled shoes; cork trees need to grow thirty-five years before the bark can be harvested; the world record for shooting a champagne cork is eighty-four feet.

Doug takes his hobby earnestly. He once involved himself in a battle to save America's only living cork tree after receiving a letter about its imminent destruction. "I wrote a letter pleading for the life of the tree. As it ended up, the tree was transplanted and saved. My mother even had a batch of 'Save Corks' pins made up for me."

In addition to corks themselves, Doug collects cork objects. He has a vest and necktie of corks, and related cards, articles, and pictures. He is proud to own a book made of cork, "including the pages, which are very, very thin slices of cork. Priceless, absolutely priceless."

Some of his corks have stories; some have histories; some were stronger than corkscrews and have snapped-off metal imbedded in them. He has corks from a vial of French bubble bath and from a fifty-year-old bottle of Mexican vanilla that still holds its scent.

"It's truly a charge to run my fingers through a large brown shopping bag full of corks, knowing that I am probably the world's most knowledgeable cork connoisseur."

Are there other cork collectors? Yes, but none with the vast collection he has. The other cork collectors Doug knows of are restaurant owners. "I think that's cheating. Every cork I have has been given to me. The only item I ever bought was a pair of grotesque cork shoes for fifty cents."

One item in his collection is a cartoon book drawn by a friend. One page shows a corkhouse, with Mr. Cork in the corkyard mowing the lawn and a corkshire terrier yapping nearby. A sports section shows the difference between a tennis cork and a basketball cork; and a cork, bored, is yawning. A menu featuring cork on the cob and corkish game hen includes a table setting with cork, knife,and spoon. The book ends with a pair of vocal corks insisting loudly on their rights.

Doug still welcomes contributions of corks* even though for every one hundred that he gets now, he already has duplicates of ninety. He puts the extras in a bathtub for temporary storage, then bags them in plastic. Three thousand of his 13,000 corks are in a special collection.

"It really does make me feel powerful, I don't know why. Not many people are into corks."

**Corks may be sent to Doug Woodsum, Two Lights Road, Cape Elizabeth, Maine, 04107.*

Joan Price

ROMANCE

I was trying to concentrate on Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance, but it had been difficult and became more so when I began to pick up fragments of the conversation from across the pool.

"Why don't you go in with what you have on?" my nine-year-old daughter, Lulu, asked.

I suddenly realized that the girl who had just arrived on a racing bike was thinking of taking a dip in the nude.

"Well, I really don't want to walk around in wet shorts for the rest of the day."

I glanced at my wife. Embarrassment was creeping over her. Lulu looked over at us in amazement as the girl began to take off her clothes. I turned back to my book, but looked up again to see the girl walk slowly to the deep end of the pool and dive in. Everyone was more relaxed once she was submerged. In fact, I was not displeased to see my daughter receive a swimming lesson fromthis girl.

I left before the others. I'd been planning to. That night, as I tucked the kids into bed, Lulu came from nowhere with the question, "Daddy, did you see that girl with no clothes on at the pool today?"

"Sure I did. That's what you call a skinny-dipper, I think. Well, I know it is, in fact."

It was later when I remarked to my wife, "You know, I really think you have a more attractive figure than that girl in the pool today."

Christopher Prickitt

A POEM NOT ABOUT COMMITMENTS

a poem not a question
nor an answer nor a doorbell
nor a phone call
this poem is not hungry or thirsty
and does not need to use the ladies room

this poem knows its art better than I
nothing is expected of you
the poem will simply occur
as a wild iris surprises a dusty Colorado road

do you like that image?
this poem hoped you might
but don't be deceived it is not innocent
this poem is not a child

this poem is easy it is uncommitted
to being a poem you can use it
as desired as kleenex
as a kite as confetti
this poem won't rain on your parade

this poem is just a poem and has no frustrations
it isn't real it doesn't dream or retch or breathe
it is almost over
it can pretend to be carefree

each of us is only half formed
our eyes barely open purple as newborn's
for this reason we can trust each other
this isn't poetry and it is not easy

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Lisa Groom Firke

I WANTED IT ALL

Forgive me for I have sinned. I have spent the weekend in town.

My lips have partaken of cheeseburgers, fries, and Pizza.

My eyes beheld Loveboat and Fantasy Island.

My ears heard news, weather, and sports.

I rode in an air conditioned car. Yes, and hummed brazenly to the radio.

I used all the hot water and wantonly blow-dried my hair.

I think I remember a parade somewhere. Not a big one, but at least tubas and a pretty girl waving mechanically from the trunk of a convertible. In my mentally intoxicated state I'm not sure.

Burlington was a Sodom and Gomorrah of shopping malls. I fell down and worshiped a graven image of Fannie Farmer. Mints and turtles and fudge--I wanted it all. But here I only lusted in my heart.

Saturday afternoon I developed an intense craving for factory outlets--Hathaway, Bass, Dexter, Rockwell prints, generic sweaters. At three o'clock Sunday I came to in front of the dollar rack at Zayre and knew I'd gone too far.

So I dragged myself back up the mountain to the hidden Inn to dry out. Cold turkey. No Charles Kuralt on the sly. No pop tunes overheard in the parking lot. I can make it now, if I just don't think about enchiladas. . . or cheese dip. . . or flea markets.

Jana Elliott

THE HANDWRITTEN REVOLUTION

Four individuals gathered at a small table for lunch. Next to me sat Maryanne, all her attention focused and directed into the reading of Moby Dick. She uttered a monotone m-m-m-m as I took the seat next to her. I guess that was her way of saying, "Hi, I'm busy, gotta cram, don't bother me.

So I smiled at Ted and Ben, the two men across the table. Ben's friendly grin greeted my gesture and Ted leered at a passing pair of shapely, well-tanned legs.

I felt deflated, convinced that another attempt to talk with people and broaden my horizons was about to turn into a dismal, dull, quiet lunch of cold cuts eaten in isolation.

Then Ben began to speak. "I have a paper to do for class and it isn't done yet. But I'm so presumptuous, I'll just hand in my paper on David Copperfield a week late and won't even type it. I'll just say 'Here it is.'"

Three mouths at the table gasped.

"Jesus, Ben, you are presumptuous!" Ted said. "But will you write in pencil? That's the true mark of a revolutionary."

We all nodded in agreement.

Ben pondered the dare. "I think so," he said, "Yes, I'll write it in pencil and leave in all the crossed-out words."

"The handwritten revolution," I said.

"I can see it now," said Ted, "all the students at Bread Loaf uniting behind this cause. We could carry banners, handwritten of course, proclaiming the confining imprisonment of the typewriter upon the artist's attempts at self expression. We could even wear buttons to promote our cause and carry this crusade to every campus across the country."

Even Maryanne was awakened now. She pulled herself out of Melville and joined the conspiracy. "Just like the Boston Tea Party, we could throw our typewriters overboard, chuck 'em right out the window."

"Yeah."

"Yeah. That's telling 'em. And those teachers, we'll just let them try and guess what we've

written. If they don't like it, they can lump it."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Good idea. Bread Loafers arise! Students of the world unite!"

Paranoia began to creep into my soul. I'd coined a new phrase, "the handwritten revolution" and suddenly instead of lunching with three other teachers, I was dining with Lenin, Ché Guevara, and Huey Newton. I didn't mean to start a revolution. I was just trying to be cute. I'm just a nice girl from the midwest and my father always votes Republican. What if Paul Cubeta discovers I initiated this underground movement? Will I lose my financial aid? I began to slither down my chair to hide and somehow escape.

Ted, Ben, and Maryanne didn't notice me. Their animated gestures, excited eyes, and rising voices told the world that they were committed to a cause of immense importance.

"Cantaloupe or cookies?" the waiter said.

Suddenly the revolution stopped.

Lynne Heckman

Learning

BLOOMING?

In school I could not write on demand whenever the teacher or headmistress asked me for a paper on "My Favorite Nightmare" or "What I Like Best about School." At times, my papers would bloom with lovely phrases, yet when I was original my teachers would accuse me of copying from books. One ripped a paper up in front of me. Other times were worse. No matter how much I sweated, squirmed, and slashed my paper, nothing would come out. Nothing. The paper and I played a game. I would stare at the paper and the paper would stare back at me. I always lost.

Miss Singleton (I called her Miss Whack-Whack) would wander near my desk with the metal meter. She would catch me holding my pencil differently from the other children and whack! across the knuckles. "Hold it right, Asri! You're not in Africa now." At home I would write right to left. There in England I had to write left to right. I was doomed. She'd whack and whack--and still nothing would come out on the paper.

Finally Miss Singleton had me put in a class for slow learners--retards. It was obvious. If I couldn't write, then I was retarded. Even in that class I was doomed. My teacher would rant and give me "starting sentences." No luck. They gave me tests, trying to figure out what was wrong. They didn't know.

Some genius finally decided to give me an IQ test. I thought it was fun somehow, and vaguely stupid. "One hundred and forty-one." The shock on the testers' faces was scary. They looked at me and stared at me. I was rubbing my knuckles.

They tested me again. A third time, Even a fourth. Miss Unger--blissful face--gave me the final test, and then said to me, "Asri, there's been a mistake, and you've been hurt. Oh my God, let me hold you. . . "We both cried. Her words stayed with me all the way to graduate school at Bread Loaf.

I remember later when she gave me a piece of paper to write on that I filled up both sides with a story about that damned bitch named Miss Whack-Whack and ripped it into small pieces, scattering it all over the floor.

A. A. Metzegen-Bundzy

WITH ONE DOT

In tenth grade English class the luck of the alphabet plopped me first seat center row under the scowl of Pa Brown, a transplanted Englishman a year or so from retirement. Every Tuesday the period after lunch he would force us to stand in front of the group to read our themes. He did not allow these attempts at writing to be called "compositions" because, he said, even a sentence can be a composition. Pa also insisted that we were merely "pupils.' Only in college could we consider ourselves "students."

He served baffling titles for us to respond to, like "The Blackest of Fluids is Used to Enlighten the World." Even now I recall the heated discussion the group had over whether he meant ink or oil. I forget what we agreed upon in our "we shall hang together" spirit.

I don't know whether Pa was a hard marker or not. He never handed back papers. The marks in his rankbook would have challenged those who attempt to decipher the scribblings in pyramids. From my vantage point under the scowl, I could see him enter backward sevens with two dots--for a paper I thought not half bad. A crummy effort, though, would receive the backward seven with three or four or no dots.

He forced us to evaluate orally one another's efforts, cautioning that the class was not a mutual admiration society. I think we were never honest. Friends wrote well; others didn't. When we were called upon to evaluate and stumbled and muttered "uhrrr," Pa would pontificate that Ur was a city in ancient Asia, and since he was not teaching ancient history he did not want to hear about it.

Pa can't read this feeble effort. He no longer whinnies with us. I see, though, a backward seven with one dot, at best.

Ken Jones

NOTE: Writing in this issue is from classes in Writing Prose Non-Fiction, Teaching Writing, and Poetry Writing. Names of some characters and places have been changed to protect against injury.

Home Thoughts

DOC AND BARB

"Doctor Hollister died Thursday." So I was told three-quarters of the way into a letter I received yesterday. It shocked me, though I don't suppose it should have. He was ninety-three years old. I think the jolt came out of concern for the effect on my friend Barb. She has been Doc Hollister's gardener for four years. For most of her customers, Barb is more than a gardener, but to Doc she was much more. She shoveled snow off his driveway, ran errands, and drove him to the doctor. (I was surprised that he could bring himself to pack his dignified frame into Barb's decaying Chevy pick-up, sandwiched between her garden tools and the bags of paraphernalia she lugs with her. And he was smiling.

More than doing for him, she talked to him. I would see them deep in conversation in a corner of the garden. What could they be talking about? I marveled at the exchanges she repeated to me. I worked with Barb a couple of summers and I always felt awkward around Doc. I assumed the sixty-odd years between us were uncrossable. But it was a gap Barb and Doc were determined to bridge.

I suppose in some way Doc was interested in Barb as a representative of "young people today." And Barb, too, welcomed the chance to get to know someone so much older. But I think they just liked each other.

Barb went at her friendship with Doc wholeheartedly. She wanted very much to answer his questions truthfully, to help him learn what he wanted to know.

Doc wanted Barb to tell him about her "lifestyle." He said it would help him to know her better. There was some trouble finding a common language. Barb sensed that when she told him she lived in a household of several unrelated men and women he might have some erroneous notions about what that involved. Still she wasn't really prepared when several days later he suddenly asked, "What do you all do about VD?" All she could manage to say was, "Well, I don't really find it a problem." Barb was upset, Not at the idea that someone might have been thinking of her as a woman of loose virtue. It was that she felt inadequate to the task of giving Doc what he wanted--an accurate picture of her life.

Barb's strict candidness frequently causes her problems. She doesn't know how to tell a social lie, nor does she show any interest in learning. So one day when she told Doc she'd have to leave in the middle of the afternoon for an hour or so and he asked why, she told him: "I have an appointment at Planned Parenthood." He nodded his head and turned away.

When I met Barb downtown that day, she was concerned. She wondered what he might be thinking, thought he might be confused and worrying about it.

"What did you tell him for?" I asked.

"Well, it was true."

Several days later--Doc always waited for these things to sink in--after she came back he said casually to her while she was planting a bush in the garden, "Are you planning parenthood?"

Barb valued what Doc gave her--his gardening knowledge and the glimpse into what it's like to be at the other end of one's life. I think Doc could talk to her about the profoundest of things because she never faked an understanding. She didn't nod her head and make sympathetic noises when he told her he was not ready to die, that he despised and was infuriated by his increasing physical limitations. She was absolutely open about her naiveté. Of course, she didn't know anything about what he was feeling. But she wanted to know--and it didn't frighten her. her. And so he could tell her.

It was difficult for Barb to see Doc deteriorate. There was always a yardstick by which she could measure the changes. Last year he pruned the roses, but now he says he's not up to it. "I tried to stake some lilies but I slipped and fell down. And damnit, I broke two of 'em." It was even worse to witness the decline of interest. "You do what you like about those shrubs. I don't really care."

One day last summer when his daughter was visiting, she took Doc for a drive. The new downtown area, the Commons, had just been completed. On a sunny day, it's a conglomeration of mothers with babies in strollers, high school kids with tape decks, amateur musicians strumming guitars and banjos, and people of all ages and descriptions eating lunch and catching the sun. When Doc got home, Barb asked him how he liked the commons.

"I don't like seeing all those ugly people."

She was shocked. She couldn't understand his almost-angry reaction. Why was that scene ugly to him? Had the strangeness of his hometown of over forty years frightened him?

Doc was not well this spring and there were many days Barb worked at his house and didn't see him. I suppose this year she's had more freedom to impose her will on his huge garden. But she's probably worried about whether he would agree with the decisions she's made.

She did see him one day early this summer when he seemed better than he'd been in a long time. He was glad to see Darcy, Barb's golden retriever. Doc and Darcy had become attached soon after Barb acquired her. She brought the puppy to Doc's, intending to leave her in the truck, assuming Doc would be worried about what such a hyperactive ball of fur might do to his prize lily beds. He welcomed her and watched serenely as she careened around his yard. Maybe because she was a puppy, and a particularly adorable one, or maybe because she was Barb's.

Moira Lang

I BELONGED HERE

It was at the Spavinaw Annual Egg Hunt of 1955 that I got the starch knocked out of me and my Easter dress.

My seven ugly cousins and I had ridden on the back of a flat bed truck the six miles uphill battling two scrawny blue-tick hounds who ate four of my eggs, shell and all. (My uncle treated kids and dogs alike. "Throw 'em in the back and drive sixty. Any falls out wasn't worth keepin' anyway.")

By the time we arrived at the picnic, my Easter hat had begun to slump down around my ears from all the dog licking going on. The few eggs bouncing around in our baskets were cracked and letting off a smell that had those dogs on edge, and their sharp claws raked the truckbed on every turn.

When the truck finally stopped, I jumped up to brush the straw off the back of my pink organdy skirt. Sheer puff sleeves with ruffles, bodice with tiny ruffles, skirt with double ruffles, and holding it all out stiffly in frozen ripples were three ruffled taffeta petticoats.

I turned to get a hand down but everyone else was bent over at the starting line, a row of behinds and bobbing heads. I closed my eyes and jumped, and when I hit, my corkscrew curls dragged a little further down on my shoulders.

Before I even got set, they took off. Those kids had been as poised, as expectant, as alert as my uncle's dogs slobbering over my Easter basket. The tangle of arms and legs and plastic Easter grass made the land runs of '89 look like Sunday in the park.

Seconds later I was face down in the stiff winter-brown grass watching all those well-practiced feet move away across the field. Jerking myself up, I gave one last look back at my mother, who was caught up jawing with my Aunt Nadine. I took off to beat sixty.

Ten minutes later I returned with my cousins. One ruffle flapped loose around my knees, my pink socks jammed beyond reach down into the heels of my patent shoes. Bits of the Easter basket I had fallen on still clung to the yellow handle at my elbow. The hat had been carried off by the coon dog. But I held on tight to the two blue-green cracked eggs, my new-found proof that I belonged here.

Jana Elliott

BACON

I roll out of bed and grab my long johns. What day? January tenth. What's to do? Oh, yes. The pig. I stumble to the bedroom door. Stuck. What's this? The edge of the dust pan, pushed through. Wedged. I reach down and hammer it back with the heel of my hand. Wendy. How did she know?

When I unloaded the heating tub from Benson's yesterday, she said, "Daddy, what's that?"

"A heating tub."

"What for?"

"I have to butcher the pig tomorrow."

"No, You can't."

I didn't respond, but she watched me while I set up the pan, lay the kindling, and crosshatched slabs of birch, her face tense and angry.

I pick up the dust pan and steal into Wendy's room. She is asleep, her child's face relaxed against the pillow. I steal out again and trudge to the cellar,where two lengths of garden hose lie coiled by the water tank like a green emaciated snake. I pick up the nozzle and turn on the boiler drain. The hose becomes turgid.

Loops drop as I walk up the stairs and through the shed and into the yard. The air is sparkling cold and the hose becomes stiff as it unwinds. I open the nozzle and drop it into the heating tub. Air spurts, water turns to ice on the steel and a pool forms as the tub begins to fill. Already my hands are stiff and cold and I fumble a mtach into the kindling and the flame sputters and then bursts to life.

In the kitchen I kindle a fire in the Glenwood range, put the teakettle to heat on the gas stove and check the thermometer on the north wall of the house. Five below. The sun is not up yet. It will get warmer. I pick up the butcher knife and oil stone from the counter and slide the edge of the knife along the stone. Ssssst, ssssst, ssssst.

Mountain Dew, a strange name for a pig. Kids. I flip the knife over, the new edge gleams. Ssssst, ssssst, ssssst. The teakettle screams at me from the stove. I lay down the knife, turn off the gas and fill the cup. I wipe sweat from my brow, but I'm cold. The coffee is hot, and I drink. The butchering manual lies open on the table. "A good bleed is necessary. Do not shoot or stun the animal before sticking."

How does one become attached to an animal raised for meat? No, this is not a fat cuddly piglet. I will not think of that. This is a two hundred pound adult sow that has consumed sixteen hundred pounds of hog feed. I have carried two pailfuls of slop uphill to the hog pen every day for two hundred and seventy-five days. The feed bin is empty, the freezer is empty, my wallet is empty, my stomach . . . ugh.

No sound from upstairs. Thank God. I pick up the knife and slouch to the shed. The wool mackinaw is heavy on my shoulders. I grasp the end of the old leather belt nailed to a beam and strop the knife. Slip-slop, slip-slop.

Outside,the tub is half full. Flames lick up around the rusty metal. I add more wood and walk up the hill to the pen. The pen yard is vacant and the hog smell subdued by the cold. Tufts of hay loll from under the burlap flap on the door of the hut. I whistle through my teeth and immediately there is a thump of hooves on the floor of the hut. The sow lifts the burlap with its snout and looks inquisitively out, its ears at attention. Seeing me, it jumps from the hut, trots across

the frozen yard, and noses the empty feed trough.

I swing a leg over the fence and step into the yard. The pig rubs its jowl against my wool pant-leg. Scratching. I reach under and grasp the front and hind legs on the opposite side and yank. The pig rolls over on its back with a grunt and a squeal. I hold the struggling bulk with my thighs.

Remember the manual: "Plunge the knife low into the throat, almost into the chest cavity. Draw the blade vertically up the spinal column to the jaw. Following this line will sever one of the large arteries in the neck. Lift the animal by the hind feet to insure a good bleed."

I plunge. How easily the knife goes in. I draw it quickly up the spine before the animal has time to react. The flesh opens in a quick red furrow. The pig squeals and wriggles from between my knees. It is done. The pig stands in the corner and regards me with baleful eyes. There is no rush of blood, no pumping artery, only a dripping gash.

"Don't excite the animal," the book said. It's excited now. It whines low in its throat and sits on the frozen muck. This is ham I'm looking at--ham and bacon and pork chops. "The meat from an excited animal does not bleed well and will not keep." I will not try to roll the pig on its back again.

In the den, I swing back the glassed door of the gun cabinet and lift out the Marlin .22 auto-loading rifle. From the drawer underneath I pick up a single bullet and feed it into the magazine. Benson's words speak to me from yesterday. "Do it that way if you think you should. I draw an imaginary 'x' from ears to eyes and shoot it with a .22. Doesn't stop the heart."

The pig trots across the frozen pen yard as I approach. Still dripping, but no longer excited, it bangs the feed trough with its snout. I put the rifle barrel against its foreheadand pull the trigger. Thunk. The pig stiffens, totters on stiff legs and falls on its side. I reinsert the knife and press the blade hard against the vertebra and draw it toward the chin. Blood gushes over my hands, and pools in the frozen pockets of mud.

I have resolved the problem.

I grasp the hind feet and heave the sow up onto the fence and lock the hooks into the slots between the vertical boards. I wipe blood from the knife and from my hands with snow. Heaving the pig over the fence, I drag it down the icy path to the heating tub.

I cut slits between the rear hocks and the tendons and slip the tendons into the slots on the gambol stick. I attach the stick to the block and tackle and pull on the rope to raise the pig on the tripod. The rope creaks against the wooden pully.

I've butchered so many deer that the rest seems routine. I slip the point of the knife under the skin where the back legs join and make a shallow cut to the breastbone. Green-white entrails spill out of the slot. . .

I check the thermometer in the heating pan. One hundred seventy-five degrees. OK. Heaving the carcass into the tub, I drag it through the steaming water, turning it to submerse every part.

I pick up the scraping bell and work it across the hide in slow circular motions. Hog bristles cake around the edges and then float free in the water. From the middle, I work to the hind feet and then to the ears and snout. The hide becomes clean, pink, and smooth.

I hoist the carcass again to the tripod and with the meat saw cut through the pelvis and follow the center of the spine downward. Wendy is suddenly at my side dressed in bathrobe, down vest, wool mittens, and rubber boots. She steadies the carcass while I saw through the nectk and head, her face still relaxed with sleep.

"Pork chops," she says, "and bacon," echoing my words from the spring, from the summer, and from the fall. She steadies one side as I lift the other and take it inside. When I return she takes off a mitten, moistens a finger with s saliva, and wipes a dab of blood from my face. "I'm sorry about the dust pan," she says.

I look at the half pig swinging in the frosty air. "It's OK," I say and lift the other half from the gambol stick.

Bob Walker

MAN WITH A CIGAR

◇ 1 ◇

A man with a cigar, balding (we've always teased him about this), who wears shorts to Mass and parks right in front of the church--where he's not supposed to--so that we can be first out of the lot. Just before the closing hymn, he would lean towards me and smile, as if to say: "Get Mom's attention. Let's go." My mother would not respond, but look front, singing, and get ready to leave only when the priest had passed our pew in his recessional.

Leaving church, I am certain that people are looking at us, thinking: "They're the ones who park there!" I would keep my hand against the side of my face until we were in line to get out of the lot.

◇ 2 ◇

He snores, another thing we tease him about. My mother has slept in a different room so that the noise wouldn't keep her awake. She used to tell him about his snoring, and he would deny that he does it. I once thought about getting a tape recorder and placing it under the bed while he snored.

I was afraid he'd yell at me. so I didn't do it.

◇ 3 ◇

He's the organizer. I'd have a flight at noon to go back to school, and we'd

have to leave at 10:45 even though we live fifteen minutes from the airport. He gets nervous when he doesn't get somewhere early.

He'd start calling me out of bed at 9:30.

"Hey, Art, you gonna go to Oberlin?"

Grunt. . . "Uh-huh."

"You all packed?"

"No, I still have to put a few things in."

I'd get up and take a shower, which would help me over the annoyance of being shocked out of bed. Out of the shower, I'd hear--

"Packed yet?"

"No--"

He'd go into my room, grab anything that was ready to go.

◇ 4 ◇

On weekends he'd be up as early as on weekdays. He'd do the shopping, put the groceries away, cook breakfast for himself, mow the lawn.

When I get up at noon, he's having lunch. I feel guilty.

"Wellllll. . . How you doing, son?" He puts his arm around me but I tense up at his touch. Can't melt into it. Guilt.

◇ 5 ◇

On Sunday afternoon, I'd play the piano. He'd watch football on T.V. I probably drowned out the sound but he wouldn't say anything. If he came into the room, I'd stop playing.

Once I sang. He turned the sound down. I was nervous but kept on going. The Performance of My Life.

When I finished, he said, "That's great, Art! Isn't that great, Mom?"

"Oh. . . thanks."

◇ 6 ◇

Whenever I wanted to watch something on PBS, I would hope he wouldn't come into the room. He would.

One night he said, "What are you watching?"

"Uh. . . a movie."

"Is it one of those depressing things?"

Pause. "You can put on whatever you want, Dad."

He looks at the T.V. Guide, selects something, and I change the channel for him. Five minutes later I get up to leave.

"Where are you going?"

"Gonna listen to a record."

"Don't you wanna watch T.V.?"

"Not really."

When I come back into the family room a few hours later, he's asleep. I go over to the T.V. to turn it off. He jumps up. "What are you doing? I'm watching that!"

He stays up late, until 2:00 or 3:00. Then he lies awake all night. I hear him talking to my mother and assume he's talking about me.

◇ 7 ◇

All through college I dreaded talking to him on the phone. He'd say, "How's it going?" and "Classes all right?" but I knew he was thinking, "What are you going to do when you graduate?" I'd answer his questions with "Fine," "All right," and "Great."

"Well," he'd say, "I'll give you to Mom. Give her all the news."

Sometimes he'd pick up the phone again: "What are you guys talking about?"

"Oh," I would answer. "Nothing."

◇ 8 ◇

Once I hugged him hard, very hard, leaving for London my junior year. Questions like "What are you going to do with your life?" hung before me as never before, and I saw him standing behind them, but we had done so much together that summer--swimming, tennis, talking--that I felt closer to him than I ever had.

He smiled when we hugged, reflecting the closeness. He probably had many times before, but this was the first I remembered noticing.

◇ 9 ◇

I spent a week at home after graduating from college. We sat in an airport coffee shop waiting for my plane to Columbus, where I was applying for a teaching job. He told me how to act during the interview. And then he added, suddenly--

"Did I ever tell you how proud we are of everything you did at Oberlin?"

"Uh. . . no."

"Well, we are."

I knew he was, but wanted to hear him say it.

Art Borreca

2 + 2 = 3

I'm in Vermont starving for news from home. What happens? I pick up The New York Times one lonely Friday, July 16th. There it was, a headline: "Ethnic Tensions Rise in New Mexico." Is it anglo versus chicano, or what? Arson is the charge.

Reportedly, northern natives set four vacant dwellings afire. No arrests were made, no one linked to the crime. Two plus two equals three.

They don't like us gringos," said Michael Scutt, fire marshal investigator. Is that the official report? Strange comment coming from a state department. An idiot could have said the same thing. He told a Times reporter he was going to change his name. To what, Stupido?

What's the issue? The evidence in the article is speculative, yet "Ethnic Tensions Rise. . . " Hmmm, who's hyping that one up? William E. Schmidt wrote the story. What's the story? Ah, a by-line in The New York Times.

Was it an accurate picture of the relationship between anglos and chicanos in New Mexico? No, it was a historical piece reviving a land grant activist, Reies Tijerina, who in '67 was "hunted down... in helicopters and tanks." Ay chihuahua, this is getting exciting! And an 82-year-old man was convicted of taking timber

without a permit, so what? What's the connection?

The "story" lacked substance. New Mexico is fine, I know. The headline should have read: "Scutt's and Schmidt's Ethnic Tensions Rise with the Times."

2 + 2 = 4

A friend in New Mexico was quoted in The New York Times. "To sell your land is to sell your mother," Veronica said. The land poor know that a stake in the land is a stake in the world.

A tie with the land is umbilical to ancestry, to immortality. Mr. Joseph Battell of Bread Loaf may have felt the same way.

Alfredo Lujan

THE 20 PACK BOX

Little round Donnie (I would spell my name out loud very quickly until the sound became another name almost, 'Doeneniyee.) in kindergarten. Horseshoe-shaped Washington School. (We used to find Chinese coins on the playground.) White-haired Mrs. Looney was my teacher. Even at five, you know that's a funny name. Her husband was a pharmacist--Del Looney. That was a good name, too. Mrs. Looney didn't have a first name. I imagined her going through her whole life with no name until she met Del.

Mrs. Looney couldn't decide whether she wanted to be our grandmother or Mussolini. Most days, she settled for the former. We drank tepid milk and took naps on braided rugs. I had problems with that. I never took naps as a child nor did I go to bed at much of a specific time. Once a friend's mother was shocked because after she announced that Roy would have to change his bedtime from eight to seven-thirty now that first grade was coming up, I calmly announced that I usually tried "to make it to bed by ten, if I can."

We had rhythm band. Blocks, blocks, why couldn't I ever get the triangle, an instrument with potential? We also "had" art, the point of all this before my digressions. One day Mrs. Looney gave us all a single sheet of white paper and told us to take out our piano leg pencils and boxes of crayons, never the dream 64 colors model with the little sharpener in the back. I guess she felt the vast choice would muddle our minds. "Don't confuse the children." She instructed us to take our pencils and divide the paper into four or five shapes of our choice, preferably sharp and angular. "But no more than five, six at the most." Then we were to color in the shapes with any of the colors from our 20 pack. Simple enough--probably too simple, I thought.

We all got to work, but the idea was boring. Such a waste to take the paper and not allow it its potential. I decided to divide my paper into as many shapes as I could. Tiny shapes, mixed shapes, triangles, boxes, circles, and amoebae. It was great, and such a beautiful mess. The coloring in was a slow process as I tried to stay inside the lines, my lines.

Then I panicked. I hadn't followed instructions. Mrs. L. was coming around to check our work. "Very nice, Bill. That's good. Oh Susan, that's wonderful!" But I knew I was in serious trouble. Suddenly, I was a Gahan Wilson character. After all, I was a good student, very polite. Christ, I had even held the door for her. None of this would matter, of course. I had committed the capital offense. She came up behind me. I tried to hide my crime. Too late.

"Oh Donnie! What are you doing there? I distinctly said no more than five, six at the most. Look what you've done. And you won't be able to finish by two o'clock. You know we have rhythm band at two o'clock. . . "

I didn't tell my parents. I thought they'd be ashamed of me.

Don White

PINS

"Peg, you asleep? Peg?"

"Huh? Oh, no." Rip cord marks from the bedspread welted her face.

"I was just downstairs looking at the map. The one that shows where everyone's from, the one with the pins."

She slumped back, hugging the pillow. "They probably fell off."

"Did you ever see the movie Ten Little Indians, where those people were trapped in a house and were picked off one by one 'and then there were none'?"

"Good grief." She punched the pillow. "Maybe the pins are being used for voodoo rites. Are you missing any scarves or nail clippings?"

"Seriously, that map bothers me. It's covered with pins from all over the United States. There are even pins from Canada, England, and France."

"So?"

"So, Paul Cubeta brought in those brilliant people. Pins from Harvard. Pins from Yale. Pins from Oxford."

Her eyes closed. "Haven't you been listening? We're supposed to be bright. We wouldn't be here if he didn't think we could handle it."

"What if I'm in the bottom ten? What if tomorrow I'm called into Paul Cubeta's office, and he hands me an envelope with my pin in it and says, 'Shirley, take this back to Nampa with you when you go.'

Shirley A. Rau

DIALOGUE between my black roommate and a white housemate at Brandy Brook:

M.B.: Hey man, I don't know anybody's last name here.

Don: Why do you need to know?

M.B. : So I can write you this winter.

Don: Good idea.

M.B.: What's your last name, Don?

Don: Ummm. . . White.

M.B.: Tshhh--Don White?

Don: Yeah.

M.B.: Hey man, Whyd'n't you tell me you was white?

Don: I wanted to keep it from you.

MAYBE WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT TENSION

A Moronic Dialogue

Want to play monopoly?
Well? Okay, pull up a chair, Ardrey,
you'll probably lose. You playing, Bingo?
What'd you call me? Pay attention.
Who cares what I call you? What's dust
got to do with politics

anyhow? You're crazy! Crazy! No one understands politics,
not even over a game of monopoly.
Still, maybe if I throw dust
at Ardrey
there'll be a lot of tension
and he'll lose at bingo.

Are we going to play bingo
too? Goddamnit. What is this, politics
or something? I'm feeling a lot of tension--
a lot of anxieties about this monopoly
and you're telling Ardrey
to throw dust

at me? No, stupid. We're not throwing dust,
we're playing bingo. Speaking of Bingo,
where's Ardrey?
He's playing politics.
God Damn It! We're supposed to be playing monopoly.
Maybe we should talk about tension.

Yes, let's talk about tension.
Start where modern poetry throws dust.
You think this is some goddamn intellectual monopoly
you got here? This is bingo,
man. It's not politics.
It's not Ardrey.

Who the fuck is Ardrey?
He started all this tension.
African Genesis is bunk. Pure politics.
Man is risen from dust.
Really, ask Bingo
as soon as he finishes his game of monopoly.

Look, this isn't politics. We're talking about dust
and all this tension is just Ardrey
talking. He plays monopoly and all we got is fuckin' bingo.

Tom Miller

THE QUEEN'S CONFESSION

He is all fault who hath no fault at all.
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color.

--Idylls of the King

Mother, I have slit my hands
on the sword.
You sheared my head
and shackled me to a myth.

I was a bare-armed child,
not some whore-in-waiting.
I owned a perfect day in midwinter,
pageanting snow nuptials and sacrifices.
Even birds in cathedral rafters
were fools.

He ritualed lords and lands.
saw the coming in a goblet.
Mead was spun to candle blood.
Hot wine whispered lances
into his folded hands.

We played our parts to perfection.
I lied and Arthur left me
sipping morning potions
from the milk and honey moon.

The night he left my tower,
all mirrors in the kingdom cracked.
The circle crumbled.
What magistrate would charge me?

Low sun and witches often share the night.
But only a madman would have staked me for burning.

C. Kirker

WRITING WORDS THAT MEANT SOMETHING

I can remember drawings and paintings and lots of colors and sounds, but I can't remember writing in school until the fourth grade, when the teacher was upset because so few of us could do cursive writing. I remember the pun on "cursive" that I made silently the first time I heard the word, but I could never say the nasty word "curse" aloud. I would have drawn too much attention to myself.

In the fourth grade we did endless drills, looping O's to music, scribbling e's to music, and bringing up high I's to music--all the "curved" letters we wrote to music. I had a great time scribbling in rhythm with the music, but as my scrawling handwriting shows now, not much of my artful penmanship has lasted.

I suppose I wrote stories, or lines, or copied from books, but remember none of that. I remember painful fourth grade lessons in math that I had to write out, but writing words that meant something to me I don't remember. In fourth grade I was thankful that I didn't have Mrs. Long for a teacher, since the students in her fourth grade class lost five points on each word that did not end with its tail up on the end of the last letter of every word, like It's very sad now to remember being happy about that.

David White

YEAST

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Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

WE MANAGE

A student appears at the information counter at the Inn and speaks to the man behind the counter. "Can you cash a check?"

"You mean personally or otherwise?"

"Well...."

"You can make it out to me if you want."

(Small pause) "OK, your name is Cash, right?"

"Yes, but Peter, not Johnny."

Another student approaches the counter. "May we cash a check?"

"She just did."

"OK, but I want to, too."

"Oh. Well, you said 'we.'"

A few moments later another student asks, "Can I exchange this card? I don't want to send two alike."

"Sure, help yourself."

"I don't see the one I want. Where is the Frost Cabin?"

"Go down the road about a half mile and take a right."

"I mean the card."

(Long pause) "Oh. I'll get you one in a minute."

Farther back, behind the counter and to the left, a cheery voice answers at the switchboard. "Bread Loaf School of English, Hilde Ross. May I help you? Theater tickets? Let me see what I can do."

Dick and Hilde Ross have been office managers at Bread Loaf for twenty years. Besides operating the switchboard, selling postal supplies, and cashing checks, they dispense information and friendliness in vast amounts.

"We're surrogate parents to many students," Hilde says, "Especially early in the season when they are new here and lonesome. Often we invite them home with us to have a drink and chat."

"Many students are from the city," says Dick, "and not used to the rustic life. We kid them along. They're apt to ask for most anything when they first arrive. Now and then I get requests for room service." Usually the questions are those asked by anyone in strange surroundings, such as, "Where do I get my car fixed?" or "Where can I find a good hairdresser?"

Dick and Hilde also take care of the lost and found and occasionally comply with requests for dog sitting.

"Right at the moment we're trying to find out what dog chewed up the door of the guest room in Birch," says Hilde. She holds up a picture of a varnished door. The bottom edge of the door is badly chewed. "The students next door to the guest room said that it sounded like quite an active weekend in the guest room, but they didn't see a dog. We checked the list of names for that room, but there wasn't a dog registered."

Hilde gets an occasional crank call on the switchboard. "I got a call from an irate husband a few years back. He was skunk drunk and called from Texas at 2:00 AM. It seems he was home with six kids and he wanted to talk with his wife. I couldn't find her and when I told him, his language was unrepeatable so I hung up. He called back three times and the third time, the operator broke in and said she wouldn't connect the call again."

"We don't do anything academic, but occasionally a student will get our reaction to a question for a professor before talking to him. Students often come to us when they need someone to talk to. Many of them are lonesome for pets they had to leave behind. We invite them over to visit our cat, Chessie, named after the cat on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad poster.

"People check all sorts of things here. Sometimes whether they want to or not. A man showed up here a few years back for the Writer's Conference. He called first and wanted to land his plane on the baseball field. He couldn't get permission to do that so he came in a taxi.

"When he got here, he was flying high and not on methane, either. He was packing a forty-five and had a bandolier of ammunition slung over his shoulder. He was also carrying a hunting bow and a quiver of steel tipped hunting arrows.

"We talked him out of the forty-five and the ammunition and we kept it here under the counter until he left. He wouldn't relinquish the bow and arrows, though. We had to swipe them when he put them down to eat lunch."

A student buys two postcards and two stamps. "Better put the stamps on the cards," Dick says. "It's harder to lose the cards than the stamps."

Hilde dispenses tokens to a student for the laundry. "Wash the light and dark separately. Put both in the dryer. It takes fewer tokens that way."

Another student approaches the counter. "Would you check the Mull mailbox for me? My name is Noll and sometimes my mail gets in there." Dick checks the box.

"Sorry, nothing there."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome...to have a good afternoon."

Bob Walker

HAND GESTURE

I remember los tiempos pasados, the "good ol' days." I'd ride the red railings on my grandpa's flat-bed truck, my face against the wind.

While riding I saw everyone - relatives, friends, acquaintances...my loved ones waved.

As I put on some years, experience, some knowledge of life, I too began to wave. I'd sit in our portal waving as Juanita, Nestora, Petronilo, and other neighbors walked by.

When I was old enough to drive, I'd wave. I knew everyone I met on our narrow tree-lined road.

On the four-lane highway to Santa Fe I'd wave. Some waved back, some didn't.

The wave...I'm swept by the current without having been taught to swim.

Alfredo Lujan

REEVE'S TALE

Barefooted, he climbs easily up the rocky riverbed - a red and white cooler balanced on his tanned shoulder. Looks like a character in one of those Saturday afternoon movies, going deep into the wilds of some exotic country in search of archaeological treasures.

"How can you do that?"

"There's lots of rocky streams back home in Hawaii."

Later, we wade across the stream, the rest of us slipping, sliding, collecting stone bruises. Not him. "I've got little suction cups on my feet," he says, and helps us wimps negotiate the treacherous shallows.

By degree, Rowland Reeve is an archaeologist. He's been working on digs since he was sixteen, starting out in his native Hawaii. After graduating from high school he came to the States, earning a degree in Anthropology at Dartmouth, and later an M.A. at the Archaeological Institute in London. In the last ten years he's worked on sites in Hawaii, New Hampshire, England, Scotland, and France.

So what's he doing at Bread Loaf?

"This archaeologist wants to write. I was getting too deep into archaeology and caught in the hierarchy - shovel bum to supervisor to director. I didn't have time to write. I've kept a journal, and written archaeological reports, but I was writing in a vacuum. I've left Hawaii and archaeology, for a while anyway, to discover whether I can write fiction or not."

Why Bread Loaf?

"This is a place where writers gather. The curriculum and atmosphere force you to write. And there are people here who can help you - read what you've written, comment on it.

Rowland approaches writing the same way he approaches a dig, the same way he approaches people. Carefully. "I don't like deadlines, outside pressures. Sometimes I can write a page in five minutes, but I usually spend a long time on each sentence. Going back, clearing snags, fitting the pieces together. Digging a site is like writing a story, but it's easier, since someone has already written it for you. First the setting develops, then the plot. You have to put the people into it. Imagining what they did, and why. That's the hardest part for me - the characters. I see the world in terms of scenery."

He leans back, hands clasped behind his head. "I hadn't thought of that before. It's like figuring out a dig. You have all these artifacts, all this evidence, and then you can understand what's going on. You have a story."

To perhaps the hardest of all he reacts, "Oh, God," then sits and searches for a while, sifting through the layers. Something clicks.

"I write to stop time - scared to death that time will disappear. With writing I'm saving moments out of context. Examining and preserving them, making them a part of me. Not losing them."

He digs.

"It's a desire to give a part of yourself to other people. Things move so quickly - writing puts them in order, making sense of them."

And then another layer.

"It's getting your inner self out into the open. Sharing understanding. I have to make it worth the reader's while to sit through seeing my insides."

Where do you go from there? "From here?"

"To travel. Everywhere. To write."

Kathy Fearon

HAVE TO TAKE THIS?

As usual I am not sure what in God's name we are doing. Are we to be writing down things we heard people say? Or can the heavy-set girl snoring in the library upstairs this morning do?

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ," she said.

I said nothing.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ," she replied.

The man cross the way didn't say anything either, but he looked at her.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ," she commented. He looked back down.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ?" she questioned.

The pregnant lady across the way looked up but refused to answer.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ " the girl flatly stated.

I don't have to take this, I thought.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!" she taunted me as I left.

Edward Foy

PORTRAIT OF A PIONEER

Looking at Karen Wessel, you'd never guess that she lives in a handmade squared-off log cabin without the convenience of central heating, or indoor plumbing. Her stylish clothes, tourquoise earrings, open laughter and flair reflect the image of a sophisticated city life. But Karen's home is a 20' x 20' cabin in Homer, Alaska.

Each morning begins with a trip to the outhouse. In the summer it's not bad; but in the winter Karen breaks a path through fresh snow. Chilling winds penetrate her bones, but the bitterest cold greets her early. Fresh snow piled up on the outhouse seats melts against her flesh and unmercifully awakens the drowsiest sleepyhead. Next she milks the goats, and feeds the chickens. Returning to the cabin she stokes the dying embers of last night's fire.

Sometimes she burns wood and sometimes coal. Anthracite is plentiful in the Kachemach Bay region. The mineral washes ashore and the natives pick it up the way a New Yorker could collect litter.

With her bladder, the goats, the chickens and the fire cared for, Karen dresses, feeds her daughter, and cooks breakfast. Before going to work she must collect her books and papers, pack her daughter in the snuggaly and then walk one-half mile to her car. She prays the engine will start.

When Karen moved into her cabin it was a 30-mile drive one way to the kindergarten where she taught. No matter what time of year it was, she never knew if she'd get there.

"If the road wasn't snowy, it was icy, if it wasn't icy, it was muddy. All year long you'd be snaking around holes, rocks, trying to get some kind of grip on the road. The school didn't have a phone and neither did we. The only communication was by CB's. The principal simply assumed I'd be late on snowy days. It's not really so bad; if you have trouble, someone always stops. Besides there's nothing you can do about it," she laughs. "You simply get there as soon as you can!"

Recalling her favorite winter travel story, Karen chuckles. "It was October and I knew it might snow, but I never dreamed it would be 20° below."

She and her friend, Steve, drove off the ferry towards Anchorage. Snowfall in the Chilkoot pass necessitated the use of chains. So Steve, taken along on the trip for his "male talents" at auto repair, placed the chains on upside down with the studs pointing into the tires instead of outward to grip the ice. Fortunately Steve and Karenwere in the one place within two hundred miles that had a hotel and a gas station. Unfortunately it was after midnight.

The next morning the tire was changed and Karen asked, "Is everything OK?"

"Got the tire on, but the engine's frozen solid," replied the burly German-American mechanic.

Tears flowed down Karen's face. Desperately she cried, "Does that mean I have to stay here 'til the spring thaw?"

The huge man put his arm around her and sympathized in his immigrant English, "Nobody that ever came here didn't went."

The lame VW was towed by a jeep for the next two hours. Around and around the jeep whirled the bus, attempting to generate heat in that engine through the energy of movement. "Nobody that ever came here didn't went." The bus's gearshift was thrown into fourth and the engine lasted; all the way to Anchorage.

She tells more stories. Barter and trade for food and supplies are common in this land where the average loaf of bread costs $1.89 and a beer at the bar costs $2.50. Nearly everyone in Alaska lives a life of quasi-self-sufficience.

"I guess that's what I like about Alaska," Karen says. "Nobody tells you what to wear, we are free from hassles. If there's a power outage we don't freeze or starve. We aren't going to die. First - we take care of ourselves."

Lynne Heckman

ECOLOGICAL REVENGE

The White Mountains of New Hampshire. Rugged. Primal. Pristine. Speeding down the Kancamagus Highway in Peter's Volvo, the three of us are aerated and riding the high that comes with just having climbed a mountain. In silence, we gorge on fruit.

Suddenly a beer bottle arcs from the window of the rusty black Ford ahead of us and shatters on the shoulder of the road. Instinctively, Peter down-shifts and floors the accelerator. The gap between the two cars narrows. In the front passenger's seat, Magill collects apple cores, orange peels and banana skins and then swivels to face his open window. As we overtake the litterers, he heaves a half-pound of bio-degradable garbage into the lap of the Ford's driver and yells, "Here's your change!"

Jeff Spence

TRANSCENDENTAL DESCARTES

Damn, it's been a long time -
can't even think of how I got here.
Been a long time though -
restin' here - sunnin' myself.
Got moved once!
Snake slid by, bit himself a rabbit
and knocked me free.
Sun was good that day.
Warmed my groundside once I stopped rollin
whil my topside turned down
and commenced to coolin'.

Easy livin' here in the Southwest.
"Rock-a-bye, Baby," I sing to snakes.

Tom Miller

FIELDERS' CHOICE

Margaret Fielder has been coming to Bread Loaf since 1958. She has taught at Ohio Dominican College in Columbus for the past twenty seven years and is currently Professor of Library Science and department head.

"Things have changed a lot since I first started coming here. Then the highway here, 125, was paved only as far as Tamarack. Beyond that was a gravel road. Back then there were very few cars, it was a lot wilder. I don't mean wilder as in parties and such - more natural - unaffected by people.

"Not until logging started around here did they pave the road, I believe that was in '62 or '63. With the advent of logging came more people and more traffic - more people, fewer animals.

"I can remember taking long moonlit walks and seeing and hearing all kinds of animals. One night as I was walking along I had to stop dead in my tracks to let a mother skunk and her five little ones pass. They didn't pay any attention to me.

"There used to be a town dump over the hill there (she points west toward Hancock), and one afternoon as I was walking back to Tamarack, I saw two bear cubs playing in the garbage. Well, I high-tailed it out of there because where there are cubs, there's a mother, and I wanted nothing to do with her. No one would believe my story, but I know what I saw."

This summer Margaret, who is a great lover of Anglo-Irish literature, is auditing a Yeats class here at Bread Loaf. She took the class eleven years ago but just wanted to refresh her memory and see if there have been any changes.

"I've become fascinated by an area called the Burren, a one hundred square mile expanse of grey limestone quite unlike any other part of Ireland. Ancient ecclesiastical ruins dot the area and, as I've said, I'm intrigued with it. With help from two friends, I'm writing a book about it. The book should be finished after a few more trips to Ireland and a couple more years of writing."

When asked if she could foresee any problems with today's education, she curtly responded, "Computers! Used incorrectly they can become a substitute for reading, and I'm afraid of and against that. Computers should be used to find sources, not replace them. I teach a computer programming course, and I try very hard to avoid this pitfall. What I do is teach my students how to write programs that will force the user back to the original written work. That way they have to read. That's how I 'beat' the computer. In my sixty seven years I've always tried to make use of something I've learned to its fullest potential.

"I guess if I were to give any advice to anyone it would be to never stop exercising your brain. Exercise your intelligence just as you would your body. I exercise my mind in my teaching, my travel and here at Bread Loaf, and I exercise my body by belonging to a hunt club."

My quizzical expression leads Margaret to explain.

"You know, riding horses and chasing the fox. In all the time I've been doing this we've seen only one fox and didn't catch it. If we were catching and killing the fox I would quit the hunt - I ride for the fun of riding."

Margaret also goes to school for the fun of it. When she spoke with Paul Cubeta this year about coming to Bread Loaf again he responded, "Glad to have you, Margaret, but we'll have to come up with a new degree for you. You already have all the ones we offer!"

I was curious. "Margaret, are you ever going to retire?"

"I could, but I won't."

Rick Burrington

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ADIRONDACKERS

When I think of the Adirondack Mountain region, three people come to mind. One is Ted Cave, the garbage man. He assumes that hunkered-down stance of a man with his feet firmly on the earth. He peers suspiciously from under his "Cat Diesel" hat cocked 45° to the left. Smiling a half-toothless grin, he looks from my four bags of garbage to his full truck listing to the right on worn springs. "Had company this week, heh?"

Next is my neighbor, Gordon. He's a completely toothless sixty year old guide who chain smokes Chesterfields and drinks Old Milwaukee at 7:30 in the morning. Gordon speaks for hours about the heyday of the Adirondacks. As kids, he and his friends used to wait for a windy day and then sneak up to ice-fishing shacks out on the Upper Saranac Lake. Having slipped a piece of wood through the door latch, imprisoning the fishermen inside, they'd chip the runners out of the ice, lift the shack up and let the wind take the hut howling down the lake.

Finally, there is Bing Tormy, affectionately known as the Mayor of Onchiota, a town of nineteen. He runs the combination gas station, post office, town hall, snowmobile repair garage, hardware store, C.B. Rescue service and bait 'n tackle shop that to him is simply...his house. Last year, Bing put up an 8' x 8' white sign by the side of the highway across from his place which reads:

WELCOME TO ONCHIOTA
POP. 17 GOOD PEOPLE
PLUS A COUPLE OF
SOREHEADS!

Jeff Spence

PUBLISHING MAN

The cacophony of a typewriter clacking, corn-cob pipe clanking against a glass ashtray and Pete's "EAHHHHH's" issues from Bloomfield #48. Upon investigation, one finds Pete Stillman sitting at his desk agonizing over his latest manuscript. A dashingly handsome fellow, Pete looks more the lobster boat captain with his swarthy complexion and thick black mustache than a writer in the throes of birth pains.

Gracious and thankful for an interruption, Pete explains that he hasn't always been interested in writing. "In high school, I was uninterested...unengaged. Then I received a brochure from NYU inviting me to sign up for a two week art course. Of course, I somehow got on their mailing list, but in my naiveté, I thought this meant I was college material. So I applied and went to a nearby teachers' college."

The first piece of writing he turned in was, to him, "the finest piece of prose ever turned in over a desk. Marvelous. Filled with huge and powerful words." He got a C+. "I can't think of a time in my life when I was closer to suicide! But I learned to write less fulsomely and after much reticence toward sharing my writing, I finally became editor of the literary magazine and yearbook at the larger teachers' college I transferred to."

Pete taught four years before he wrote his first book which he calls a "quasi-inspirational juvenile text." It sold 130,000 copies but remains an embarassment to him. He won't even reveal its title. When a civic group asked him to speak about the book publicly, he told the representative, "I can't think of a single kid that would want to read this book!"

Later, Pete quit teaching, tried a novel which failed and then saw an ad in the New York Times for an editor. He worked in the city for several publishers as editor for textbook divisions. While in New York City, Pete approached a publisher about writing a book focusing on an artist-craftsman he knew who worked with stained-glass. "The guy didn't even understand his own art as a process, and he was totally inarticulate. I had to figure it out for him and then write about it. It's been selling for ten years, has been translated into four languages, came out in soft back and was one of the few books that the original Whole Earth Catalogue rerecommended in its new edition. The artist got all the credit. I was listed only as the photographer, but I wrote every damn word of it! Not only that, all I got was $1500.00 for doing it." Pete says he thinks the book was called Working with Stained-Glass.

"Later, I was broke again, and a small publisher who also owned a chain of funeral parlors asked me to write a short book explaining death to children. Smarter now, I said I just wanted two cents a copy. He refused and gave me a flat $500.00. I wrote it leisurely over a month's time and produced a decent piece children would understand and which wasn't condescending or sappy in its language. A reliable source tells me it's on its one millionth printing. Five hundred bucks!" Again, the title of the book escapes him.

Pete recalls his first financial success in which the reward was greater than the task. When the needlepoint craze was on, a publisher asked him to write a book about it for $5,000.00, half to be paid immediately and half upon completion. He had just received the check when the phone rang. The publisher said that the editors had met, decided to cut projects which included Pete's and wanted him to return the money. "Looking at that check, I decided not to send it back, and they never bothered me about it. I made $2500 and never wrote a word except my name on the contract. That's $1250 for my first name and $1250 for my last!"

Tiring of the city, Pete moved to the woods forty miles from Cooperstown, New York. There, he is the only English teacher in the high school. He also drives the bus, but not for the obvious reason of supplementing a teacher's meager salary. "It's a four-wheel-drive bus, and without it, I couldn't get to my house on many days. It's on top of a mountain." Pete dropped all the logs that comprise his cabin and helped in its construction. During the summer, he cuts spruce, hauls it out with his tractor and sells it to pulp mills in Corinth.

Pete continues to write. He has had a textbook published called Introduction to Myth which is a literature anthology. "It's fifty percent me and fifty percent others, and this one is a conventional royalty arrangement." Currently, he is writing a textbook for young writers. Pete had difficulty in deciding intent and voice until he came up with the first sentence: "This book is on your side." As the opening suggests, Pete feels a teacher should adopt the role of editor. "This gives the teachers and students a common role, point of view and goal - success. The teacher has typically been an adversary; you know, the symbolically bloody red pen. The book deals with how young people perceive the world and build on their own experiences through the writing process. It deals with usage without prioritizing it."

Regarding young people and pitfalls for budding writers, Pete says, "Not hearing what they write. There are cadences, sounds which appeal to the inner ear, that many writers aren't sensitive to. Sound shouldn't dominate sense, but should definitely enhance it. One must develop the ability to hear good and bad. What is it, for example, that makes 'four score and seven years ago' better than 'eighty seven years ago'?"

Speaking of his own writing, Pete says, "Sure, I have trouble, too. My writer's block comes because I secretly harbour the idea that the writer should know exactly what will come out before the first sentence is typed. Of course, I don't really believe this, but the notion still lurks in the back of my mind. The truth is, a paper just as often takes you. Unless you're psychotic, something rational will emerge that you can then work with."

Pete uses freewriting to overcome this block by letting himself go. Using it, he shuts out that editorial, judgmental voice in his mind and simply writes as quickly and uncritically as he can. He is currently working on a literature paper, for example, and compared one attempt he labored over to another where he "winged it." "The freely written piece was far superior. There was a tendency to get away from the faceless, institutional, textbook voice. But, you know the biggest problem in writing? The tendency to fall in love with a particular line and try to build the whole piece around it. That's deadly. A writer once said that one has to learn to 'murder your darlings.'" Pete agrees.

Pete has some reservations about writing and its instruction. "The irony about writing, probably any art, is that it doesn't get easier; it gets more difficult. The enormous suicide and alcohol rate among artists probably stems from this irony. I suppose it's almost devious to encourage kids to develop into sensitive writers only to experience this agony of frustration." He laughs. "I guess you don't hear many people at Breadloaf talk like this."

Why does Pete Stillman go through the agony of writing this latest book? "I'm dreaming of an orange Porsche."

Jeff Spence

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BILLY THE PLAYWRIGHT

Most of the writing Billy Aronson does doesn't turn up in The Crumb. After Billy closes out the daily campus newsletter, about 11:30 in the morning, he heads back to his room to work on another play.

Billy came to be a play wright through acting. "I'm scared about presenting myself, but I wanted to show off. I'd rather write than act because I can control writing more. What you see is my best, not one performance. Almost all of what is to be said in one evening in one theater is mine. Theater is an opportunity to share things that excite me."

Organic chemistry used to excite Billy. "I wanted to be a doctor or a scientist. My father is a pathologist. I really did love the stuff. But then I got into a whole class of people who really did love it, persistent, dedicated to detail. I just loved, well, the theory of it on a grand scale."

Now Billy is fascinated by human chemistry. "I watch people when I'm conversing with them and sometimes it gets me into trouble. I'm concentrating on how they're saying it and not what they're saying.

"When I was working on a play with only two women characters, I would listen to women. I would have dinner with six or seven of them and hope they would forget I was there. I would follow groups of women and just hang around. I stood outside in New Haven and listened when they were just being women together. They can say so much in so little. No explicit words. 'So, did you stay over? Was he nice?'

Last summer Bread Loaf students produced one of his one-acts about women, Camilla. "I sent it to Michelle Hensley to use in her directing class. It's about as weird as anything I've ever written.

"The title character summons these hands through a draped window. The hands are her lovers. The first pair is passionate, desperate, and a little messy. She rejects those. For the second pair she is determined to be mature, suave. And invulnerable. But they can never be what she wants, someone who can give exactly the right answers to her questions. When the third pair of hands shows up, she retreats to a corner and refuses to play the game."

Besides conversations, ideas for Aronson's plays come from everywhere. Mime. Rock groups. Anything that could happen on a stage. "I watch for characters that can deal with a problem. Especially emotional situations, when people are needing each other a lot. That's when the stakes are high."

Billy knows he's just beginning to understand his craft. "I would love to write plots that go all over the place but I can't. I just want an interesting style. I admire Bernard Shaw, who's witty and sharp. He's compassionate and it's still funny. But that's not my style. I don't have that power." His eyes finally look away.

Here I was, expecting someone zany, off-the-wall. After all, here sat the author of Woman and Horse in Bar, Noh Drama, and Volume 63, Tone 15 of the Love Loaf School of Fetish. Had The Crumb misled me?

"Not at all. In fifth grade I loved Ilya Kuryakin. I wore a black turtleneck and black pants and had long hair before it was popular. I think I was a little weird. My parents divorced when I was eight and we moved to Philadelphia, just before divorce became, well, popular. I was a little unusual in that respect, too."

In high school, Billy admits to being "really serious - I sacrificed a lot, the competition was stiff. I did seven or eight hours of homework a night. I think people thought I was shy," he laughs. "But my last year of high school I went the other way. My girlfriend told me things to do, ways to treat women. She said I should notice things about people and give more of myself to them. I don't think she meant a word of it, but she had a tremendous effect on me.

"I signed up for VISTA after one year of drama school. It was the typical save-the-world kind of thing. I pictured myself handing food from a box to starving people. I was placed in a legal services bureau in North Carolina. We tried to give the people some idea how the legal system worked, what their rights were. They didn't sense any deprivation. I really had to struggle to justify for myself all the changes I wanted to make. They didn't want or maybe even need them. I lasted about a year. I don't think I changed anything."

Billy's family has also been influential. "I'm Jewish. One of the principles I was raised on was guilt. And here at Bread Loaf I feel guilty because I'm so happy. I guess

my family has been a powerful influence. My father's quiet lack of presence, my mother's dominance. My brother Joey. We were best friends until he went away to college. He influenced my sense of humor a lot. He was always willing to take risks for the sake of a joke. If it's safe, it's not really funny. Lately Joey's had problems. And here I am with everything going fine." He shakes his head and looks up.

Earlier Billy had answered his own question. "So why do I write? Because life isn't good enough. Moments when we break through to people spontaneously are so few. And that's what's unsatisfying. I don't solve problems. I just focus on them to articulate what's happening, so we can make life as a whole, better."

Jana Elliott

BILLY THE CRUMB

"We need to get emotionally and physically closer in order for this interview to work," Billy said as he grabbed me around the waist and gazed into my eyes. We were dancing at the Gilmore party and trying not to fall down the hill. Billy Aronson dances at Bread Loaf parties, but he's more famous for writing the Crumb.

Billy worries and labors over the Crumb, Bread Loaf's daily newsletter. He left a hot chocolate conversation in the Barn the other night to rush home and work on it. "I don't have anything to go into the Crumb tomorrow. Give me some ideas for the Crumb. Forget Y'east, write something for me."

Billy says daily that tomorrow's Crumb will be empty because he has no ideas. Some magic must occur somewhere because there is the Crumb every day, making it difficult to talk at the lunch table.

"The point of the Crumb is to present a few basic facts and have a good time, but the informational function is the most important. The Crumb is not a place for political commentary or complaints about noise. People don't understand that and get mad at me when I won't print their things. I would like them to understand that Paul Cubeta has final editorial control. I meet with him every morning. The Crumb is his organ for communicating with the student body."

Billy sprawled on the bed in Carol Elliot's room while we continued the interview. We were dog-sitting Edith to keep her from howling. I asked Billy about his writing. The Crumb is a summer job. During the rest of the year, Billy is a student at Yale Drama School. He writes plays. He is a different person when he talks about his playwrighting. His forehead wrinkles and the tone becomes serious.

"As a kid I wrote things for my brother and sister to do. I've always been into performing and showing off. I started out acting, then decided to write in order to gain more control over what was happening on stage. I have ideas I want to share with people. I write because it will make those ideas last for a long time. It's gratifying to see that writing performed."

Billy's eyes lit up and he ran out of the room saying, "I'll be right back." Edith looked up with some interest when the door opened, then returned to boredom. Billy was back within five minutes with a Joni Mitchell tape. He put the tape on the player and concentrated on the music.

"I'm melting, I'm melting," he murmured. "Joni Mitchell touched many of us with her music. It's worth living for, to be able to do something like that with art, to touch so many people."

Billy volunteered to massage my bug-bitten and swollen ankle and then explained that he also uses Joni Mitchell music as part of his seduction technique. "Oh," I said and noted it on the yellow pad.

We went back to the writing. "I write things for specific groups that I know will be done. It's important to keep writing and to keep having plays produced. My plays are much better with these imposed restrictions, I'm challenged to be more creative.

"It's terrifying sitting in the audience opening night. Even though it's my creation and I've controlled the words, there's so much that depends on other factors. Someone in the audience could throw up or die and a line is missed by the audience. If one line is missed for any reason, I'm upset. If people laugh at the right times, it's the most uplifting feeling - they're accepting my personal self."

A smile cuts into the seriousness. "Enjoying the writing is so important. I'm always writing wherever I go."

Vicki Holmsten

HEMINGWAY AT DAWN
JULY 2, 1961

Mary? Mary?
God damn it, Mary,
Don't forget to tell
Them about the fish.
Tell them that Princeton
Twirp got what he deserved -
Writing scripts for Hollywood!

Mary? Mary?
Tell them I've changed
My mind - not about
My mother: A bitch is
A bitch is a rose -
But I changed my mind
About my father: I'm
Not disgusted with what he did.

Mary? Jesus?
Mary, God damn it Mary,
Why are you sleeping?
Please come down stairs.
Why are you sleeping Mary?
You should see the sun
Coming up over Ketchum and
God damn it.

Von Rollenhagen

COOL SHOP KEEPER

"Call out if you need help," she told me, returning to the satin sleeve she was fitting. The costume shop is cool on a hot day, the tempo relaxed after frantic morning notes. Vera Spanos, costumer, sews, cuts, and fits here every day. "Costume sewing's different from home sewing," she explains. "We line everything; Mary [Bread Loaf costume designer] doesn't like limp costumes.

"I've been working in amateur theatre a long time. Right after high school I helped start an amateur group, and worked mostly on costumes because no one else wanted that. Wherever we moved - New Jersey, California, Massachusetts - I worked on theatre.

"I've been a secretary thirty-seven years. Right now I work for the Chemistry Department at M.I.T., mostly typing papers. I'm looking forward to going back; we're getting a new word processor - I've been learning on ones in other offices for a year."

She stops to check my progress. "Use the ham to press those darts. We want to keep the curve there, so it'll fit smoothly over the hips." Then moving to help Faye begin making satin piping, "You don't learn those things on a store pattern. So ask. There are no stupid questions here.

"After my daughter graduated from school I decided to go to college - I've always wanted to. I didn't realize you could major in costume design, but when I called Emerson College they told me to talk to Mary Harkins. I took pictures of things I'd sewn and she said we'd work it out; that first semester I came over once a week during my lunch and we had class in her office - a directed study. I wanted to see if I really had enough talent to go on, or if I should try something else, like business. I did OK, so," she shrugs, "I graduated from Emerson last year.

"I'm still a secretary, though. With my experience the pay is good - much better than what I could get in a costume shop. To come here I take my three weeks vacation and a four week leave of absence; what I get paid here for seven weeks just barely covers the money I lose on the leave."

Terri brings in a bodice she's flat basted and asks, "Do you have anything for me to do today?" Vera looks through the rack; the pieces of each costume are pinned on separate hangers. "Why don't you baste these together?" She brings out belt pieces of glittering lamé, muslin, and silky lining. "They're pinned. Just sew outside the seam lines.

"I like coming to Bread Loaf," she continues. "Because for me it's vacation. I don't have to cook or worry about anyone's problems. I knew Mary came up here and brought someone each summer, so when I heard last year she needed help I said, 'Mary, take me.' She said she hadn't asked 'cause I was married. 'Don't you want to talk it over with Jack?' she asked. I said no, I wanted to come. Then last October I asked Mary if she needed someone again; I knew then I'd need the break. My husband had been sick and one of my daughters was getting married. I was ready to get away.

"Since I graduated I've done a few other shows. This year I sewed costumes for the Hasty Pudding show at Harvard. And makeup - the man I learned my makeup from calls me to help on dance recitals. We did 150 on one, 250 on the other this spring. It's like an assembly line, one does the base, one the eyes, and so on.

"I'd like to learn to make the patterns for costume designs like Mary draws. We did that in college, but it takes practice."

She hefts Antonio's floor sweeping sleeves. "Hang up that skirt and then sew in the hook and eye tape along the shoulder seams of these. Antonio has a fitting at 2:45."

Margaret Pearce

DRAMATURG

"Once I was on a train and the woman who sat next to me asked what I did for a living. So I told her, 'Well, I read scripts and I give advice to directors,' and so on, and suddenly she said, 'Oh, you're a dramaturg?' At the drama school we decided that this was one of the great moments in the annals of dramaturgy."

Michael Cadden, a dramaturg at the Yale Repertory Theatre, rarely receives the recognition he got from the woman on the train. When he introduces himself to people, he usually begins by describing what he does: help select plays that will be produced each season (which includes reading hundreds of new plays per year), and give advice to directors in the rehearsal room.

How did Michael grow up to become a dramaturg?

"I was interested in theatre from kindergarten on," he says. "I was in the kindergarten play and the first grade play. But I think my interest came mostly from early exposure to T.V. When I was four or five, I'd get up early at 6:30 to watch westerns and musicals. There's a large number of us in the theatre now who were influenced by that flight of imagination we could get from T.V. as children - up to eight hours a day.

"Fred Astaire was an early love. I used to dress up in what I thought were evening clothes and try to do his numbers. I used to sing along with the record My Fair Lady and other musicals."

Michael's first high school role was Shylock in The Merchant of Venice.

"By the time I had hit ninth grade I had listened to all the Shakespeare plays on record. When I auditioned, I did this Michael Redgrave imitation: 'Sree sousand ducats!' My performance was thought amazing and obnoxious for a freshman.

Although he did other roles in high school, theatre was not Michael's career choice when he got to college at Yale.

"I thought I'd be either a lawyer or a psychiatrist. I'm not sure I still don't want to be a psychiatrist. I used to read Freud in high school because he is such a good interpreter. Then I realized that to be a psychiatrist you have to be a doctor, and when you interpret as a doctor you do it for others. I liked interpreting, but the idea of using it to tamper with other people's souls scared me off. So my sophomore year I decided I wanted to be a man of letters and know it all."

He majored in History, the Arts, and Letters, a now defunct major which included courses in the history, literature, art, music, and philosophy of every period of Western civilization.

"I wanted to be able to go into an art gallery and know something about what was there, go to a concert and know about it, go to a play and know about it. A lot of people might wonder why I didn't go into science, since that's an obvious way of interpreting the world. But I was too good at it. I always got my highest grades in science. I thought it would be too easy."

Michael acted in a play each year at Yale. As a senior, he received a Marshall Scholarship to study drama at the University of Bristol. When did his need to know it all find its focus?

"When I was given money to do it. I wrote most of my papers in dramatic literature and did well. It was one of those things where bit by bit people from the outside tell you what you're good at."

While at Bristol, he did "everything conceivable theatrically," and acted in two plays at the Edinburgh Festival. With a B.A. in drama done, however, he had still not settled on a theatre career.

"I got tired of theatre and theatre people and applied to law school. I wanted to make money. In the back of my mind I thought I'd do theatrical law. Very few people, as you can imagine, drop out of the Yale Law School. But it lasted four months. It was very interesting to other people, but very boring for me, and I realized that I had something else I was interested in."

After he dropped out of law school, Michael saw an audition call that gave him the chance to follow that interest. Burt Shevelove, co-author of A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, was directing a production of Aristophanes' The Frogs in the Yale pool, with music by Stephen Sondheim.

"They needed swimmers to do frogs. Here I was a swimmer, former captain of the Yale swim team with theatre experience. I auditioned and was cast as a singing frog.

"There was a cast of 100. It was a complete zoo. There were 18 frogs and we were on for about 12 minutes. At one point in the action, Dionysus is going to cross the River Styx. Those of us who were good at diving dived into the pool simultaneously and did an Esther Williams routine while a song went 'Frogs, we're the frogs, we're the wonderful frogs.' Then we came up ass first, mooning Dionysus.

"I realized that this was a side of theatre I had not been exposed to: professional theatre. I used to invite Shevelove and Sondheim over for dinner. I was thinking about going to graduate school in English, but Burt said I should obviously go to the drama school since all my experience was in theatre.

"One day I knocked on Robert Brustein's door (Brustein is former dean of the Yale Drama School). 'I don't know if you remember me, but I was the third frog from the right,' I said. 'I'm interested in your dramatic literature and criticism program.' He told me to get recommendations and a transcript. I brought them over to his secretary, but she said, 'Oh, we don't need this. He decided last night to let you in.' On the first day of class Richard Gilman was surprised to see me, since he thought he was in charge of admissions. Here was this person from whom he had seen neither an application nor a piece of writing. He says now that he's glad he didn't kick me out, since we've become colleagues."

Michael explains that he chose dramaturgy over directing and acting because it

gave him an opportunity to combine his love of the theatre with his academic interests. After completing the three year M.F.A. program in two years, he was hired by Yale to teach undergraduate courses part time, and to serve as assistant dramaturg of the Yale Repertory Theatre and as associate editor of Yale/Theatre magazine. Then he completed his dissertation for the D.F.A. and found himself in the crowded academic job market.

One day the Drama School called to offer him a job teaching Shakespeare and classical drama, which eventually led to his current position at the theatre.

"The call was a total surprise," says Michael. "I couldn't believe it. I think I believe in fate - that Hamlet line about there being a divinity that shapes our ends. Have you ever heard of a book by Gertrude Stein called Charmed Lives? I feel I've led one of those."

Art Borreca

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MASCOT

When I first saw the hole burrowed under our concrete porch I thought, "Damn dogs. Why don't they keep them in their yards?" Then I noticed that the moist grainy earth was trackless, thrown up from inside the hole. A couple of irregular fill rocks had been shoved carefully to one side. Whatever had made that hole almost fourteen inches in diameter was still inside.

My curiosity went for the flashlight. Fear said, "Don't poke your head in there, it could be dangerous." Reason teased, "What could be too dangerous to just peek at?"

Crouching head down on the porch I followed the yellow circle of light as it crawled into the hole. I saw large plated scales, like a tiny dinosaur rolled into a mass about the size of a basketball. Hairy pink feet set off by sharp claws poked out at regular spaces. Wadded into the middle was a pointed, mouse-like head and a long, fat, multi-hinged tail. As it stirred in the light I realized our garden had attracted an armadillo.

Until now I had seen these animals only along the highways to the south with their stiff feet pointed permanently up. What do you do with a live armadillo?

The county agent was out of town. The biology teacher lectured, "He'll come out when it gets dark. They're nocturnal. Did you know they're the Texas state mascot?"

I tried to smoke him out with a tiny bonfire but he didn't even cough. Then, even through the smoke I got a whiff of him. Smelled like a cross between a feed lot and a locker room. Good choice of mascots, Texas.

Although I had the only armadillo on the block, I didn't want that honor permanently. He would soon have the lawn looking like a mine field as he searched for bugs.

My husband and I prepared for a late night safari, choosing gear carefully. I - decked out in knee-length boots - didn't want him climbing my legs like a cat. My husband carried a hoe, just in case the game charged. We had a trash can to bag him in.

After dusk we cornered him near the shrubbery. "Put the trash can over him," Rick whispered. "Hurry!"

"YOU put the trash can over him. You're closer."

"Can't you see I'm holding him at bay? Circle around behind him and just drop the can over him."

I moved toward the prey. Slowly the armadillo turned like the turret of a small tank. "He doesn't have a behind side," I whispered. "Make a move and flush him. Maybe he'll head this way."

"You mean move toward him?" Rick hesitated.

"How else would you flush an armadillo?"

"Since when are you an expert on armadillos?"

"Since I found out they're the Texas state mascot. Now flush him out."

Rick took two slow steps and stopped. No reaction. He glanced down at his nylon jogging shoes and then at the armadillo's clawed forepaws. He took one more step and the armadillo bolted. That's when I found out armadillos are a close relative of the Texas Jackrabbit. He flashed past and hugged the inside tire of the station wagon. Our timid poking and prodding would not move him.

It was then that we noticed the car stopped at the end of our driveway.

"I see you got yourselves an armadillo there." I didn't see how he saw. It was absolutely black under the car.

"Yeah," my husband mumbled. "We're just trying to put him in a trashcan."

"Oh." Pause. "Well, he won't hurt you. Just pick him up by the tail and drop him in."

"He won't hurt me?" Rick has always been a respecter of animal instincts, especially clawed ones.

"Naw, I used to chase 'em around in the oil field when I was night watching."

"Well, you're sure welcome to come yank this one out from under there."

The car door opened and a boy of about 23 walked up the driveway wearing nothing but a bathing suit and a pair of rubber thongs. He knelt behind the tire, elbow deep in darkness and a second later the armadillo dangled from his arm, spining in mid-air.

"See, they can't hurt you."

"Thanks."

"No bother." As he dropped the armadillo neatly into the metal can, his eyes checked out my boots and Rick's long-handled hoe. "Well, I got to be going."

As he drove away I realized we were parodying Grant Wood's American Gothic, stern-faced booted wife and wide-eyed farmer with a hoe against a backdrop of a suburban three-bedroom house. But we were posing at either side of a trash can full o armadillo.

Jana Elliott

ELLEN

I am the dead sparrow this morning
feathered about a cooling cup
I hold by the window
my cheek touches,
damp above the bay.
Rain falls beyond a slender pane
brushed by my wet lashes.
Each drop runs fresh
in rills on the other side
while I taste Puget Sound
sea mist that blurrs

plastic flamingoes
at my threshold
Spanish fans spread wide
on my walls
blue horses Franz Marc
hardly held.

And when you held me
there was pollen on your hands
enough for me to bloom in.

My easel's in the other room
beyond the footon and the stereo
where last night's heart-wing flew me
stroked the air
with all the colors
I needed
for the faces in my painting.

And now my blind breast reads
the melody you brailled in my body;
I don't want my lips to move
and hold them hard against the glass.
You are too much here
for me to turn
before your ferry passes
gray with all the others.

Paul Crumbley

SAVED

"Do you still have that arrowhead I made you, Dad?" John bent over to pick up a pointed rock.

"Sure I do. It's packed in our stuff someplace, in a box or suitcase."

"Look at this pointed rock. It sure took me a long time to make that arrowhead."

"I know, John, I know."

"The first three arrowheads I made broke in half. The screw driver kept slipping."

"I'll bet it was a killer, John."

"I smashed them like that one there." John pointed to some shale that had been smashed underfoot.

"I know you worked hard on it, John."

"I am glad you saved it, Dad."

I wished I had.

Edward Foy

FLORA

It's good to see you we don't hear from you often
I call up Amy on the hill for lunch sometimes
'cause George doesn't come home
Always out working with Walt
You know they bought the Hooke place last year
After the older Hooke shot his younger brother
Walt goes out and buys the place
Can't keep up with it all with painting and fixin' up
They almost bought the harness shop
Two hippie fellas lived there with a monkey
decided the monkey needed a tree to live in
went out back and dug one up
We went in to look at the place and there's this tree
growing right through the floor from the cellar
surrounded by chicken wire and it just stunk
I wanted no part of it.

Well, this real nice woman moved in
kind of funny though she's a poet
She says she writes children's books to make money
for her poetry. I never read any of them
She has two kids about ten and fourteen
But they have to go live with her husband
Judge let her have the children a few years
Guess he felt sorry for her
I do too sometimes
When they started the draft up
she goes running down the street
sits in the post office and gets arrested
If she didn't do things like that she'd still have those kids
kin' of nice to see a woman who speaks up
'course the men don't care for her much.

Well, there's the phone...excuse me
I'll be right back I have to get Walt this message
Seems kind of silly to yell over to the store
could get a phone there, but what would I do?
that's how I get my exercise, but sometimes
I have to go all the way over there
'cause I yell across and they act like
they don't hear me.

Thomas W. Button, Jr.

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NOTE: Writing in this issue is from classes in Writing Prose Non-Fiction and Poetry Writing. Names of some characters and places have been changed to protect against injury.

YEAST

Number 7 Summer 1982
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

GREGORY

"Zip up your fly," I said.

"Will you help me?" Four year old Gregory Houston yanked at the zipper, one leg twisted, hands fumbling with the gaping trouser.

As I leaned down to help him Sam Swope yelled from the tennis court, "What are you doing to that little boy, Christine? Go take a cold shower!

Flustered, I looked around and then quickly zipped up the stubborn fly. This interview was not getting off to a productive start. Gregory Houston had his mind on other things and I was being accused of child molesting.

We walked over to the grass and sat down. Before I could even get a question out, Gregory had crawled onto my lap and was poking at my stomach.

"Ah, Gregory, do you remember my name?" I ask him this frequently and he always pretends it is on the tip of his tongue. He looked up at me through those thick Harvardian glasses that seem to magnify his already huge blue eyes and said, "I was thinking about it."

This response always cracks me up. I can never quite figure the logic of this familiar retort - "I was thinking about it." Does this mean he was thinking about my name? Or was he thinking about <u>remembering</u> my name? Or <u>not</u> remembering my name? Or was he thinking about some other pressing subject signified by "it"?

"My name is Christine."

"Oh yes, I was thinking about it." His hand started patting my knee as if an important issue had been settled.

Today's interview, however, was not going well. Somehow this planned moment was not highlighting the real Gregory. We have had some remarkable conversations this summer. As I've told my friends, some of my conversations with Gregory have been far more stimulating than those of my peers.

I remember the first time we chatted. I was reading on the lawn outside the tea cabin when a young round-faced blond boy in a Bread Loaf T-shirt plopped down beside me and asked in a forthright manner if I'd like to move and join him on the other side of the tennis courts.

"Well, I'm reading now," I said. "But you're welcome to sit here."

"Yes. Thank you. Well, where do you live? I live in Tucson." (This guy gets right to the point. Seems to know his stuff.)

"These bugs are bad," he said. "Are they always around?"

"No, not in the winter. It snows here in the winter."

"Oh. Where do the bugs go then?"

I panicked trying to remember any information I knew about bugs.

"I believe they just die and their eggs last the winter."

"But why don't they hatch then?"

"They hibernate...ahhh yes, they sort of hibernate. They need heat to hatch and that's why we have bugs here in the summer." Whew.

"Oh."

The next time I met Gregory was on an after-dinner walk. The hay field across from the Inn was high and there was a narrow path that cut over and across the rise. Gregory approached me and asked if he could go with me. We went through the same routine about my name. I was hesitant to take him because his parents wouldn't know where he was. But I gave in.

"Just a little ways," I said.

The tall grass was blowing. In the evening sun we walked and chatted until we reached the top of a rise. I then urged him to return since I was planning to continue my walk.

I watched his blond head bobbing back through the green. The grass was taller than he was. He seemed to be finding his way until I heard, "Christine, I think I'm a little scared right now." From my vantage point I could see he was just ten feet from the opening by the stone wall; but from his perspective he was lost in a jungle of green. His little voice tried to gain composure, "Christine..."

"OK Gregory," I said. "You're almost there. Turn around and face the other way. No. Turn more. Yes that's right. Now go straight ahead. Straight ahead, Greg."

He walked ahead with some trepidation. But he did it. He didn't panic. There's a Zen quality about that boy I like. Inner silence of some sort. The next thing I see is two sturdy legs racing up the cut lawn to meet his friends.

Christine Hemp

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THE RABBI AND FROST

Louise and Rabbi Victor Reichert of Cincinnati, Ohio, spend summers in their converted schoolhouse in Ripton, Vermont, a short walk from the Bread Loaf campus. For years they were summer neighbors and close friends with Robert Frost. "We came to Ripton first at the invitation of Frost. Our first meeting with him was in 1938 but it took me until 1942 to get to Bread Loaf. Later I taught a course in the Literature of the Old Testament. I preferred the Socratic method but they

wanted me to talk for the full hour. I lost my voice.

"Actually Louise met Frost first, years earlier in 1926. She was a Smith student and he was signing books at the Hampshire Book Store in Northampton.

"I was impressed with this handsome man, but too shy to ask for an autographed copy. That came much later and Frost chided me for not asking.

"It took Louise to talk me into going to the reading Frost was giving to our Cincinnati literary group in 1938. I already had a poet-mentor in Robinson. I wrote an article about him. It's in your library. I wasn't that familiar with Frost's poetry. But Frost liked a good audience and I was a good listener. He singled me out, and after the reading we talked. He promised to have his publisher send me his collected works.

"I asked if he had ever visited a temple, and I invited him to ours on Rockdale Avenue. It was a beautiful Greek structure, chosen as one of the 100 most beautiful churches and temples in the country. It was vandalized during the racial riots. It's since been torn down and the congregation moved out of that area. I remember walking with Frost to the marble altar, opening the bronze door and taking out the Torah. The reading for that week was Chapter 23 in Genesis. The passage was about Abraham trying to buy a burial plot for Sarah, particularly poignant because Robert had recently lost his wife, Elinor. I'll tell you this whole story because it shows something of Frost's retentive mind. I read the passage to him in Hebrew. I pointed out how Ephron the Hittite's name was spelled. Here, let me show you. The letters of his name are complete, his integrity intact. At first Ephron wanted Abraham to have the land, not to purchase it, or so he said. Abraham insisted on paying. Ephron said, 'Between great leaders what is 400 sheckels of silver?' That was an exorbitant price, but Abraham paid it. Notice now what happens to Ephron's name in the next line? Part of the Hebrew letter is missing. When Ephron's true nature, his greed and hypocrisy are revealed, his name is changed. It lacks the original integrity. Here's the point. A year later Frost and I were walking along one of those marble paths at Bread Loaf. We thought they looked like strewn tombstones. Frost was gossiping about someone on the faculty who was not dealing with him in a forthright manner. Out of the blue, Frost said, 'Like Ephron.' 'What?' 'Like Ephron, you know, your Hittite.' An amazingly retentive mind, a remarkable memory.

"I can tell you of a similar incident. He borrowed a commentary by Rashi, an 11th century French Rabbitical scholar. It is said Rashi unlocked the meaning of the Torah. His secretary told me he became engrossed in it. I knew Rashi's style would appeal to Frost. It started with the literal meaning, getting down the essentials before moving on to metaphorical or

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Theatrical Extravagoonsa!

T H E F I R S T

A N N U A L

S C H O O L P L A Y

Wednesday ◇ August 11th ◇ 10:00 P.M.

LITTLE THEATER

(Take an hour's break from exam study)

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CAST OF MORE THAN SEVERAL!

Directed by
CAROL ELLIOTT
A Fresh from Edinburgh

Written, or joined, by
AILLY BRONSON, the Crumb
Direct from Treman

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

See and Hear

How Bread Loafers Introduce Themselves

A Day in the Life of the Bread Loaf Black Fly

How Professors react to Students

How students respond to professors' comments on lit papers

How married people exist at Bread Loaf

How love flourishes at Bread Loaf

How to say goodbye at Bread Loaf

ALAN MOKLER AND COMPLETE STAFF:

"We had absolutely nothing to do with this show."

mystical implications. Long after he had returned the book, I heard him mention Rashi in a lecture. I thought he was talking about the baseball player who had a similar name. But no, he had remembered the Rabbi. His breadth of interest was astounding.

"Yes, once when my brother, an x-ray specialist was here," Louise said, "Frost quizzed him about x-rays, new at the time. My brother was impressed with a poet's scientific curiosity."

"When I was working on my commentary on the book of Job," the rabbi continued, "Frost and I had many discussions about the question of justice in the Old Testament. One day he called Louise and me on the phone. He had something he wanted to read to us. The three of us sat on the porch and he read from the manuscript, "The Masque of Reason," a humorous play between God, Job and Job's wife. Have you read it? Here is one of my favorite parts: Job's wife sees God getting out of a tree and she says, 'It's God. I'd know Him by Blake's picture anywhere.' Some people called Frost an atheist. But they didn't understand how his God could have a sense of humor. It's not inconsistent with our tradition. When Robert finished the reading, he told us,'Now it's published.'

"That was a thrilling performance," Victor recalled now with animated eyes. "After it was over, I said to him, 'Robert, you know what would be wonderful? To have your poem find its way back into the Bible. It may take a thousand years, of course. It could be called the 43rd chapter of Job.' I guess he liked the idea. See how he ends it? '(Here endeth chapter forty-three of Job)' Frost once preached a sermon in my temple. It was about people thinking they could monopolize God. I was Rabbi there for 35 years and associated with that congregation over 60 years. This Sunday, August 1, I am preaching at the Ripton Methodist Church. My text? 'The Masque of Reason,' and the title a line from his poem, 'You won't get any answers out of God.' That's ecumenical.

"Robert liked the Hebrew word game the Rabbis of the Talmud had for judging character. Three words with similar sounds were revelatory if you knew how each was handled: kiso, pocketbook; koso, cup; and ka-aso, temper. Robert said he had no problem handling money and drink, but temper, he had to watch. But in all the years I knew him, he never said a harsh word to me.

"I never took advantage of our friendship. Sometimes he would look at a poem I was working on and just by a wrinkle of his nose, I would know I had more work to do. Some poets would try to get his help or use his influence and would bluntly say, "Trial by market." But he even expressed doubts about that. Once I remember his reacting to a publisher's request to print some of his early poems which had been rejected before. 'Was I right then, and are they right now?' He wasn't sure.

"Did you watch the All-Star game last night? Great game! Robert was an avid fan, followed the Red Sox. He took his sports seriously at Bread Loaf too. Baseball games were played on the pasture behind his Homer Noble Farm. A rough field with all the rocks. I was glad to be on his team. Once, I remember, Robert charged into the second baseman, Huit Joyce of Dartmouth. Joyce put him out anyway, Robert was furious. He couldn't lose in tennis either. He used the same swing in both sports." Victor laughed, "My own tennis began with professional coaching. I played many games at Bread Loaf with him.

"Robert didn't like being put out or put down. Once at a party hosted by Wallace Stevens, Frost was approached by him. With a hand on Frost's shoulder, Stevens said, 'The trouble with you, Robert, is you write on subjects.' Frost's quick response was, 'And the trouble with you, Wallace, is you write on bric-a-brac.'

"Another one of my favorite Frost stories took place at a college in Texas. Robert was reading, 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening,' the poem he said someone could write 40 pages of commentary about. He got to the lines, 'He gives his harness bells a shake, to ask if there is some mistake.' During the pause, a college professor asked, 'Now Mr. Frost, can a horse really ask questions?' Frost had a friend in the audience, an expert on horse sense; he let him respond. 'Ask questions?' he said, 'Better than some professors.'

"Frost liked to hear my story about meeting Albert Einstein at Princeton. My introduction was, 'I've come 1,000 miles to pay a pastoral visit. I learned by boldness at Columbia School of Journalism. He laughed and said, 'That is the great American swindle.' I asked what he meant. 'To think that anyone can teach someone else to write.' For Frost, so much of learning, of truth finding, was like walking through a field; you have to let the burs stick to you.

"I learned a great deal from our walks - botany, literature, history. The Civil War was a special area of interest. Frost was named after Robert E. Lee, but concluded that Grant was a superior tactician."

"Frost was a walking anthology of great literature. A friend and colleague from the University of Cincinnati, Bill Clark, asked him to speak to his English class on a moment's notice. He told him they were studying Homer. Frost walked in, without a book, and held them spellbound for an hour reciting and interpreting great passages. A similar thing happened at Dartmouth. A friend was teaching Milton. Frost spoke to the class but not from the text, from memory. He recited and explicated 'Lycidas.'

"Robert would sit in this wicker rocker and talk and recite long into the night. He probably never intended to stay so long. He never would bring his own flashlight, I don't think he owned one, but his house was full of ours."

In the opposite corner from the rocker stood an old school desk, a Torah, and a chalkboard with Hebrew writing, drawings

by their grandchildren, and $E=Mc^2$.

"One last story. We were gathered at the Waldorf Astoria for his birthday. He was surrounded by photographers and reporters. Someone asked, 'What is the greatest thing you've learned in 80 years of living?'"

"'I can sum it up in three words.'

"'What are they?'

"'Life goes on.'"

Chip Bissell

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SAME DIFFERENCE

Leona Woods is Canadian, though her button-down shirt, jeans and brown shoulder length hair are trade marks of the all-American girl. She teaches in a high school near Toronto, Ontario, where kids chew gum in class, don't do their homework, and watch Dallas.

"After all," she asks, "who'd watch a program called Toronto? I minored in history at Queens University. It was always Canadian history in relation to the United States. We are economically and geographically close. It's in our best interest to know about the U.S., practically speaking. Eighty percent of our population is right across the American border.

"The Europeans see us as American because we speak English without a British accent.

"'No, we're Canadian,' we say.

"'Oh, well, same difference,' they say. Difference is right. Same is not. The differences are there. They aren't on the surface though.

"We are on the same continent, but we don't share the same history. The Americans misbehaved in 1776, like the older brother who breaks away from authority. Canada was like the younger brother who bristles, but stays home. One theory says that struggling against our environment left us no time for struggling against the British.

"You Americans have colorful historical characters built up as heroes. We don't have any legendary people. No Davy Crockett. No Daniel Boone. No Kit Carson. It's depressing. We have David Thompson, mapmaker. America is the eagle, soaring in majesty. Canada's national animal is the beaver. We don't look so good, but we're useful.

"Everything in Canada is low key. That's why we were shocked by Margaret Trudeau. She wrote Beyond Reason, which documented all her affairs, and she bragged about her nice rear end. She was a strident note in our low key. We don't want attention drawn to ourselves, good or bad. The Americans are building the space shuttle while the Canadians build the space arm. When the message came back, "Thank you, Canada," we glowed for days. We felt the same way when America had Canada Days for helping the hostages. We don't expect that kind of thing."

"Everything in America is larger than life to the Canadians. Americans have big hearts, big wages. They walk softly and carry a big stick. Many immigrants come to Canada until they earn enough money to go to the States. They see Canada as a pit stop on the way to happiness. America is the land of opportunity. America has millionaires. Any man can be president. We have only a handful of millionaires, and they are very private, no Rockefeller Museums.

"We're not as egalitarian a society. We have no misapprehensions. We know that men are not equal. You think men are equal and then you have your dreams shattered when you find that they are not. Vietnam shattered you. America wanted to do good, that was their dream, but the world turned on them.

"Vietnam was experienced by few Canadians. Our boys have a romantic notion of war. They haven't seen a modern war with its devastation and filth. We haven't been in a conflict since 1953 when a contingent went to Korea, so we have no recent war veterans, no young men who've radically changed. Our young men are optimistic about life. They think that Apocalypse Now and the Deerhunter were 'typically American,' exaggerated.

"Canada is a refuge for Americans. We took in the Vietnam objectors. During your civil war we were at the end of the underground railroad. The area where I live was full of underground stations. Many Americans have summer homes in Canada. We've become a retreat in the best way, sort of a cultural backwater, quieter, less fast-paced, less drive to to succeed.'

"We are like America, and we are like Europe too. We have the best of both worlds, but if you hear Canadians say, 'Look at me, I'm Canadian,' it's because they're trying to stand up against their big brother and their mother."

Shirley A. Rau

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BRANDY

Brandy Brook Cottage is down the road, across the bridge, between the trees, and not on the Bread Loaf post card. It's in a niche across from the "CAUTION STUDENTS" sign.

Roger Mork, a tall Wyoming cowboy with a Fu Manchu mustache, has lived at Brandy Brook for three summers now. He lives down the hall, across the common room, in a little cubbyhole.

"This house is built on character," he told me from behind his typewriter. "Many unique guys have lived here. There was Tom the red-headed Texan, Kevin 'boom boom profound', Peter Stillman, Art from Maine, and George the Virginia gentleman. Now George started a lot of tradition here. He was a proper mannered fellow who took it upon himself to collect fifty dollars from each housemate and take care of all social business. He started the 5's and 11's.

"A food chain?" I asked.

"No no, it was his belief that all Brandy Brookers should study hard all afternoon until 5:00. At that time they would congregate in the common room for

before-dinner cocktails and discuss that day's work and any problems with work, professors, and such. It was an encouragement session. They'd do the same thing at 11:00."

"They? Where were you?"

"Oh that was before my time, ten, fifteen years ago. His spirit has been passed down through the 5's and 11's. We've kept other traditions too. Our annual social, for example, is not a bust 'em down party. We like to have a civilized gathering with faculty and other friends before dinner. Ol' George would have everyone dress in their finest clothing, I'm talking coats and ties for men, dresses for women. We don't go to that extent now, times have changed... but we're still cordial."

"What role does Brandy Brook play on this campus?"

"In a way, it's independent. That's good for some people."

"Why is Brandy Brook so far from the main campus?" I asked.

"It was not part of the original campus."

"Why is the social in the afternoon, instead of a weekend?"

"That goes back to George the Virginia gentleman. It's the history of the social. If ever you get a chance ask Cindy Hilbrink about him."

o o o

Cindy Hilbrink: "Oh yes, his name was George Dunlap, he was a fine person, a real southern gentle-man. I remember two distinct things about him. If you had breakfast at his table he would always hold the chair and let the lady sit first, he'd always say, "What a Galorious mornin'. Everything was galorious to him. He loved Bread Loaf. The other thing that stands out in my mind about him is Sundays. On Sundays he'd organize brunches at Waitsfield and invite anybody who was willing to participate in a 'galorious day'. We'd go to the brunch in our best clothes and we'd have such a good time. After brunch he always knew of a polo match going on somewhere and he'd lead us there. At half time he'd make us all go out on the field and place the divots back in the turf. He was a perfectionist, George was."

"You say that in past tense."

"Well poor George died some time ago, I don't know how, but Dick and Hilde knew him. You could ask them."

o o o

"I understand George died, Hil, can you tell me about that?" I asked her.

"George Dunlap, the Virginia gentleman, yes, he had a tragic end to his life but first let me tell you about him and Bread Loaf. He loved Bread Loaf and he had the grandest parties. To begin with he'd ask us for a list of all the professors and staff. He'd write formal invitations to the Brandy Brook Social. Now this was no beer bust, they had every cocktail you can think of, and God graced him with a good day everytime he had a party. It was on the back lawn. They'd string lights, balloons, decorations across the backyard. There were long tables with hors d'oeuvres, and an open bar. It was back in the days when everyone would dress in their best, George was a gentleman of the old school. It's too bad he had such a tragic end."

"What happened?"

"Well, he had personal problems I won't go into but he died of a heart attack about seven years ago."

"Did you ever see him again before he died?"

"No, when he graduated he never came back. That was the kind of person he was. When tragedy struck his home he kept it there, he didn't want to bring his grief to the mountain. He loved this place. The only thing we heard from him was after his death. In his will he left money to Bread Loaf. No, it wasn't a scholarship, it was for the general benefit of the school."

"How much?" Hil's grandson, Chad, asked.

"Now Chad. I don't know how much but the important thing about George was that he was proper and an inspiration. He kept everybody on their toes. He was a leader. That's what I'd say about George, He was a leader."

o o o

"You've been here three years. Is that coincidence or did you request Brandy Brook?" I asked Roger.

He looked out his window and after a short pause he said, "I like the view from here. Brandy Brook is where I like to hang my hat."

Alfredo Lujan

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NOT A DILETTANTE

Polly Ingraham, going on 25, isn't getting any better at playing the piano. She still keeps at it. She loves it too much to stop now. When Polly wants to listen to music, she doesn't put on a record or a tape like the rest of us. She goes to the Barn to practice.

She suggested I could meet her about quarter to seven in the morning and that wasn't easy. She's a fast walker. I caught up with her about half-way between the Inn and the barn near the laundry.

"Come on, gotta get to it."

"It" on Friday was scales, Bach, and a Beethoven sonata which Polly began with the last movement and proceeded to play in reverse order.

"I just sort of felt like like doing it that way," she said later over some scrambled eggs and corn flakes.

"I try to do it every day. Yup. I learned once that it's better to do a little bit every day than a lot once in a while. Isn't that right? It gives me a sense of accomplishment.

"I started in the fourth grade. My parents made all of us, my four older brothers and me, choose an instrument. My

brothers all chose band instruments so they could march in a marching band, and I sure didn't want to do that. No way.

"I really don't remember why I chose piano. My mother's mother was a very good pianist. We used to have sing-alongs with her--you know, nothing serious, mostly English and Scottish folk songs and stuff and I used to love that. Maybe I chose the piano to please her, I don't know. My mother used to make sure I practiced and I did pretty much. My favorite piece was something called 'The Happy Farmer.'"

She sang a few bars with her corn flakes.

"I had the same teacher right through junior high, the director of music's wife. She only taught beginners, and when I went to high school, she told me to take lessons with Mrs. Elder. She was a great, great teacher, who had studied with some famous guy over in Switzerland, I think his name begins with G...but anyway, she had some real power.

"She showed me you could actually make something beautiful. You know those Brahms pieces? Well, I had never heard them before and they were just so beautiful to me when she played them. Most of the stuff I was hearing for the first time. My folks didn't have many records at all.

"I practiced a lot. God, I used to be disciplined. One winter I went from piano lessons, to tennis lessons, and then out to the field to ride my horse.

"When I was a senior in high school, I gave my own piano recital in the town library. I printed up these invitations that said, 'if you're not playing tennis, or golf, or gardening, come to the library and hear some nice music.' Mrs. Elder had me put on the program that I was a student of Caroline Elder and in parenthesis that she was a student of this person whose name begins with G... I just can't remember it. I thought that was kind of pretentious."

We gulped down our coffee and headed for the porch. Polly walks just the way she speaks: up on her toes, darting and quick. I asked her whether she continued lessons when she went away to college.

"Oh yes, yes. It was wonderful. When I got to Dartmouth, I discovered that I could take lessons for credit so I kept doing it, even though I wasn't going to major in music. I wasn't that good. I had two teachers, Gabriel Chodcs and his wife, Yoriko..."

I mentioned that they're now considered among the best teachers in Boston.

"Really? I didn't know. He was a very demanding teacher. Once I brought him a Chopin nocturne that I hadn't practiced very much, and he said 'don't waste my time with that.' Nobody had ever talked to me that way before.

"Once I showed up for my lesson carrying my lacrosse stick and he looked at me as though he thought I was crazy. I got the idea this was a pretty high realm and I better be serious. I hate being a dilettante, but maybe I am one. I don't know."

Polly teaches at Choate, which has a beautiful performing arts center. I asked her if she got a chance to play down there.

"Not as much as here. It becomes a little narcissistic. If I have a desk piled with un-read papers and then I've got to coach ice hockey, I get the feeling that it isn't really right to spend an hour on myself. Don't you?

"What I'd like to do next year is to play chamber music with other people, students maybe. I haven't done much of that. I'd have more incentive, and I could work on my sight-reading. When you're playing with other people, you just can't go back and fix the mistake. You keep going, right?"

Dan Farber

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KEEP GOING

8:30, cool evening, supper long finished, red sun falling toward a dim horizon, I tie on some running shoes and hesitate in front of Cherry, staring down the asphalt. Nothing to do but start, I tell myself, and I turn and start pounding down the shoulder. One foot after the other, rise coming up, pretty field off to the left, pretty sky, thewoods arelovelydarkanddeep, hollow rubber sound on the gravel, lumber truck, "please don't jog on 125," one foot after the other, over the rise. Haven't done much writing this week, it's hard to know what to write. I can put it on the page, but the ideas aren't there, a dry river bed which makes the surrounding land emptier. Need some lush green ideas, like Vermont, a cool stream, wet grass, sweat pouring down the neck, glasses sliding around on the nose, one foot after the other.

Dirt road off to the right, lean a little into the turn, gravel slides under foot, these shoes are made to play squash in not to run in so watch for loose rocks, East branch Middlebury River, "Sucker's Brook 4 miles": walk 4 miles and there's no brook, that's the "sucker" part. Up. Tomorrow night can't miss J. Hillis Miller lecture. Yale Deconstruction Company. Hermeneutical Mafia. Criticism as Haute Couture. Watch for the rocks, can't face the world without knowing something about post-structuralism. Literate cocktail parties, talk fast to cover up for having nothing to say, face it I'll never know much about these guys. But somebody does out there, why can't I? Must be conversant with terms, must impress. Life is vocabulary, a set of terms, properly used. So's writing, isn't it? A jewel of a phrase at the perfect moment like the most minute and exquisite detail of Helen's deadly beauty? No, writing is plodding, the hill is getting steeper, sweat on the forehead, slap at the flies, one foot after the other.

Road levels, it's suddenly darker, a stand of tall trees, evenly spaced, in carefully measured rows, Forest Service

sign "Norway Spruce, planted 1931," moving faster now. The late sun is a hazy dot, still bright though, flashing behind dark vertical bands of the tree trunks, a light behind a slit, reminds me of the Michelson-Morley experiment to determine speed of light--a light behind a fast-moving series of slits, observed from a mountain-top four miles away. Michelson-Morley? Country road at sunset? Pleased at such an unexpected comparison. The best metaphors surprise us, like the unexpected visit of a friend, whom we are delighted to invite to dinner. Who do you suppose wrote "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward'? He must have chuckled all evening, at having written the greatest metaphor in the history of literature. Good metaphors make me chuckle. Suddenly the spruce ends, the brambles begin, one foot after the other, what was the grove doing there in the middle of the wilderness? Who planted them? Those trees will stand for a long time after the planters are dead, a bit of order in a big wilderness, a monument, a sort of arboreal sonnet, "And so to times in hope my trees shall stand..." But meaning is only one foot after the other, another hill ahead, Sucker's Brook beyond, the setting sun, the streaming sweat, the deep green forest.

Near the top of the hill now, one foot after the other, a hundred yards more, must have been two or three miles so far. Going to stop up here and turn around. It's almost dark now, tough to look deep into the trees, into the undefined darkness. A rustling in the trees. Who's there? Am I there? It's tough to be alone in the forest. The top is coming, a few steps, it's a false top, the real top is much farther on. Keep going, no, feet slowing down, walk, rubber-legged, a circle, time to start down, didn't make the top. Well, tomorrow.

Jay Mead

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FEELING BAD

For two weeks, almost, I've been carrying around this B/B+ self. My identity used to equal A-. If only I had done <u>this</u>, if only I had done <u>that</u>, maybe I'd still be an A-. I looked at the letter from Paul Cubeta to find out what B/B+ means, and to seek consolation. I'm hovering somewhere between "good, competent achievement, an entirely creditable effort" and "very good work." Now the"very good" part I like, but unfortunately the dominant half of the grade is the B, and I'm not quite sure that good, creditable and competent are all the same thing. Which was my paper? Which am I?

In his letter, Paul Cubeta also wrote: "May this please be the first and last word on a subject which has never gotten to the meaning of an educational experience." Well, damn <u>right</u>. My educational experience is currently anxiety, and some paralysis over working on my next "competent" effort. Fail/pass/high pass would be nice. I'd be thinking more about the comments, which were very helpful and in themselves not enough to make me feel bad. But all I see is that B.

I suppose I wouldn't be writing this if I had gotten an A-. The old self would be confirmed, and I wouldn't be thinking that maybe--just maybe--I'm not as smart as I thought I was.

Johnny Johnson

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HALF COVERED

"So, how was your birthday, David?"

"Fine. I got twelve new Hot Wheels. And I had a cake like a pick-up. We all missed you."

"I missed you too, but I'll see you soon. I love you. Put Daddy back on."

My eyes wandered to the lighted window half a floor down and, because of the L shape of the building, only six feet away. The outer panes were ringed with steam, like my window over the kitchen sink back home. Home.

"Jan, are you still there?" Rick's voice spoke from home.

"Sure. Do you have a new roof yet?" My eyes focused on the lighted window without seeing.

"No. Everytime I go to town I pass at least three houses being roofed. The hail storm really did everybody in. I don't imagine ours will be done until you're home."

Movement in the steamy window.

"What's happening there?" he continued.

The form with a blob of black at the top and a blur of white at the middle began moving, bending over, and then uncurling. The white blur had vanished. It began scratching. Then I realized the window faced the men's shower. That's what "The Box" was! I was staring straight into the ruddy behind of a nude man. He turned. My hand jerked toward my face, fingers spread to cover as much as possible. The phone cord held me to the chair. Sensing the movement, the man turned and stared straight up into my red face, only half covered by my free hand.

"Have we got a bad connection again? What's happening there?" my husband repeated.

"Oh, nothing much."

Crouching, the man hid his exposed parts and slid sideways into the shower.

"I have a lot to cover for tomorrow..."

Jana Elliott

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ONE

He ate alone at a table at which few people usually sit anyway. One man at a table for six. He does this often.

I hate to see people eat alone.

He had tried to avoid this: "Oh, do you mind if I join you?" But the person

he asked was on the way to another table, salad in hand. He looked around, saw all the other tables filling up, and sat alone.

I immediately brought him two milks, the usual. I went into the kitchen to wait on line. I found myself standing behind ten waiters who need at least six meals each. I took it upon myself to assert his rights--

"I only need one," I said.

"Wait in line," came the response.

"Yeah. I only need one, too," someone else added.

This is ridiculous, I thought. Might as well go out to see if anyone else showed up at his table.

No. Suddenly--

"Anyone need just one? I have an extra."

"Yes!"

Good. He won't have to spend a long time waiting, thinking about how nobody is sitting with him."

As he came close to finishing his meal, he asked for more milk.

"One or two?"

"What's for dessert?"

"Strawberry shortcake."

He smiled at the certainty of his decision: "Oh, two."

I went into the kitchen, got his shortcake and milk, and brought them to the table.

"Finished?"

"No."

Oh, God. He wasn't finished with his dinner. He asked about dessert just so he could decide about the milk. He'll think I'm rushing him.

I put the cake and milk in front of his place. Lots of room at this table. I felt I should say something: Take your time! Enjoy your dessert! Would you like seconds? Instead, I walked back into the kitchen to find something to do, to get away from watching over him.

When I came back out five minutes later, he was gone--his dinner plate, the butter plate, his dessert bowl, and glass all neatly stacked at his place, the candle at the center of the table blown out.

Art Borreca

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TRIP TO SEE THE KIDS

I left Bread Loaf last weekend to visit my children in Massachusetts.

The fog was lifting from the river and hollows. At sunrise I was just north of Concord, New Hampshire. A car off the side of the road looked out of place. I stopped to see if everything was all right.

As I ran to the car, a man climbed out of a blue Duster. His face was blood covered, his car was wrapped around the tree. I noticed the Quebec plates.

"Are you all right?"

"My babies!" he yelled. He was in a daze; the accident had happened moments before.

"Unlock the other door," I yelled.

C O M E and hear your words made into an epic of the boreds, the downtrodden and the exhaustipated.
But don't be mad if your contribution wasn't worked into the script.

©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©©

CAROL ELLIOTT SAYS:

"We're grateful to all contributors, but we couldn't use the Whole Loaf."

BILLY ARONSON SAYS:

"It's not all laughable. Some of it is high seriousness and low tragedy."

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"I would go to anything
that's first and anything
that's annual. Who knows?
It may become perennial,
and you can say you saw
the first one sprout in 1982"
-THE CEDAR WAXWING BABY

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"HISTORY MAKING!"--Cue

"UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!"
--New York Times

"TRUE TO LIFE!"
--National Education Journal

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His wife was cramped behind the front seat, clutching a small baby; both were screaming. I took the baby in my arms, and tried to ease the mother out from behind the seat. The father picked up the three year old from the front seat.

"Let's take your family to my bus," I suggested, "until we can get help." The bank was steep and thick with briars. The slope was gutted with one hundred feet of tire marks.

"I fell asleep," said the man, "Shit, my car is gone. First day of vacation." I found out he was Joe Michard from Montreal and was on his way to visit an uncle in Summerville, Mass.

Getting the family arranged in the back seat was like a family portrait session. The baby, least harmed by the accident, was content, not understanding. The mother never did stop crying. She couldn't speak English and I could only

understand her "Mon Dieu" as she clutched her silver cross around her neck.

"It's all right," I said to her unconvincingly. I covered her with a blanket. She trembled in pain. Her right leg was swollen, possibly broken. I eased in onto a styrofoam cooler. I handed my daughter's doll to the brown-eyed three year old. She smiled for a moment, looked down at the gash on her knee, and screamed again. She must have wanted her own doll because Joe went racing down the slope to the car. He made one more desperate attempt at starting the car's engine - not ready to accept what had happened. The tree was too much a part of the engine for it to start; I told Joe we could bring all his things to the bus. His car would have to be towed.

"I paid $3,000 for this. Fuck! This has never happened before. I wasn't speeding."

Good thing, this might have been a different scene.

"Joe, we can put your things in the bus. I'll take you where your uncle can meet us. Maybe the Concord Hospital."

"No hospital, not much money." He might not have a choice.

We did start moving belongings from the car to the bus; suitcases, dolls, stereo tapes, baby food, and a bassinet.

"I thought we were going to roll it over. That's when I woke up. Shit, it's all ruined."

"I think your family will be all right," I said.

His wife let out a new burst of sobbing when we brought their things. "What is it?" I tried to ask. She pointed to the bent bassinet. "It'll be all right."

Soon a state trooper was on the scene, followed by the Warner rescue team of two fire trucks, ambulance, jeep, and a dozen people with forms to fill out. I followed the ambulance to Concord and would meet the uncle there. While waiting I found the hospital snack bar; Bread Loaf would be serving now. I picked up the local paper and an article struck me with new impact. "Lowell man killed when his car hit utility pole; 200 customers were left without power." The headline was careless. What would the Lowell man have thought if he had seen his life's significance balanced by a semicolon with two hours of customer inconvenience?

Because of the time spent at the hospital, I didn't reach Westford, Massachusetts until noon to pick up the children.

I was passing the school yard intersection and saw two girls lying next to an overturned motorcycle. A young woman holding a child stood next to a blue Datsun with a smashed windshield.

I bent over one of the girls, and recognized her as a student I had known at Bread Loaf. "Are you all right?" I said.

"Yeah...but my leg." She looked down; her white pant leg was soaking through with blood. Her leg was S-shaped.

"Penny, I think I broke my leg," she said to her friend.

Other people were arriving; someone said they would call the police. The woman next to the Datsun asked, "Would some one please tell my husband?"I said I would.

"The blue Tri-level, Ed Daigneault." She looked as if she would pass out.

The house was just up the road. Two young children were outside playing. "Is your father Ed?"

"Yes. He's inside."

"Ed?" I didn't wait for an answer. An old man came down the stairs.

"Are you Ed?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you have a son, Ed?" I asked the old man.

"Yes, he's right there. He's ten."

"Oh. Well...does your wife drive a blue Datsun?"

"Yes."

"She's been in an accident. She's all right, but wants you there. Two girls on a motor cycle. One has a broken leg."

The sirens could be heard in the distance. I wondered if Ed would feel insulted after the confusion was over.

I was feeling drained from the trip. Two years in the Military Police hadn't prepared me for this much activity. I wondered what the third disaster would be.

I had to wait til the next day to find out. In southern New Hampshire, far from Bread Loaf but getting closer, I heard the clutch cable snap on the bus. I asked a clerk in the plaza drug store if he knew of a mechanic or wrecker service that worked on Sunday. He didn't, but offered his help looking up information in the Yellow Pages. I wondered why it was such a labor to do this, and he must have sensed that. "Brain tumor," he said.

In the context of all this, my two-day delay getting the bus fixed and on the road again seemed incidental.

Chip Bissell

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INITIATION

The thin shore ice breaks as George and I put in at Axton Landing, load the canoe and paddle down the Raquette River. A beaver surfaces ahead to the right, and the shore offers glimpses of muskrats darting from our sight. Later, in the still cold, we load our guns awkwardly through mittens. It's the last day of another hunting season, and neither of us has ever killed a deer.

We walk softly to separate watches about a half-mile apart. Trees pop loudly with expanding sap, and sudden sounds of cracking river ice reverberate as though a giant were shaking sheet metal. Then silence. Trees grow brown heads, stumps become bears, a chipmunk in crisp leaves sounds like an approaching deer. Shaking, I try isometrics to force blood to my feet and fingertips.

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Sitting on top of a steep knoll, George hears the old buck tramping up through the ravine below. He rests the British Enfield on a rock, waits for him to step into the open and squeezes the trigger. The deer stops abruptly. He fires again, and the buck leaps straight up, spins around and runs back down the slash. George fires a third time and the deer, still unwounded, circles right and puts the knoll between them. Bounding down the hill, George reaches the ledge, looks below and meets the buck's stare. The deer snorts loudly, blowing white steam from dilated nostrils, and turns to run. Wham! Wham! His right leg collapses, but he continues to run toward the blow-down by the river. Wham! He disappears.

George notes the tracks and then sees the red and white collage of blood and bone fragments splattered on a beech tree. Losing the buck's trail in a tangle of fallen trees, he heads up the footpath to get help in finding the wounded deer. Fifty yards later, he sees the seven-pointer lying warm but lifeless on the bank of the river and yells. "Jeff! Bring the boat!"

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As I make the shore, I see George stripped to his tee-shirt with his arms buried to the elbows in the deer's chest cavity. The buck's green marble eyes are open but dull, without light. I hold the antlers steady as he sweeps liver, stomach, bowels and lungs onto the ground, staining tan leaves crimson. George curses the faulty sights and jokes about almost melting his gun-barrel with so many shots, but his face is pale, his eyes are whirling.

Jeff Spence

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OUTLINING IT

"The old Graphic Arts room?" Before I started teaching, I somehow imagined that my future classroom would have a less interesting but more functional name, like "Six." The building was huge, seemingly windowless, institutional, and I was very lost.

"Could you tell me where the old Graphic Arts room is located?"

"No."

"Can't say as I know. This is only my second year here."

"Go to the auto shop and...Do you know where that is? No? Well, then I can't help you."

Finally I found it. Miles away from the real English teachers, hidden in a hallway filled with grease-covered future convicts learning how to weld and hurt each other. It looked like a classroom. Blackboard? Check. Desks? Check. Authorita ian lectern? Check. Everything was fine except for the large steel sink in the corner and the bars of Lava soap, black and dissolving.

But the young teacher (Christ, who are you kidding? You're 27, smoke too much, paunchy, and have spent the last ten years periodically going to school when you weren't busy playing surveyor, plumber, salesman, roofer, carpenter) - but the young teacher is not to be discouraged. The first thing to do, of course, is to pull out THE BOOKS: Composition: Models and Exercises 10. No use wasting time trying to start meaningful dialogue. My first two jokes were still flopping on the floor like dying fish. Where to start? The beginning, of course. Why do you think they bother numbering the chapters?

"Okay, today we're going to begin by learning how to outline before we proceed to writing the descriptive, narrative, and expository composition."

A hand goes up. Panic. "Yes?"

"We learned that last year."

(A trouble maker. Maybe I can have him transferred.)

"That may be true, Bill (Or is it Mike? Christ, they all look alike to me.) but this quarter we'll be trying to expand on what you've already learned."

(Backed into a corner, I'd probably sell my own mother if I can say stuff like that.)

Eyes are glassing over. Maybe there's poison gas in the room. They're dying and so am I.

The thunder of banging metal fills the room. "Christ, what's that? (Now I did it! They told me not to swear in class. Maybe I can claim I was praying.)

"That's Mr. Czapski's auto mechanics class."

"What are they doing here?"

"Having class, Mr. White." She points to the corner door.

I open the mystery door. It's true. There are eighteen criminals beating car bodies outside my classroom.

I check the clock. Should be about over. Forty-seven minutes! I wanna go home.

"Okay, the first thing about outlining is putting down what you want to say..."

Don White

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AROUND THE CIRCLE

ITCHES

"Dolphin trainer."

"Freelance writing."

"Child abuse."

We went around the room hearing each student's choice of topic, the itch that would be scratched over the next two months of investigation. My 11th and 12th graders were going to search, not research, learning how to find answers to questions that mattered to them, learning how to interview someone who had the knowledge they needed.

"I want to know how a movie is made. Maybe George Lucas will talk to me."

"A used car salesman."

"Vietnam vet."

"I want to know the truth about the Patty Hearst story."

"Temporary death."

"What's that, Gayleen?"

"That's where someone seems to be dead but comes back to life. I want to find out what that experience is like, if there are some similarities in the reports, like the light at the end of the tunnel."

"Oh."

"I want to interview Dr. Don Rose, the KFRC disc jockey."

"Oooooohhh!"

"Prison guard. I want to know how dangerous it is, how they really feel about the prisoners. But I don't know how to find one."

"I have a neighbor who works at San Quentin. I'll check with him for you."

"Hey, thanks!"

"I want to be a country western singer, so I want to find a band that'll tell me what it's like to perform, how to break into the business."

"Maybe they'll let you sing with them, Chris."

"That's what I hope, that they'll let me do a song with them."

"I want to interview a mortician."

"What'd she say? Tammy, what?"

"A mortician."

"Why a mortician?"

"Because I've always been afraid of death. Maybe if I find out what it's like to see it every day, to see it as a job, maybe then I won't be so scared."

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SCRATCHING

"Who's got something to report today?" I opened the class as I had every day since the Search project began. Becky's hand waved wildly, her face a Cheshire cat grin amid freckles.

"The dolphin trainer at Marine World phoned me!"

"Phoned you?" Tony interrupted. "Oh wow, I hope George Lucas phones me!"

"She was super nice. She said I could come to Marine World and interview her and see how she trains the dolphins! I've got an appointment next week."

The class applauded, as they did each time a classmate reported success. The first few times I had initiated the applause, but by now, I didn't have to. Heads turned next to Cameron, whose hand was up.

"I got a postcard from John Krich. He acknowledged my letter and said he'd be pleased to give me an interview if I could come to Oakland. I have to phone to set the date."

John looked up from his doodling. "I forget, Cameron, who's John Krich?"

"He's a freelance writer. He publishes articles and has written a couple of books."

"Oh yeah. You'd better read his books before you go." John returned to his doodling.

"I've been reading them."

Tony squirmed, pouting. "I still have not heard from George Lucas. I sent two letters, one to his office in San Rafael and one to his agent in Hollywood. I should have heard something."

Mitch sighed, Kirsten rolled her eyes at Dana, Chuck looked at the clock. "Do we have to hear this every day?" Dennis muttered to Jean Ann, but loudly enough for Tony to hear.

Chris was kinder. "You might not get an answer from George Lucas, Tony. He's pretty famous to bother with high school students, you know."

"Yeah, I know, but I typed the letter twenty-three times before I sent it. I really want to interview him."

"Can we go on to someone else?" Dennis said, twisting towards the girl behind him. "Heather, isn't your interview with Dr. Don coming up?"

"Thursday. I'm so nervous. I get to interview him during his program. I'll get to see how he does his show. I hope he doesn't make me say anything on the air. I'm so scared. Darcy's going with me to hold my hand."

"Hey, Darcy, any more answers to your letters?" John looked up from his doodling again. "I couldn't believe how many letters you sent out about Patty Hearst." Darcy had tirelessly accumulated names of persons connected with the Patty Hearst case: lawyers, family, witnesses, bank tellers, prison guards, even a mailman. No one would agree to meet with her.

"I got one more rejection yesterday. I have a feeling there's some money behind all these people who are keeping their mouths shut."

"Don't give up, Darcy."

"I won't. I was interested when I started, but I'm really curious now. I got a couple more names and sent off some more letters yesterday."

"Good for you, Darce."

"Do you think I should call George Lucas and see if he got my letter?" Tony asked.

Somewhere in the room a pencil broke.

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SCRATCHING ON: DARCY'S STORY

"Who's got something to report today?" Bill called out at the beginning of class, beating me to my usual words.

"Darcy's hand went up. She was frowning. "I got another rejection." A sympathetic groan greeted her news. "But this one's different."

"What do you mean, Darce?" Dennis looked up from the note he was passing to Dana.

"Well, you know how I've been trying to find addresses for the names I found in the newspaper articles and court transcript. I was checking some of the names with a San Francisco phone book, and I found one."

"Yeah, you told us. Did he answer?"

"Yes, but he's the wrong one."

"The wrong one?" Even Chuck was interested.

"He has the same name, but he isn't connected to the case in any way. He was real nice, apologized for me wasting my time."

"Too bad, Darcy."

"But listen. He said he gets lots of mail and phone calls because of having the same name. Journalists keep calling

him at all hours, pestering him for information."

"Pisses him off, huh?"

"Yeah. He said he usually just throws the letters away, but he liked mine so much that he wanted to answer. He was sorry he couldn't help me, but he wanted to at least give me something for my troubles, so he told me what he sometimes did to the journalists. I can't give you his name, okay? So don't ask, because he really trusted me with this."

"So what did he do?"

"He pretended he really was this guy they thought he was, just to get back at them for bothering him. And sometimes he made up information and gave it to them. And they printed it. As fact."

"Wow."

"It makes you wonder, doesn't it?"

Joan Price

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THE LAWS OF NATURE

The Declaration of Independence died when Miss Mary Yane made me memorize it in the 11th grade. Dead language is not understood, I'd never seen or heard those words before. When it was my turn to recite a paragraph I was a goner.

"Alfie, it's your turn," Mary Yane said.

"That's not my name."

"It's your turn."

"Sorry mam," I told her, "I have a sore throat," and I cleared my voice convincingly.

The next day I was first. "Alfie you start today," she said.

"The cow got out of the barn an' my granpa made me find it an' it went to Patrocinio's alfalfa an' it got ballooned an' granpa had to kill it an' we were cutting meat till this morning an' I couldn't study."

Everybody started laughing. She turned red and said, "That's another zero, you're digging your own grave."

I had to get at least a C that six-weeks or my parents would kill me. At home I studied the Declaration with a resurrected spirit, but Tom and Jerry were more interesting, and the Dec didn't quite have the rhythm of "Paul Revere and the Raiders."

The following day Mary Yane told me, "It's do or die, Alfie."

I got behind the podium and started shaking and giggling because Charlie, Sammy, and Bomberas were waving their arms, flipping birds, and making monkey faces from the back row. But I went through with it: "Intercourse of human events becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another among the powers of the earth to which Laws of Nature entitle them indecent respects to declare causes which impel them separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident by Rights and the Pursuit of Happiness..."

"Alfie, to the office!" Mary Yane screamed.

"Why?" I asked.

"To the office!"

The room was silent. The Declaration was dead.

Alfredo Lujan

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WRITING AS A PERFORMING ART

John Holt learned to play a musical instrument when he was an adult. Amazing. It's hard to do anything when you're an adult. I agree with John, adults don't see progression in terms of increments. They see only the top and are immobilized by failure when they don't reach it.

During my adult life, I've picked up three new skills. I've learned to ski; I've learned to build furniture; and I've learned to write. When I skied with my classmates at Bogus Basin, five-year-olds bombed slopes that I could barely negotiate. In woodworking, I was worried about cutting off fingers while everyone else was finishing projects.

When I wrote, I coveted the styles of the writers around me. Art Borreca was sensitive and direct--recording feelings that I could only generalize. Dan Farber was smooth and fluid--using thesaurically pompous words that made me laugh. My Woman's Day writing style worked for anecdotes, but it didn't work for the cosmic issues pressing me.

So what did John Holt do when an instrument didn't work for him? Quit? No, he switched instruments. When he finally found an instrument that felt right, he stayed with it. He wasn't first chair cellist. He wasn't giving concerts as a soloist, but he enjoyed playing, and he was giving pleasure to his listeners.

Can an adult writer, who is comparing herself to the greats--Art Borreca, Dan Farber, Anna Quindlen, and Thomas Jefferson, sit back, relax, and let something worthwhile come out? You bet. When I felt the exhilaration of my ski run, felt the smoothness of my oak tables, felt the impact of my words--I scored. But sometimes, because I'm an adult, the fear of failure almost kills me.

Shirley A. Rau

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CAUGHT UP

Baking bread was not easy at first. I remember, years ago, wrestling with a seven-cups-of-flour lump of whole wheat dough. I felt like Woody Allen trying to tame the runaway pudding in Sleeper. Loaves wouldn't rise, or they would stick to the pans. My bread cooling on the racks would look like the rubble left over after a building had been destroyed with a wrecking ball - broken bricks.

Gradually, my bread began to look more like my grandmother's. I learned how to care for the ingredients - make sure they were the right temperature, in the right

amounts. I learned how to knead the dough. Cookbooks attempt to tell you how to do this, like composition books try to tell you how to write - but you develop a feel. You can't show anyone, you just do it. The skill becomes a part of you. I no longer concentrate on the end product, I experiment with ingredients. There is no longer a recipe, a structural outline, as such. I allow myself to be caught up in the procedure - the textures, the rhythm, the shapes. It works.

Kathy Fearon

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OPEN SEASON

I pulled the .300 Savage rifle from the back seat and wiped a speck of dust from the Weaver scope. In the predawn darkness the woods looked like a page of print pasted to the mountainside. I scoped a semicolon halfway up the mountain for practice.

It wasn't semicolons I was looking for though, and live writing buck season didn't open for two hours yet. I massaged my swollen knee, flexed my stiff elbow and limped off into the woods. I wanted to be on stand before daylight in E.B. White Notch.

The knapsack hung heavily on my back as I limped through frosty commas. I had packed a lunch of Oreo double-stuff cookies and a quart of milk. And to be ready when I nailed the live writing buck, I had packed an Oxford dictionary, a ream of paper, and my Royal manual typewriter.

Before I left home, my wife chided me. "You're crazy to go hunting when your injuries haven't healed."

"Don't worry. I can get around OK."

"Is there anything I can get you?"

"Perhaps a Writing Nonfiction 2A guide."

"How will that help?"

"I can't always tell a live writing buck from a dead one."

"Take your Macrorie conscience crutch."

"Got to give it up sometime. It does not help my peter elbow much anyhow."

"I can't see anything wrong with your elbow. You sure you're not faking it?"

"Positive. I'll read to you from my text when I get back."

I reached E.B. White Notch before daylight and instead of walking directly to my stand, I took a detour around the ridge that drops into the notch. I remember in years past flushing bucks from slash on ridge tops. I found nothing there but exclamation points.

I arrived at my stand just as sunlight began to ooze over the eastern mountains, but before I could shed my pack and sit, I heard a noise on the low side of the notch. A live writing buck broke from a stand of question marks, dashed across a blank page, and entered a thicket of paragraphs.

Relying on past knowledge of live writing bucks, I believed for a moment that the buck would continue to run down through the notch into Hemingway Tunnel and over to the base of Steinbeck Slide, but remembering a passage from Writer's Digest that said live writing bucks had developed a new strategy for survival over the past ten years, I changed my plan.

According to the article, instead of continuing on the run for a mile or more when spooked, live writing bucks would now hole up in the underbrush and wait for the hunter to go away. I still-hunted around the thicket and waited for the buck to come out the other side.

I had not long to wait. He scrambled across the page and made ready to jump into a sentence pattern blowdown. I sighted through the scope and as my finger tightened on the trigger, I realized the central paradox of my hunt. If I killed the live writing buck, it would become (What else?) dead.

Instead, I hushed the voice inside me that screamed, "Shoot! Shoot!" whipped out my Royal manual, and hammered out the essence of the buck before it could slink away. My knee no longer hurt, my elbow became whole, and voila, I had live writing on the page.

Bob Walker

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HAMMER

I.

"Well, I guess sorting nails is better than starving," wrote my friend Kathleen. These words made me bristle.

"So you're a carpenter." A polite smile and another sip of gin and tonic. The party moves on. This gentleman's patronizing grin and nod indicate disbelief. I smooth my new blue dress and sidle past him to the next conversation.

II.

At first there's a tendency to want to make a metaphor of carpentering. But it isn't a metaphor. If you cut a rafter too short, it's too short and you've wasted a sixteen foot two-by-twelve. There is nothing romantic about having the boss say "Use your rule twice before cutting. Once to measure, once to check. Then we won't be stuck with a short hunk of spruce."

There's also nothing romantic about nailing clapboard in 6 degree below zero weather while snow is falling into your apron. You must take your hand out of your leather covered wool mitt, grope for a frozen nail, set it and pound, one hand out to the weather, one mitted hand slipping on the grip of the hammer. Then when you blow into the mitt to warm it for the numb hand, the moisture from your breath quickly freezes. The only thing that works for chapped and split hands is Bag Balm, ointment for injured cow teats.

III.

I get looks now and then when I'm carrying my toolbox to my car or I walk into the lumber store with my hammer holster

on. But I like it. I feel the same way I did when I was a kid and I climbed trees better than anyone in my neighborhood.

I like the feel of a sixteen penny nail sinking into clean smelling wood, I like the sound of a stack of two-by-fours being unloaded from the truck. I like putting shingles on a roof and being able to see all the way across the river to the White Mountains. I like snapping a chalk line across purlins to made a nice red mark. I like the words "coffee time" at 9:30.

IV.
There's no normal day in carpentering. How can I write my friend Kathleen in Oregon and describe to her what I really do? Should I tell her about the time Dave Western and I were tarring a leak in a roof and a Baltimore Oriole began swooping around? Dave started singing to that damn Oriole and dropped the tar. But the bird came right up on the chimney and sang back.

Or should I tell her about the time I was putting up rafters on a barn with a crew of five. Four rafters were nailed to the ridgepole (which was three two-by-twelves thick--one heavy piece of wood). We all were at our places, teetering on shaky staging thirty feet above ground, ready to lift the hulky thing and nail it into place. But as we were lifting, something gave way and the mammoth tinker toy came crashing down--missing my head by inches. I just stood there not knowing whether this happened all the time or whether this was unusual. I had only been working for a month then. Perhaps this was the norm. I sort of figured it out when every other carpenter groped into his poclet and pulled out a cigarette. Silence. I just stood there, pretending my legs were not shaking.

V.
I learned the weight and force of a twenty-ounce hammer after I'd been working a year in this trade. John Corpy and I were building closets in a new house. It required standing on sawhorses and nailing over our heads. My arm muscles were not as developed as John Corpy's so I had to swing a little harder. Holding onto the two-by-four with one hand, I swung hard with the other. The next thing I heard was "Holy shit, Christine!" My ears rang and it felt like they were watering. I couldn't see straight. And then the throbbing in my thumb overpowered any other stimuli. I took a peek and it was purple. The nail looked like it didn't belong on my thumb. I swaggered outside to find a band-aid. But the foreman took one look and insisted I take a trip to the doctor. I tried to refuse (I must retain my non-wimpy image.) but they all were concerned. So I assured them I could make it alone to the country clinic in Londonderry.

The ringing was still in my ears, and my whole thumb was pulsing in time to my heartbeat. The thumb seemed to be getting larger too. But as I was driving out the long dirt road from the building site, I met Peter, the architect/boss, driving in. One look at the glowing appendage and he ushered me into his car and whisked me off to the clinic.

Vermont country clinics appear normal on the outside. They say "Medical Clinic," and cars are parked there so you know something must be working. But I was taken into an antiseptic looking room where the nurse said, "Oh, what a thumb!" When she brought in an alcohol lamp and a paper clip, I wondered if this was chemistry clsss. She held the paper clip over the flame until it glowed bright orange. Then she held my hand, thumb up, and pressed the hot point of metal to my thumbnail. My ears really rang then. The pressured nail exploded spurts of blood out the small hole. Vermont medicine, here we are.

"That's nothing," said Peter. "When I used to work on a crew one man used his drill to release the pressure on his friend's thumbnail. None of this alcohol lamp routine in my day."

I suppose this was my initiation rite into the world of carpentry. Now that the expected had happened, I didn't have to worry about it anymore. After a year I finally had a legitimate injury. The pressure was off.

Christine Hemp

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ANNIVERSARIES

Gold

My grandparents celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. It wasn't a celebration of how long they'd lived, but of how long they'd lived together. Grandpa hugged me when I arrived at the celebration and gave me a whiskery kiss.

"Your grandmother has missed you. Don't wait so long for your next visit."

The local newspaper sent a photographer to take a picture of them posing behind the cake. The shot that was published in the paper didn't show Grandpa pinch my grandmother, and it didn't show her chase him around the cake. The picture didn't show how Grandma's lips were sometimes blue and swollen, "a sign of heart trouble," Grandpa said. Sometimes she couldn't get up out of the rocker, and he'd give her two hands to heave her to her feet. He'd hold her till she steadied.

The picture didn't show his bone cancer. It had been in remission for years. He'd walk at night when the pain was too great to sleep. But he refused to stop cooking meals for Grandma.

"I'm the chief cook and bottle washer."

My aunt and uncle moved in with them because they were afraid he'd go down the stairs for some peaches or lift Grandma out of the chair and hurt himself. His bones were too fragile they said. So he sat across from her in front of the picture window and read Louis L'Amour, or they listened to the news on the G.E. clock radio. He boomed out criticisms of hitch hikers and women's libbers, and Grandma would roll her eyes.

"Pete, shush."

Grandpa was in and out of the hospital for chemotherapy and treatment. His ankles swelled. He bled under the skin and lost his appetite. He and Grandma didn't talk much, but sometimes he squeezed her hand. The last time they took him to the hospital, he said to my father,

"I don't think I can hold on for her much longer."

Silver

My parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was a celebration of survival. For twenty-four of those twenty-five years, they'd raised kids, weathering the arguments, the hair pulling, and the noise.

The dinner table that night was full of jokes. My brother got into trouble for talking with his mouth full. After dinner my folks opened the presents. I took a picture of them with their toaster. My mom grimaced and held it out like a dirty sock.

"Move closer to Dad. I can't get you both in."

The picture shows my dad smoking a long green balloon. It shows my sister holding rabbit-eared fingers behind my mother's bouffant head. It doesn't show the night that my mom told my dad that she had a job at Amalgamated Sugar.

"Margaret, you don't need to work. It'll just cause problems. We'll lose what you make in the income tax that we'll have to pay."

My mom developed friends. She went out for coffee, out to movies, and out for drinks. My dad developed headaches. The doctors couldn't find anything wrong. The medication that they gave him, he didn't take. He was disturbed when my mom came in from working late. She decided to sleep in the spare room. The house was silent.

"Your father won't talk. He won't go anywhere. He won't do anything.'We don't have the money,' he says. 'The tires aren't good enough to be galavanting around the countryside.'"

My sisters thought my mom was having an affair because of the one-sided conversations they'd overheard. My mom thought my dad was having an affair because he gave his secretary money to reline her coat.

The last time I was home, my dad and I walked to the airport. He said,

"I don't understand your mother."

Paper

Mark and I won't be together on our first anniversary. I have our wedding picture on the desk amid Kleenexes, books and half-used cosmetics. We look serene, surrounded by pines in front of a fountain.

The picture doesn't show the thunderhead that cracked above us during the vows. It doesn't show how we ran to the car, or how he almost slammed my dress in the door just as the storm broke the hot dry spell. We sat on the reception porch in the aftermath and drank and laughed with our friends. And they lived happily ever after, the end.

The end didn't show the differences that it seemed almost impossible to pull together. He brought a mounted trout in spawning colors, skis, and golf clubs into my waxed oak and oriental print house. He was allergic to cats. I had two. One of the cats ate all of the feathers off his prize mounted pheasant before it was unpacked. I was glad. It might have ended up over our water bed next to the trout.

Within a few months, the romance was gone. He wasn't bothered by an occasional toast crumb, bathtub ring, or stray sock; I was fanatical. When I turned on the stereo and Al Dimeola, he turned on the television and Howard Cosell.

I looked at him and the thunder didn't crack. But he pulled me through the year. I'd drive myself until ten or eleven at night and when I got home he'd hand me a beer, a lukewarm plate of spaghetti, and ask,

"How was your day?"

Sally Benedict

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PIECES

The first days in the hospital, I was terrified of sleeping. Each time I drifted off, I saw that car coming. It leapt for me and I woke, but I couldn't scream aloud.

A crisply efficient nurse stood at my side. "Having trouble sleeping? We'll fix that."

"No!" I wanted to protest as she pushed up my sleeve for the needle, but it was too late.

o o o

Four doctors pieced me together for seven hours, repairing fractured neck and wrist, rebuilding shattered heel, reconstructing my face from photographs. Afterwards, for the first time since the accident, I didn't want to see anybody. My face was needles, pulleys, cement trucks. My leg swelled until it felt like it would burst its cast. I would have clawed off the cast if I had been able to use my hand, would have chewed it off if I had my teeth.

They gave me morphine.

o o o

Before the operation, Dr. Hybarger said I might not talk again for as long as four weeks. I was talking in four days.

"Why did you say it might be four weeks?"

"It often is. Most patients with injuries this severe don't try to heal themselves. They turn their faces to the wall to say, 'Heal me if you can, but don't expect me to help.'"

o o o

My first week home, I dressed myself, put on my neck brace, and made blender drinks for my meals. I needed my good hand and both arms for my crutches, so transporting milk from the refrigerator to the counter was complicated and slow. I had to tuck the carton of milk under my left arm, squeeze tightly, and hope for the best. A few steps later, I sometimes found myself wobbling helplessly, a smashed carton of milk at my feet.

o o o

I insisted on being taken to school to show the kids I was alive.

Joan Price

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD

On Burlington's north end, unshaven men sit on front doorsteps of rundown clapboard houses. Shattered glass paves the sidewalks and loud cars run over the streets. My colleagues questioned, "Why do you live there?"

I knew. The rent was cheap. Furthermore, I had a nice apartment. The landlord re-worked an old two story storefront into a thickly carpeted, well insulated, freshly painted wonder. Inside my two bedrooms, kitchen, hall-like bathroom, carpeted dining room, sunny living room and all four voluminous closets, I could forget the dismal sounds and sights of North Champlain Street. The only reminders came late at night when a car brakes squealed at 3:00 a.m. or some drunk awoke me by yelling "Fuck you!" at his girlfriend. Usually I could roll back over, think of my cheap rent and get back to sleep. But one incident scared me and I couldn't get back to sleep.

It was late, about 3:30 a.m. on a Monday morning. No doubt North Champlain Street crawled with activity; drug deals, drunks, arrests, but I was sleeping soundly in my spacious apartment.

Clunk, clunk, clunk. A muffled knocking noise awoke me. I assumed it was just the hot water pipes. Plumbing in old buildings makes eerie sounds. I rolled over back to sleep. Clunk, clunk, clunk, it came again. Oh it must be a drunk stumbling on the sidewalk below. Close your eyes Lynne, go to sleep, you've got to be at school in four hours. But the noise kept haunting me. It would vanish then re-appear softly, then louder, then softly again. As drowsiness wore away, my ears detected that the sound was within my apartment. Curiously, I walked to the closet. Clunk, clunk the noise was louder, but it wasn't coming from the pipes encased in these walls. I tiptoed through the kitchen. The noise was louder by the hallway door, but not by the stove. Indian-style, I pressed my ear against the door which opened to the outer hallway. The noise was coming from the stairway that led from the street to my apartment and Margaret's place across the hall. A faint voice uttered undistinguishable words.

Swiftly, I unlocked the door and flicked on the light. Crumpled on my neighbor's doorstep lay a naked woman.

My breath jumped inside me as my body leaped back.

"Can you help me?" she pleaded.

God, I thought she'd been raped and left to die on the streets. Lord knows how long she'd been knocking on that door. How could I have tried to sleep while she knocked for help?

Composed by shock, I reached for the phone and asked, "Do you want me to call the police?"

"No...just call Margaret." She continued to speak in calm, reassuring tones, "I'm a friend of Margaret's. I sleepwalk. I walked out here, closed the door and now I can't get back in. Please call her."

My frightened mind clung to every instruction.

"Her number is 862-4384."

My trembling hand dialed. The phone rang. B-ring, B-ring on the receiver. Immediately following each b-ring, I could hear the muffled ring of Margaret's phone through the hallway walls. Good, I'd dialed the right number. The phone seemed to ring endlessly. Jesus, Margaret please wake up.

An angry sleepy voice growled in the phone, "Hello."

"Margaret?" I weakly stated, "Your friend, um, um..."

"Carol," whispered the naked woman.

"Um, Margaret, um, your friend is out in the hall. She's, well she's been knocking at your door and ah, ah, she wants in."

"God, is that what the noise is? Lisa and I have been climbing the walls trying to figure it out. Lynne, don't hang up. I'll send Lisa to the door, but please stay on the phone."

Click, the door across the hall unlocked. A shadow parted the door from its frame. Carol, embarrassed by her exposure, rapidly huddled and hopped into Margaret's apartment.

"Lynne? It's okay. I'm sorry about all of this. Carol hasn't sleepwalked for years. It's okay. I'm really sorry."

Click. Margaret hung up the phone.

Well it hadn't been a crime. It was only a sleepwalker. When I told the teachers at work, they howled. Norm, in his middle aged peversity, wanted to know if he could move into my neighborhood.

But I was scared. Noises at night began to frighten and haunt me. I trembled myself to sleep. Had it been an act of bravery or foolery when I opened that door? What if she had been raped? What if it had been a rapist at my door with a gleaming knife? A series of what ifs plagued my mind.

As spring approached, I opened the windows of my apartment. The sounds of breaking bottles, angry obscenities, and screeching brakes frequently filtered into my home.

In June, I moved. Now I live on a quiet, residential street where the rent isn't cheap.

Lynne Heckman

WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

When I married Georgia, Gretchen was part of the bargain. She was a frisky mix, mostly border collie, five years old. I remember walking back from the store one winter evening to our first home, an apartment on a Waterville side street. We were going to have artichokes. Clipping along ahead of us on the road was Gretchen. The rear view showed a bushy tail curled up high like a lady's fancy hat. Two shops of clean fur hung down the back of each leg. Gretchen could have had the pick of the neighborhood. But whenever she came in heat, it was always the little high-pitched, unattractive dogs that she accepted. She was beautiful on these occasions. We'd peek from inside, Gretchen dominating the foreplay before finally submitting. I was around for her fourth and last litter, eight puppies just like before. That was nine years ago.

She was never a kids' dog. She had a habit of snapping at unfamiliar children who put their hands and heads too close as she rested. But she could sing. We'd imitate a coyote's wail to get her going. Ten seconds of prompting would bring her to full voice, head rising with each howl. The high notes of the accordion would make her cry out too, though she'd ask to go out after only a few phrases. Sometimes, I'd sneeze like a dog, through my nose. After each sneeze, Gretchen would copy me. She loved that sneezing game. In excitement she'd crouch down on her front feet, wagging her tail, sneezing, and wanting more.

In her prime she'd stalk woodchucks. Gretchen could shake a woodchuck to death. Often she'd bring back baby rabbits to show us. She was warm and pretty, proud and neurotic.

Then she turned deaf and grew stiff. We had to make frantic motions to encourage her up the back steps, and even then she didn't always make it. Once Georgia saw a bunny not ten feet from where our dog lay, just staring at Gretchen, who could only pant in the heat. The vet said there was nothing to do but try to relieve the symptoms. She accepted the pills, but only when they were mixed in a bowl of ice cream; the first time she had to have chocolate sauce. Then one day we couldn't find her. We combed the area, looking in places where a lame dog might crawl for a last sleep. After hours of searching, Georgia found her far off in some deep grass, still alive but barely conscious. By the time she returned with help, Gretchen had died.

Georgia placed a small pine branch upright in the dirt over the grave. She said it looked just like Gretchen's tail.

Chris Prickitt

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W. C. FIELDS WAS HALF RIGHT

It's hard to have my background in a world of dog lovers. Not that I hate dogs - I just can't stand the status they occupy.

My brother Mike lives next door to a lady who is 45 or 50 with no children. She does have dogs, not real dogs mind you, but those little yippy ones, I don't think that is a breed. She has birthday parties every year for them in her backyard. She barbecues round steak and serves it with dishes of milk. Then she brings out cake and ice cream. Mike has never noticed if they like chocolate or white cake; however, they did have Rocky Road ice cream last summer. The lady once confided in my sister-in-law Polly that she didn't really know the three little ones' birth date. She had just picked a day off the calendar. Polly figures they are adopted. At Safeway once Mike got right behind her in line. Because they were neighbors she felt free to fill him in. She said a lot of people thought she was crazy to buy Twinkies for her little ones but they were her children. Mike thought everyone was right, but then he's only one generation away from his grandfather.

Our grandfather raised sheep, 20,000 head. Now, you'd think a sheepman would have a real interest in dogs, but he didn't. He hated them. The difference between a pack of coyotes and a pack of dogs was not a fine line - to him they were the same. Because my grandfather distrusted all types of fire arms, he never picked up a rifle or a shotgun - but what he handled it like a snake, so I can honestly say he never shot a dog. That's what he hired a sheepherder for. Because of the sheep ranch, a man brought my grandfather two dogs and unloaded them in the yard. The man felt they had real possibilities as sheep dogs, but they didn't work out. Dad claims the guy didn't get to the cattleguard, still in sight of the ranchouse, before Granddad hanged them both in the box elder tree by the woodshed.

I grew up very fond of animals like horses, which could be used to herd sheep, and cats which caught mice and were too small to chase sheep. Even today I have cats, rabbits, and a pig at home, but no dog. Yet every time I see someone whose dogs are just part of the family, I wonder about the subject. There must be a happy medium between people who hang dogs on sight and those who throw parties for them.

Edward Foy

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HOTEL HANOI

In May, 1980, a man who had been a prisoner of war in Viet Nam said to me:

"Seven and a half years...it's a long time when counted by cracks of light under the door, and each day counts for nothing. I was dragged out doors three times, in seven years saw the sun three

times. Once it was to stand in 110° heat wearing black pajamas. We listened to Jane Fonda talk down American Pilots. Now I stay away from her movies. It was hard to exercise in a cell I couldn't turn around in but I tried. My body got down to 90 pounds after pumpkin seed soup. That's why I don't drink today. I put my body through too much then. It was foggy that morning, we had to fly too low. The orders shouldn't have been made but that was the part I tried not to think about. After a time, I stopped thinking about rescue or escape.

"I started to live mostly in my memories, I tried to stay alive. Books I had read, movies I had seen, women I had loved - all took center stage in my six by six cell. If allowed paper, I would have written novels. One scene from We the Living I kept bringing back. I didn't remember names but could see in my mind a woman walking to freedom from Russia to Finland. Then the crack of a firing rifle, then the crimson blood on snow. I created lists in my mind of experiences. Mountains, rivers, cities; old loves - I would recite names like a sacred liturgy. Sunsets became an obsession. Songs I would sing in my mind when my own voice frightened me. Old books, read twenty years before I would try to recreate over and over again till they became like dreams. Some times I would imagine myself as the character, Richard Wright in Black Boy came to life often, I don't know why. Maybe it was that he survived in books too. The scene where he meets his father again for the first time as a writer impressed me. The old man bent over his hoe, gnarled hands and vacant stare from years of writing, his son Richard reaching out but knowing there was nothing to share. Maybe it was me I saw in both men - one full of ideas and youth, the other vacant, yellow-eyed, staring. Maybe it was my father I saw in the old man when I thought of returning to my Ohio farm again, and trying to imagine telling what I knew now. Then I would stop caring about seeing anything. The fog would fill even the crack under the door and I would forget to count or remember why it mattered."

Chip Bissell

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IMAGINARY CONFESSION

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. My last confession was well over two years ago. I've become an agnostic but I thought I'd come to confession because it must get kind of dull for you listening to the same old sins over and over again. Why I still remember what I used to say every time I went to confession:

I had impure thoughts.
I masturbated.
I disobeyed my parents.
I missed Mass.

Do you know the roughest thing I ever had to confess? The first time I had oral sex. I don't think the priest heard me though, because he didn't say anything about it. When I was a kid, you guys wanted to know everything about it when I got my first feel.

I used to confess periodically that I'd denied God or my religion or some such thing but then I came to realize that we doubters are the chosen ones. That's why we're here. We've got to find our own ways. That's why God keeps putting obstacles in our paths: cancer, famine, war, death. Those that have faith are in trouble. In my mind, God doesn't want us to worship him. What would be the point? Think of it as a parent and child situation. Would you want your child to worship you? Or would you rather he grew up to stand on his own two feet?

But thank you for the music. I really loved those Agnus Deis and Kyries. And the vestments and the statues and even the nuns--I hated them when I was in school but they were so unbelievably mean it seems like a fairy tale now. And the incense and the Holy Water and the rosaries. Even Lent. My mom made me say a Mary once a week during Lent and we couldn't eat meat on Fridays. The Protestants called us mackerel snappers.

It's too bad.

That is all, Father!

David Schwinghammer

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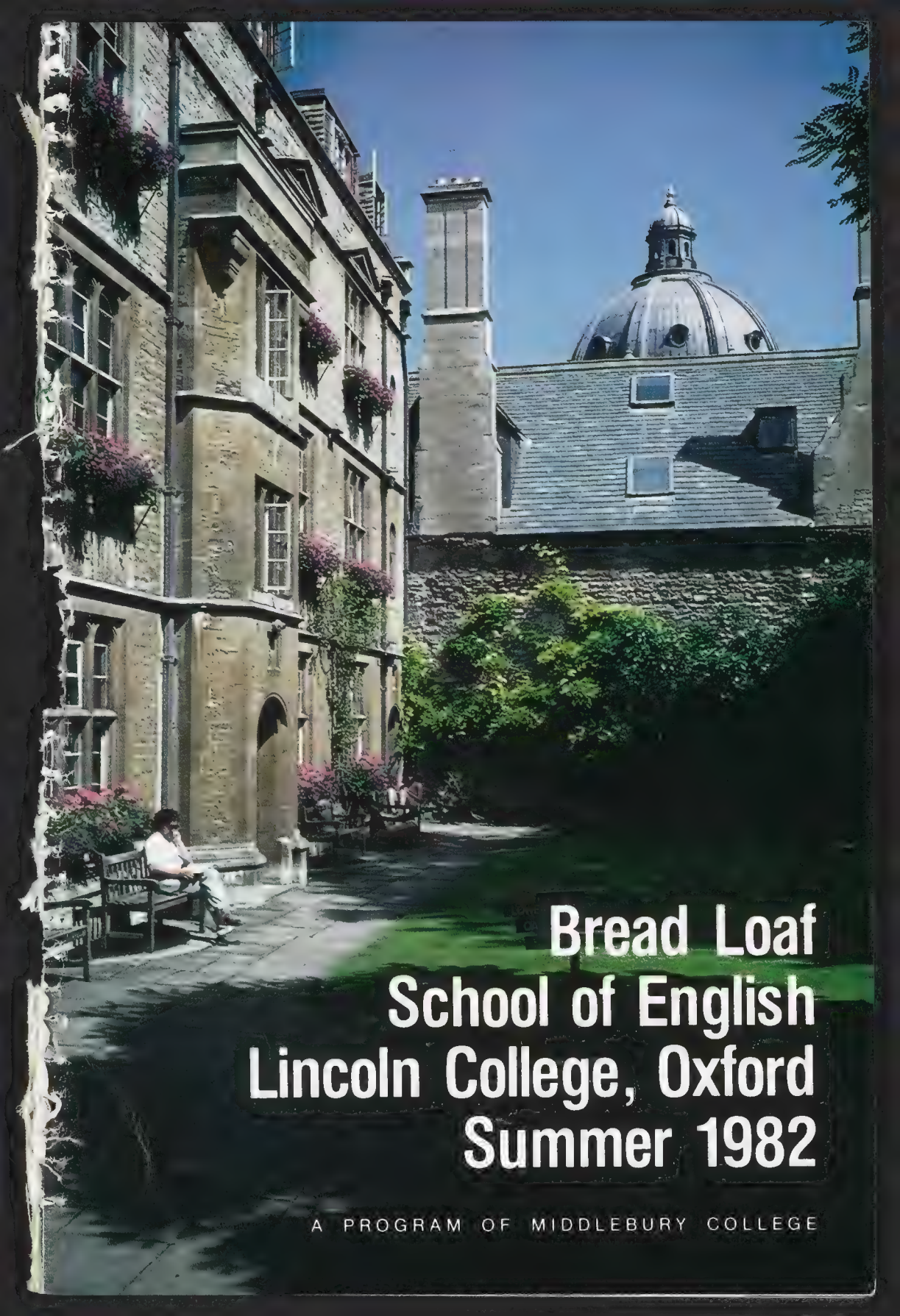
Writings in this issue are from classes in Writing Prose Non-Fiction and Teaching Writing. Names of some writers and characters have been changed to protect against injury.



Bread Loaf School of English Lincoln College, Oxford Summer 1982

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Front Cover: Studying in the Grove, Lincoln College.

Back Cover: All Saints' Library from the Turl.

Photography by Pat Searles

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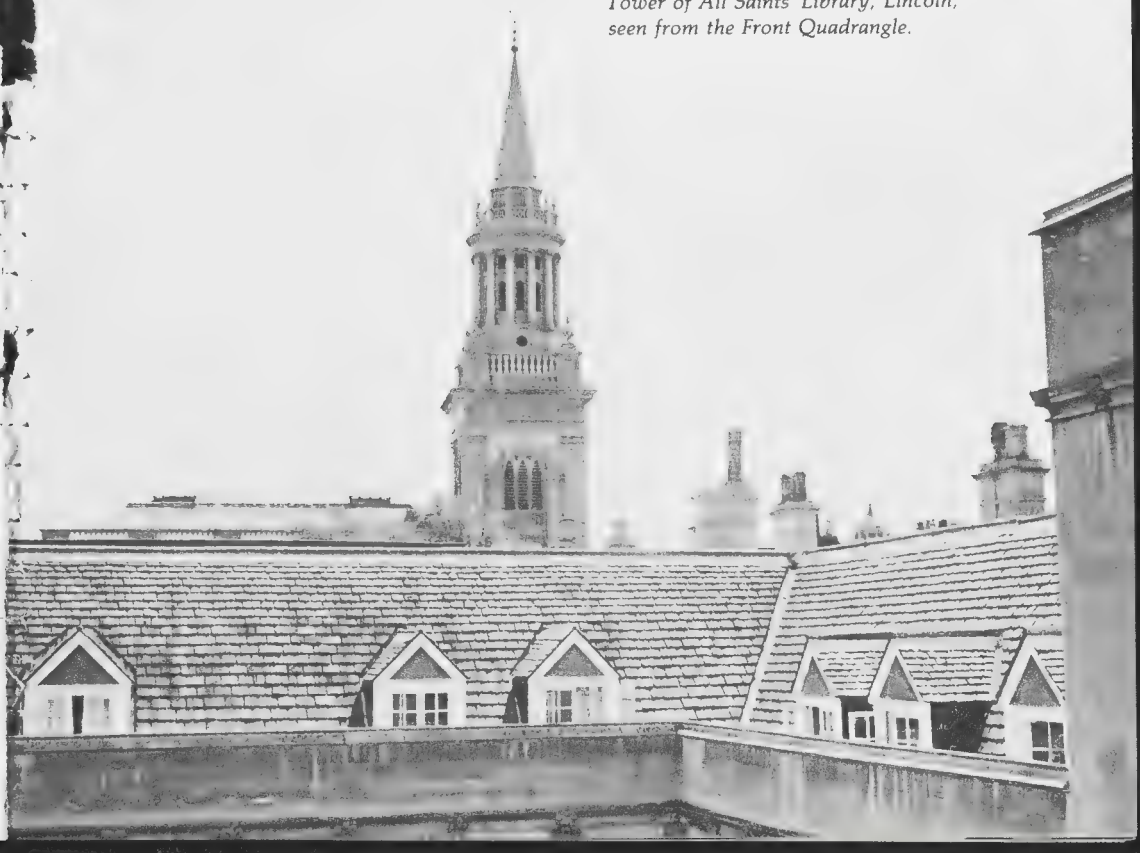
AT LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Fifth Summer

June 28-August 8, 1982

Tower of All Saints' Library, Lincoln, seen from the Front Quadrangle.



The Aim: Middlebury College and Lincoln College, Oxford, offer a program of literary studies devoted to the humanistic ideals of the liberal arts in graduate education. The School of English, both at Bread Loaf and at Lincoln College, aims to provide its students with a rich literary experience leading to the Master of Arts and Master of Letters degrees in English. Bread Loaf views its masters' degrees as an experience in the mastery of the literary arts, not as a process nor as a compromise. It affirms a commitment to literary concerns, not to a collection of credits, in the extraordinary educational and cultural environment afforded at Oxford. The Bread Loaf-Oxford Program attempts to emulate the academic standards and the social spirit of the School of English, as well as to engage the unique opportunities inherent at Oxford for the study of English literature and literary history in seminar and tutorial.

LINCOLN COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English has exclusive use of the accommodations of Lincoln College during the summer session, so that the School of English has its own identity.

Lincoln College was founded in 1427 by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, as a foundation to train clergy to confute the prevalent Lollard Heresy. Located on the Turl, in the center of Oxford City, Lincoln has retained most of its medieval appearance. Notable features of the College include the oldest extant dining hall in the University (c. 1437), the Chapel (1631) and the Medieval Parish Church of All Saints, which was recently renovated as the College Library. Famous alumni and Fellows of the College include Sir William Davenant, distinguished playwright and Ben Jonson's successor as Poet Laureate; John Radcliffe, prominent physician and benefactor of Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary, perhaps Britain's most famous hospital; John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church; Mark Pattison, educational reformer and model for the fictional Mr. Casaubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch;* and Lord Florey, eminent British pathologist under whose supervision the medical properties of penicillin were developed.

THE PROGRAM

Each student elects one seminar as a summer's program. There are about six students in each seminar, which meets each week in a manner determined by the tutor. In most, the tutor meets all students together once a week for two hours and then individually for an hour tutorial. Students undertake a considerable responsibility for their own education under the guidance of their tutor. Tutors assign as much, if not more, reading in both primary and secondary materials than is customary at the School of English. Oxford tutors place heavy emphasis on independent study and assume that Bread Loaf students are motivated to pursue their work without substantial faculty guidance. Students should expect to give oral reports in tutorial. They are assigned weekly 10-page, handwritten papers during the summer. Seminars are held at the College with which the Oxford tutor is affiliated.

Admission Because of the importance attached to writing and self-education, applicants must have demonstrated a capacity for self-motivation and for competence in literary analysis. All students who have attended the

School of English are eligible to apply. Qualified undergraduates in English or American Literature entering their senior year, graduates and graduate students from other institutions are also eligible for admission.

The Bread Loaf School of English enrolls up to 70 students at Lincoln College.

Application Students interested in attending should apply to Paul M. Cubeta, Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. Applicants who have not attended the Bread Loaf School of English or Middlebury College must forward a $15 fee with their applications. All undergraduate and graduate transcripts should be forwarded to the Bread Loaf Office for students who have not attended the School of English. New applicants should ask two colleagues or teachers to act as references. Since special attention is given to judgments about a student's writing, his or her ability to participate in a tutorial and to take responsibility for independent study, undergraduates must submit a sample of their best critical writing with their application. The application form doubles as a registration form for the seminar after the publication of the current Bread Loaf-Oxford Bulletin.

Although early application is advised, there is no deadline for application.

Credits Successful completion of a seminar with a grade of B- or better counts as the equivalent of two Bread Loaf courses (six graduate hours). The grade can also be transferred to Middlebury College as the equivalent of six semester-hours or to other institutions as is the practice with School of English credits. A summer at Lincoln College can be applied toward the M.A. or M.Litt. degrees at the School of English. One summer of residency at the School of English in Vermont is required for the M.A. and M.Litt. degrees.

Mr. Wilders leads a seminar in Shakespeare's Comedies.

THE FACULTY

Dorothy Bednarowska, M.A., Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English, St. Anne's College, Oxford and Lecturer in English in the University of Oxford. For many years and presently Director of Studies (English) for the International Graduate Summer School run by Oxford University Department of External Studies, Mrs. Bednarowska has held visiting professorships at Manhattanville College and the University of the South. She is General Supervisor for M.Phil. (modern period) English Graduate Studies at Oxford and has contributed *Henry James: The Portrait of a Lady* to the British Council's *Notes on Literature.*

Valentine Cunningham, M.A., Keble College, Oxford; D.Phil., Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Corpus Christi College, Oxford; University Lecturer in English, Oxford. He is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against: Dissent in the Victorian Novel* (1975) and editor of *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse* (1980). His OUP Opus book on literature and society in the 1930s is due very shortly to appear. He is currently editing *Adam Bede* for the Clarendon edition of George Eliot. He contributes regularly to the London *Times Literary Supplement;* his reviews have appeared in *English Essays in Criticism, Victorian Studies,* the *New Statesman,* the *Sunday Times,* the *Listener,* among others. He has been a Visiting Professor at the University of Massachusetts (Amherst), and Konstanz, West Germany.

Stephen Gill, M.A., M.Phil., Oxford; Ph.D., Edinburgh. Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Librarian of Lincoln College, and a Lecturer in the University of Oxford. He previously was a Lecturer in English at the University of Edinburgh. He is one of the Trustees of the Wordsworth Trust and librarian of the Wordsworth archive in Grasmere. He has published articles on Romantic poetry and nineteenth- and twentieth-century fiction and inaugurated the Cornell Wordsworth Series with his edition of *The Salisbury Plain Poems of William Wordsworth.* Other publications include editions of *Mary Barton, Our Mutual Friend* and *Adam Bede.*

Douglas Gray, M.A., New Zealand and Oxford. J.R.R. Tolkien Professor of English Literature and Language in the University of Oxford and Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall. Mr. Gray is the author of various books on medieval literature including *Themes and Images in the Medieval English Religious Lyric* and *Robert Henryson,* and has edited *A Selection of Religious Lyrics.*

Dennis Kay, M.A., University College, Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College, Oxford and Lecturer in English in the University of Oxford. Mr. Kay is working on a study of *The English Funeral Elegy in the Reigns of Elizabeth I and James I.* He has written articles and reviews on poetry and drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on Dickens. He is Consultant-in-Residence for the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College.

Martin Price, A.B., City College of New York; M.A., University of Iowa; Ph.D., Yale University. Sterling Professor of English and former Chairman of the Department, Yale. Before coming to Yale, Professor Price taught at Iowa, Drake, and Kansas. He has written two critical studies of eighteenth-century literature, *Swift's Rhetorical Art* and *To the Palace of Wisdom.* He has edited selections from Pope's poetry, an anthology of Dickens criticism, and the Restoration and eighteenth-century volume of *The Oxford Anthology of English Literature.* He has held Guggenheim and NEH fellowships and has been a frequent reviewer for *The Yale Review.* He is a member of the Editorial Committee of the Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell. He has completed a book on character and moral imagination in the novel (tentatively entitled *Forms of Life),* and he is at work on a book on Edward Gibbon. Mr. Price has been the Robert Frost Professor of Literature at Bread Loaf and is the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College for the summer of 1982.

Nicholas Shrimpton, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; D.Phil., Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and University Lecturer in English, Oxford. He was previously a Lecturer at Liverpool University. He has published articles on Shakespeare, Bunyan, Blake, Ruskin and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and is at work on the new Oxford edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold. He is a regular reviewer for the *New Statesman, Quarto, The Year's Work in English Studies, Shakespeare Survey,* and the *Times Literary Supplement.*

Stanley Wells, B.A., University College, London; Ph.D., The Shakespeare Institute, University of Birmingham. Senior Research Fellow, Balliol College, Oxford; member of the Faculty of English, University of Oxford;

honorary Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute; formerly Reader in English and Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute; General Editor of the Oxford Shakespeare and head of the Shakespeare department, O.U.P., Governor and Member of the Executive Council of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. Dr. Wells is the editor of *Shakespeare Survey* and author of *Literature and Drama; Royal Shakespeare: Studies of Four Major Productions at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre; Shakespeare: the Writer and His Work,* and *Shakespeare: An Illustrated Dictionary.* He has edited works by Thomas Nashe and Thomas Dekker and *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Richard II,* and *The Comedy of Errors* for the New Penguin Shakespeare.

John Wilders, M.A., Ph.D., Cambridge. Tutorial Fellow in English, Worcester College, Oxford, and University Lecturer in English. Mr. Wilders has taught at the universities of Princeton, Bristol and California at Santa Barbara and has been a Senior Research Fellow at the Australian National University, Canberra. He has edited Samuel Butler's *Hudibras* and a Casebook on *The Merchant of Venice* and is the author of *The Lost Garden: a View of Shakespeare's English and Roman History Plays.* He is a Governor of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. As literary consultant for the BBC-TV series on the complete plays of Shakespeare, he is writing the introductions to all the plays for the BBC edition of Shakespeare. Mr. Wilders is also Senior Adviser to the Director of the School of English.

Michael Wood, M.A., Ph.D, Cambridge. Professor of English at the University of Exeter. Author of *Stendhal, America in the Movies* and *The Criminal Life of Luis Bunuel,* he is currently finishing a book on the nineteenth-century novel in England and France. He is a regular contributor to the *New York Review of Books,* among others. He was formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, taught at Columbia for many years, and has held a Guggenheim Fellowship, a NEH Fellowship and the Chair of Literature at Bread Loaf.

LECTURERS

Richard Ellmann, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Yale; M.A., Oxford; B.Litt., Trinity College, Dublin. Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. Mr. Ellmann has taught at Harvard, the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, Yale and Emory University. He is the author of *Yeats: the Man and the Masks, The Identity of Yeats, James Joyce, Ulysses on the Liffey, Eminent Domain, Golden Codgers,* and *The Consciousness of Joyce.* He has edited *The Letters of James Joyce* (vols. II and III) and with Charles Feidelson, Jr., *The Modern Tradition* as well as *The New Oxford Book of American Verse, Joyce's Selected Letters,* and, with Robert O'Clair, the Norton *Anthology of Modern English and American Poetry.* He is now completing a biography of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Ellmann has been a member of the staff of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and has both attended and lectured at the School of English.

Vivian Green, M.A., D.D., Oxford and Cambridge. Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Lincoln

College since 1951. He has been Sub-Rector of the College since 1970. He has published many books, amongst the best known being *The Hanoverians, Renaissance and Reformation, John Wesley, Medieval Civilization in Western Europe.* He has written a *History of Oxford University* and has recently completed the first authoritative history of Lincoln College, *The Commonwealth of Lincoln College, 1427-1977.*

Charles Tomlinson, M.A., Queen's College, Cambridge. Reader in English Poetry at the University of Bristol. He has taught at Princeton, Colgate, and the University of New Mexico. He has published nine volumes of poetry, most recently *The Flood* (1981). His earlier verse is available in *Selected Poems, 1951-74.* He has translated from a number of languages, most notably the Spanish of Octavio Paz, and is the editor of *The Oxford Book of Verse in English Translation.* In spring 1982 he will deliver the Clark Lectures at Cambridge.

ADMINISTRATION

Paul M. Cubeta, A.B., Williams; Ph.D., Yale. Director, Bread Loaf School of English; College Professor of Humanities, Middlebury. A former Carnegie Fellow at Harvard, and Assistant Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Mr. Cubeta has also taught at Williams. Author of articles on Jonson's poetry, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* and Frost, he is the editor of *Modern Drama for Analysis* and *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "Richard II,"* and has written "Lear's Comic Vision" for *Teaching Shakespeare* (Princeton Univ. Press).

Mr. Kay conducts a tutorial with Joan Beattie.

SEMINARS/TUTORIALS

GROUP II

[English language and literature through the Seventeenth Century]

524. Chaucer and Medieval Literature/Mr. Gray

This course will study some poems of Chaucer and his contemporaries and attempt to place them in their cultural and literary context in late medieval England. The works discussed will include *Troilus and Criseyde,* selected *Canterbury Tales,* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.*

Texts: Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, ed. F.N. Robinson, 2d ed. (Houghton Mifflin or Oxford U.P. hardbound or paper); *English Verse 1300-1500,* ed. John Burrow (Longman); *Pearl, Cleanness, Patience* and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,* ed. A.C. Cawley (Everyman's Library, E.P. Dutton). For reference: *A Chaucer Glossary,* eds. Norman Davis, Douglas Gray, Patricia Ingham, Anne Wallace-Hadrill (Oxford, paperback.)

502. Shakespeare's History Plays Through Performance/Mr. Wilders

The plays are studied not as literary texts but as scripts for performance, and classes take the form of rehearsals on central scenes by the students. It is hoped that, by this means, the significance of individual lines, the structure of scenes, the psychology of characters and the achievement of entire plays will be discovered. Students are required to have some experience or proficiency in acting as a condition of enrollment in this course. They will be expected to keep notebooks recording their discoveries in rehearsal and to use the notebooks as a basis for written work.

Texts: Richard II, ed Kenneth Muir; *Henry IV, Part I,* ed. Maynard Mack; *Henry IV, Part II,* ed. Norman Holland; *Henry V,* ed. John Russell Brown; *Julius Caesar,* William and Barbara Rosen; *Coriolanus,* ed. Reuben Brower (Signet Paperbacks).

Brad Gioia strolling past Blackwell's.

518. Shakespeare: On the Page and on the Stage/Mr. Wells

Recent Shakespeare criticism has increasingly stressed that Shakespeare's plays should be studied as scripts which are incomplete until they have been realized in the theatre. This seminar will discuss certain plays with particular reference to their theatrical dimension. The plays studied will include those in the repertoire of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and members of the seminar will be enabled to attend these performances. An announcement of the plays to be performed is expected early in 1982.

Preliminary reading: The plays of the repertory (to be announced); John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare's Plays in Performance* (Edward Arnold, 1966); Richard David, *Shakespeare in the Theatre* (C.U.P., 1978); Arthur Colby Sprague, *Shakespearian Players and Performances* (Harvard U.P., 1953); J.L. Styan, *The Shakespeare Revolution* (C.U.P., 1977); Stanley Wells, *Literature and Drama, with special reference to Shakespeare and his Contemporaries* (Routledge, 1970); *Royal Shakespeare* (Manchester University Press, 1977).

528. Jacobean Shakespeare and His Contemporaries/Mr. Kay 9

A reading of Shakespeare's plays from *Othello* to *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII* in conjunction with related works by Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Ford, Jonson, Marston, Middleton and Webster. Students will be encouraged to consider the nature and development of particular genres (such as tragicomedy, romance, tragedy) and to examine their deployment by Shakespeare and his Jacobean contemporaries.

Reading: In addition to Shakespeare's Jacobean plays, M.C. Bradbrook, *The Living Monument* (London, 1976); D.L. Frost, *The School of Shakespeare* (Cambridge, 1968); A. Gurr, *The Shakespearean Stage, 1574-1642* (2nd. eds., Cambridge, 1980); K. Muir and S. Schoenbaum, eds., *A New Companion to Shakespeare Studies* (Cambridge, 1971); S. Wells, ed., *English Drama (excluding Shakespeare). Select Bibliographical Guides* (April, 1975).

519. Milton and Marvell/Mr. Kay

Members of the seminar will be encouraged to examine the works of Milton and Marvell in their artistic, historical and intellectual contexts. A selection of shorter pieces, such as *Lycidas* and 'To His Coy Mistress' will be studied in class, while consideration of longer works or of major themes will form the basis for tutorials.

Texts: Milton. *Poetry,* ed. John Carey and Alastair Fowler in Longman's *Annotated Poets* series; *Complete Prose,* ed. D.M. Wolfe or *John Milton: Complete Poems and Major Prose,* ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (1957) or J.M. Patrick *et al* (eds.), *The Prose of John Milton* (1967). Marvell. *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell,* 2nd ed. (2 vols., Oxford, 1952); *Poems,* ed. E.S. Donno (1972).

504. Seventeenth-Century Poetry/Mr. Wilders

Detailed readings of selected poems by John Donne, Ben Jonson and their successors, including Herbert, Marvell, Crashaw and the Cavalier poets.

The seminar will end with some consideration of the poets of the Restoration, including Rochester and Samuel Butler.

Texts: English Seventeenth-Century Verse: An Anthology, Vol. I ed. Martz; Vol. II ed. Sylvester (Norton N675 and N676); *Rochester,* ed. David Vieth (Yale Paperback); Samuel Butler, *Hudibras Parts One and Two and Selected Other Writings,* ed. Wilders and De Quehen (Oxford Paperback). *Note:* The Martz and Sylvester anthology is obtainable in America but not in England.

GROUP III

[English literature since the Seventeenth Century]

529. Character in the 18th- and 19th-Century English Novel/Mr. Price

This seminar will consider how much of the full range of human motives and actions a novelist chooses to present and what kinds of concern govern this choice. We shall also consider the shifting conventions for representing character and for constructing narrative.

Texts: Defoe, *Moll Flanders;* Fielding, *Tom Jones;* Sterne, *Tristram Shandy;* Austen, *Sense and Sensibility;* Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss;* Dickens, *Little Dorrit* (all in the Penguin English Library). Students are advised to read at least some of these texts before coming to Oxford, particularly the long novels of Fielding, Sterne, and Dickens.

505. Wordsworth and Coleridge: The First English Romantics/Mr. Gill

The seminar will follow the development of Wordsworth and Coleridge from 1793 to 1817, from *An Evening Walk* to *Biographia Literaria.* Emphasis will be placed on their mutual exploration of the themes of Nature and Imagination, but their concern with the politics and social and religious issues will not be neglected. *The Prelude* will be the subject of special study.

It is hoped that a visit can be arranged to the Wordsworth Library and Museum at Grasmere, for examination of poetic manuscripts and experience of the landscape in which they were produced.

520. The Theme of Marriage in the 19th-Century Novel: The Decline of the Happy Ending/Mrs. Bednarowska

A study of marital relationship and ideals of marriage in the Victorian novel with special consideration of the following topics: motivation and courtship, social pressures, and importance of money, parents and children, how important is sex? What goes wrong and why?

Texts: Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice;* Charlotte Bronte, *Jane Eyre;* Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield;* Elizabeth Gaskell, *Wives and Daughters;* George Eliot, *Middlemarch;* Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure.*

530. The Fleshly School of Poetry/Mr. Shrimpton

A study of the Aesthetic and Decadent tradition in nineteenth-century English literature, from Thomas De Quincey to Oscar Wilde. Hailed by Wilde as "The English Renaissance of Art," but attacked by Robert Buchanan as "The Fleshly School of Poetry," these writers represent the forbidden other-face of Victorian culture. The international links of the move-

ment will be examined in selected works by Edgar Allan Poe and (in translation) Theophile Gauthier, J.K. Huysmans and Charles Baudelaire. And, since several of these writers were also artists or craftsmen, the seminar will include visits to the Ashmolean and Victoria and Albert Museums, and to William Morris's country house at Kelmscott.

Texts: Thomas De Quincey, 'On Murder Considered As One of the Fine Arts' in *The English Mail Coach* (Everyman); Edgar Allen Poe, *Selected Writings* (Penguin); Dante Gabriel Rossetti, *Poems* (Everyman); William Morris, *Selected Poems*, ed. G. Grigson (Faber); Algernon Charles Swinburne, *Selected Poems*, ed. R. Nye (Faber); Walter Pater, *Selected Writings*, ed. H. Bloom (Signet); Oscar Wilde, *Plays, Prose Writings and Poems* (Everyman).

510. British Modernism/Mr. Cunningham

A seminar which will look at some of the 'modernist' developments within a fairly wide range of 'British' fiction — beginning with Thomas Hardy's last novel at the end of the 19th century and going on up to one of the central fictions of Samuel Beckett — in order to observe the various results of the authors' wrestle with old and new beliefs about novels and literacy, God and society, and their texts' strategies of scepticism, refusal, despair or confidence.

Texts: Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure;* Joseph Conrad, *Lord Jim;* D.H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow;* Virginia Woolf, *Jacob's Room;* James Joyce, "Shem the Penman," *Finnegans Wake*, pp 169-195; Samuel Beckett, *Watt.*

531. Contemporary British Poetry/Mr. Wood

A study of the poetry written in England and Northern Ireland since the Second World War. Writers will be studied in their historical contexts, and further reading will be assigned and invited. Part of the challenge of the seminar will be its attention to newer or less well-known poets, but the following texts will be closely read, and will serve as a point of focus and departure.

Texts: Basil Bunting, *Collected Poems;* Donald Davie, *Collected Poems;* Thom Gunn, *Fighting Terms, My Sad Captains;* Seamus Heaney, *North;* Geoffrey Hill, *For the Unfallen, King Log;* Ted Hughes, *Hawk in the Rain, Crow;* Philip Larkin, *The Less Deceived, The Whitsun Weddings, High Windows;* Charles Tomlinson, *Seeing is Believing, The Way of a World.*

GROUP V

[Continental literature]

532. The Novel in Europe/Mr. Wood

An exploration of the European novel as a developing form, with particular attention to continuing themes and varying modes of narrative. The following works will be studied closely, and should, if possible, be read before the session begins.

Texts: Cervantes, *Don Quixote* (Modern Library); Sterne, *Tristram Shandy* (Riverside); Stendhal, *The Red and the Black* (Norton); Flaubert, *Madame Bovary* (Norton); Dostoyevsky, *The Idiot* (Modern Library).

ACCOMMODATIONS

Students have single accommodations usually consisting of living room and bedroom. They take their meals together in the College Hall. Rooms are cleaned by scouts. There are flats consisting of living room, bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom for married students and their spouses in Bear Lane, about a block from Lincoln College. If accommodations permit, married students with children may live in Bear Lane. Students have available to them both the library of the College and the Bodleian Library of Oxford. The Junior Common Room and Deep Hall (a student bar) are available to Bread Loaf students.

DATES

Rooms and meals will be available by noon on Monday, June 28. Students must arrive by Registration Day, June 29.

Commencement Ceremonies will conclude the session on Saturday evening, August 7.

ADVANCE PREPARATION

Students are urged to complete the reading for their seminar before coming to Oxford in order to permit more time during the session for collateral assignments and for the preparation of papers.

CHOICE OF SEMINAR

Correspondence regarding the choice of seminar should be addressed to Mr. Cubeta. Since enrollments are limited, early registration is essential to insure one's first choice or first alternative. Only under extraordinary circumstances is a student permitted to change his or her registration.

FEES

The comprehensive fee — tuition, board and room — is $1,925. This fee is exclusive of air fare. Students are expected to make their own travel arrangements.

The fee includes transportation and tickets to two theatre performances, one at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, and one at the National Theatre or the Barbican in London.

Each applicant who is accepted is asked to pay a $50 *nonrefundable* deposit, which is applied to the student's total bill. An applicant is officially registered only upon receipt of this fee. Money should not be sent until payment is requested. Final bills are mailed about May 15 and are payable upon receipt. Checks should be made payable to Middlebury College.

Students who withdraw for medical reasons or serious emergencies forfeit the enrollment deposit ($50) but may receive refunds for any additional amounts paid as follows:

Before the end of first week — 60% of amounts due and paid
Before the end of second week — 20% of amounts due and paid
Thereafter — No refund.

Left: The Turl with Lincoln College on the right; right: Radcliffe Camera — Bodleian Library Reading Room.

FINANCIAL AID

No interested applicant with strong credentials should fail to apply because of need.

To be considered for aid awarded through Middlebury College, a student must file a Financial Aid Form (FAF) with the College Scholarship Service. The College assumes a minimum of at least $600 in self-help from each aid applicant. Requests for aid should be made when the application form is submitted; Financial Aid Forms are sent when the applicant is accepted. Although students may apply for financial aid at any time, the date for assuring most favorable consideration is March 15, 1982. Awards of financial aid will be announced April 15 and must be accepted in writing by April 25.

Within the limits of funds available for this purpose, Middlebury College makes loans toward their College charges and other expenses to students who are unable to secure loan funds from other sources.

OTHER INFORMATION

In late spring admitted students will receive a letter covering details of preparation for the trip abroad and information about living in Oxford.

Bread Loaf School of English
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

March, 1982

Dear Bread Loafer at Oxford:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for a great summer at Lincoln. A letter of "useful" details will be sent you in late May.

First, you should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You may obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid until at least September 15, 1982.

You should make your flight reservations just as soon as possible. Prices are going up and flights are heavily booked. If you are departing directly from the States, would you please let me know the following: 1) Date of departure; 2) Point of departure from the U.S.; 3) Airline and Flight No.; 4) Time of departure and arrival.

If you would like to arrange to share a taxi (£26) from Heathrow to Oxford, let me know by June 1, and I shall try to arrange one for you. A shared taxi could cut down on the jet-lagged hassle and would not be all that much more expensive than Brit Rail or bus.

Plan to arrive in Oxford on Monday, June 28, so that you will be almost over jet-lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on June 29. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. Monday, June 28, is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on June 28. If you'd like Lincoln College to book you at the Mitre, a nice, moderately priced bed and breakfast hotel, across the Turl from Lincoln, for any time prior to the 28th, just write Ms. Joy Makin, Steward of Lincoln College.

Seminars conclude by Friday, August 6, but I hope you'll stay for the final Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 7. You should plan to leave Lincoln no later than Sunday morning, August 8, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre if you wish.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning, so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London

at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Precise details on how to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be set out in my next letter. Beware of stand-by air tickets, and be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

It is not necessary to bring a typewriter, and they are difficult to manage in traveling. Airlines allow two suitcases - any weight - and one piece of luggage to go under the seat. Oxford dons do not expect you to type your papers - an American hangup. Typewriters (expensive, scarce, and poor) can be rented in Oxford.

Remember that electric typewriters and all electrical appliances must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not available in Oxford). British current is 220v, not 110v, as in the States.

Since surface shipping takes at least two months (or never), and air freight is expensive, it's better not to send books or clothes on in advance. If you must mail ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your Name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL:
June 28

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College assumes any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

You should be advised that under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's great bookstores, just a block away from Lincoln on Broad Street, However, you should read as many of the main texts as possible prior to the session. United States published books are much less expensive, but are cumbersome to carry over.

British inflation is running at about 10%, and at the moment the exchange rate is about $1.80, the lowest it's been in years.

We are booking tickets for all students for King Lear at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre on July 29. I don't have word yet about the performance at the new Barbican in London.

I know that it will be a summer worth waiting for. Beth and I look forward so very much to joining you in late July.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:cr

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1982

Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College:

Since I'm not running an International Scout Camp, it will be good to be done with all these details. If they make your trip easier, your arrival at Lincoln pleasanter, they will be worth the effort.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please return in sealed envelope with your name on the outside to Charlotte Ross for transmittal to our Nurse at Lincoln.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Questionnaire re Passport Number/Next of kin. Please return to Charlotte Ross as promptly as possible.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. The Oxford Essay.
6. List of Bread Loafers at Oxford is enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.

Your bill has been sent to you. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England.

Money: It's best to take your money in travelers checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £'s unless you expect the pound to rise sharply this summer. Banks charge 55-75p for a transaction. Travelers checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations, which can be substantial. Right now the exchange rate is very favorable (about $1.80). The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first weekend. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks may take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take at least $600 in travelers checks for spending money. Students in Mr. Wells' course should expect to spend another $100.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare, go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get $ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange at end of customs exit.
5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow. Or you can buy British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment. Go to bed and get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get a direct bus to Oxford or to Reading with change to British Rail to Oxford.
2. If you want to stop over in London (not recommended if you're not staying over), take the train from Gatwick to Victoria Station in London.
3. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour).

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate early-comers. You should make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. I recommend the Mitre across the street from Lincoln. No problem with reservations, especially if you advise Ms. Joy Makin, Steward of Lincoln College, of your arrival.

Monday, June 28: We must have your expected time of arrival so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00; and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry varies from two to eleven. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf).

Registration Day (June 29): After registration in the Bread Loaf Office, you can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Wednesday, July 1), or getting acquainted with Oxford. The Bread Loaf Office is in Entry VIII, Room 1. Mr. Price will be there during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford for you. He will be assisted by Chris Dee and Barbara Cohen, Bread Loafers East and West. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will takeyou over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian and will talk to you about the Oxford essay. There will be a reception at 6:00 before dinner and a short ceremony afterwards.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July.

Mailing Address: Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed 011-44-865-722741, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 01-44-865-722741). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board. There is a phone in the Junior Common Room entryway for your use.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the English like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford and London, and Commencement would be in order. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there are a wide variety of stores in Oxford, if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable charges (last year £5) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (last year £10).

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides linens and towels, but not face cloths. The College also provides blankets.

Sports: Bring your squash and tennis racket if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts, and tennis was available for £5 for six weeks last summer. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loafers recommend a good student guide like Let's Go. You'll be given a map of Oxford upon arrival and a copy of Vade Mecum, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please:

1. Don't bring radios, except maybe pocket transistors, because quad noises carry badly.
2. Don't bring any illegal drugs.

Weather: (As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently). Days can be warm (80 deg.), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60 deg. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight Time. (It's daylight until 9:30 p.m. or so).

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if reasonable warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. The charges are modest. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-board hotel across the street from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

It's been great sharing all this planning with you. Now have yourself a memorable summer. Beth and I look forward to being with you on July 24.

Cordially,

Paul Cubeta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jg

P.S. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre across the Turl from Lincoln for about £7 for bed and continental breakfast. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for about £8 per diem for bed and full breakfast.

The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £1.40 for breakfast, £2.50 for lunch and £3.80 for dinner.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

_____ _____
Father's Name Address

_____ _____
Mother's Name Address

_____ _____
Spouse's Name Address

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF KIN (Please give relationship.)

_____

_____

Signature _____ Date _____

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, One Boston Place, Boston MA 02101, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	30 June - 14 August 1982
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	28 June - 7 August 1982

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: *Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.*

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to the Bread Loaf Office,
Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name ..... Campus Address .....

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number) .....

.....

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? ..... If so, please describe: .....

.....

2. Do you have any allergies? ..... Please describe: .....

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

.....

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician: .....

.....

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years? .....

Please describe: .....

.....

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking: .....

.....

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? ..... Which ones? .....

9. Other pertinent information: .....

.....

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

Alternate:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional) .....

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

GENERAL STATISTICS - OXFORD

Student attendance by states:
(according to applications)

Arizona	1
California	2
Connecticut	6
Georgia	1
Idaho	1
Illinois	2
Maine	1
Maryland	5
Massachusetts	5
Missouri	2
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	8
New York	10
North Carolina	1
Ohio	3
Pennsylvania	4
Tennessee	1
Texas	1
Utah	1
Vermont	3
Virginia	2
Greece	1
Puerto Rico	1
Switzerland	1

(21 states represented
and 3 foreign countries)

Number of courses	13
Number of faculty	10
Total student enrollment	64
Men students	33
Women students	31
Former students	43
New students	21

Candidates for Midd. M.A.	38
Candidates for M.Litt.	11
Undergraduates	10
Continuing Education	1
Number of colleges represented (where graduated with B.A.)	40
Average age of students	30
Median age of students	28

Under 21	0
21-25	22
26-30	21
31-35	10
36-40	1
41-50	7
51 & over	3

Private school teachers	28
Public school teachers	4
College and Jr. College	9
Undergraduate students	9
Graduate students	2
Unemployed	6
Other occupations	6
Scholarship students	28

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford

FIFTH SESSION

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL
OXFORD, ENGLAND

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1982
9:00 P.M.

1982

Candidate for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

Christopher Ellsworth Weakley

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

Stephen Burnet Hauge
Richard Hyatt Lansdale, IV
Elaine Marie Leskiw
Mary Elizabeth Mayer
Thomas Humphrey Mayer
Michael Saladyga

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

Karen Hanrahan Gallagher
Ann Eileen McCluskey

PROGRAM

Processional

Introductory Remarks

PAUL M. CUBETA, PH.D.
Director, Bread Loaf School of English
College Professor of Humanities, Middlebury College

Rector's Welcome

THE RT. HON. LORD TREND, P.C., G.C.B., C.V.O., L.L.D.
Rector, Lincoln College

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

MICHAEL SALADYGA, A.B.

Commencement Address

STEPHEN GILL, M.A., M.PHIL., PH.D.
Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College
Lecturer in the University of Oxford

Conferring of the Degrees of
Bachelor of Arts
Master of Arts
Master of Letters

MARTIN PRICE, PH.D.
Sterling Professor of English, Yale University

DENNIS KAY, M.A.
Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College
Lecturer in the University of Oxford

PAUL M. CUBETA

Concluding Remarks

MARY ELIZABETH MAYER, A.B.

Recessional

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

CANDIDATE FOR MIDDLEBURY B.A. DEGREE - OXFORD (1)

Christopher Weakley

CANDIDATES FOR MIDDLEBURY M.A. DEGREE - OXFORD (38)

Ian Baker
Heather Bryant
Barbara Cohen
Laurel Fritz
James Gibney
Suzanne Griffin
Kerry Griffith
Thomas Hardwick
Monie Hardwick
Stephen Hauge
Amy Herring
Peter Herzberg
Martha Jones
Gail Kent
Garitt Kono
Richard Lansdale
Elaine Leskiw
John Lin
Susan Litwack
John Longwith
John Macaulay
Mary Mayer
Thomas Mayer
Steven Mederios
Janet Meeks
Kevin Morrin
Joy Mulligan
Michael Mulligan
Scott Oates
Trevor Peard
Michael Saladyga
Theodore Senn
Bart Srebnick
Dianne Sutton
Stuart Tisdale
Marian Unger
Christine VonderHaar
Dennis Zalecki

CANDIDATES FOR MIDDLEBURY M.LITT DEGREE - OXFORD (11)

RoseLee Bancroft
Joan Beattie
Thomas Crain
Cynthia Crozier
Christopher Dee
Elena de Torruella
Kevin Gallagher
Karen Gallagher
Ann McCluskey
Nancy Rome
Elisabeth Sears

UNDERGRADUATES - OXFORD (9)

Gretchen Geer
Martha Jones
Andrew Kennedy
Douglas Kincade
Garitt Kono
Evan Stone
Sally Sutton
Gerard Vecchio
David Vetter

CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION - OXFORD (1)

Margaret Dunn

Bread Loaf School of English - Oxford
1982

Independent Projects - Winter

Stephen Hauge

Bread Loaf School of English
1982

COLLEGES REPRESENTED - OXFORD (40)

Arizona State - 1
Augusta College - 1
Baptist Bible College - 1
Brown University - 1
Carleton - 1
Castleton - 1
Colby - 1
Colgate University - 1
College of Idaho - 1
Fairfield University - 1
Fontbonne - 1
Harvard - 1
Kenyon - 1
Leeds - 1
Lehigh - 1
Loyola University - 1
Manhattanville - 1
Maryland Institute of Art - 1
Middlebury College - 20
New College - 1
Northwestern - 1
Ohio State - 1
Princeton - 2
Seton Hall - 1
St. Lawrence - 1
SUC Geneseo - 1
SUNY, Buffalo - 1
Syracuse University - 1
Texas A & M - 1
University of Massachusetts - 1
University of North Carolina - 1
University of Tennessee - Chattanooga - 1
University of Vermont - 1
Virginia Tech - 1
Washington University - 1
Wellesley - 1
Western Connecticut - 1
Willamette University - 1
Williams - 2
Yale - 4

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

Oxford

The Mark Wilson Scholarship	Douglas Kincade
The Jack Kirk Scholarship	Michael and Joy Mulligan
The Laurence Holland Scholarship	Michael Saladyga

PANICULUM

Volume 5, No. 1 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College June 28, 1982

Cheers! You're Here.

The director, Martin Price, and his assistants, Christopher Dee and Barbara Cohen, welcome all of you to the fifth session of the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College. We hope you have a happy and productive summer.

BREAD LOAF OFFICE

The Bread Loaf Office is located in the Chapel Quad, No. 1 off Stairway 8. It will be open all day Monday, and thereafter for an hour after breakfast and lunch. Martin and Mary Price are living in Bear Lane; Chris and Barbara are living in Stairway XI, room 3. Please drop by if we can help with anything.

MEALS

Luncheon in Hall at 1:00pm, dinner at 7:00.

FRONT GATE

Those of you living in College have been given two keys. One is your room key and the other is for the front gate, which is locked about midnight.

PHONES

The phone number of Lincoln College is Oxford (0865) 722741. This will connect callers with the Porter who will take a message, but the phone cannot be used for personal conversations or outgoing calls. The number of the Bread Loaf Office is 44591. This number may be used for incoming long distance calls during the hour after lunch when the office is open.

Pay phones are located in Stairway 6, adjacent to the Junior Common Room, and in Lincoln House, across the Turl.

BULLETIN BOARD

The PANICULUM will be posted on this board each weekday. You should check the bulletin board as you pass through the Lodge for personal messages and announcements from the Bread Loaf Office.

MONDAY'S SCHEDULE

1:00: Lunch.

2-5:00: Registration in the Bread Loaf Office.

6-7:00: Free Open Bar in Deep Hall, courtesy of the Director. Lord Trend, Rector of Lincoln College, will be on hand to welcome you.

7:00: Dinner in Hall.

PANICULUM

Volume 5, No. 2 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College June 29, 1982

I LOVE TO SEE IT LAP THE MILES

The rail strike has been suspended! As of last night, the London Tube strike was still on, though.

HOW TO LIVE, WHAT TO DO

Please study the posted schedule of today's events.

If you have not yet registered at the Bread Loaf Office, which is open all day today, and an hour after breakfast and lunch on days hereafter, do so today.

CLAD IN ONE GREEN HUE

If you would like vegetarian meals, sign up in the Bread Loaf Office by tomorrow morning. Please note: you may elect a vegetarian lunch (i.e., a salad) and a non-vegetarian dinner. If you will eat fish, please inform the Office.

The Chef asks that whatever culinary plan you opt for, you stick with. In other words, you may not choose your meals on a daily basis: once a vegetarian, always a vegetarian.

A MIGHTY MAZE ! BUT NOT WITHOUT A PLAN

For Dennis Kay's 11:30 tour of Lincoln College and Library, please assemble in Hall (Oxonian ellipsis for dining hall).

SHAKESPEARE TICKETS

There are thirteen extra tickets for tomorrow night's Stratford production of Much Ado About Nothing. If you wish to join the Stanley Wells brigade, sign up at the Bread Loaf Office. Transportation has been arranged, but you must pay (an as yet undetermined charge) for it, and for the tickets as well.

AND DRUNK THE MILK OF PARADISE

Every night immediately after dinner, coffee will be served in the JCR.

Deep Hall is open from 12 to 1, and from 6 to 7 each day; you are invited to bring your libation with you to the meal.

WITH NECTAR PURE HIS OOZY LOCKS HE LAVES

There are strong steamy showers, and bathtubs, and washing machines available in "The Submarine"--downstairs from the Bread Loaf Office.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 3 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College June 30, 1982

ALL WHOLSOM FOOD IS CAUGHT WITHOUT A NET OR A TRAP

Vegetarians are asked to declare themselves this morning in the Bread Loaf Office. Lunchtime salads commence today.

AND THE FRUIT OF THAT FORBIDDEN TREE

People in Mr. Shrimpton's class: meet at the Porter's Lodge at 10:40 for the hike to Fyfield Road. (It's a good 15-minute walk.)

SOME TAKE PHYSIC...

Dr. Ann McPherson's office is at 19 Beaumont Street; her phone is 40501.

...OTHERS SCRIBBLE PLAYS

If you would like to sign on with Stanley Wells' people to see Much Ado About Nothing tonight (£12. 25 for tickets and transportation), or Macbeth on July 6, or The Tempest on August 5, come to the Office today. There are a few spots left. (BUS LEAVES AT GLOUCESTER GREEN AT 5 TODAY.)

The excellent Phoenix Theater is having a "Shakespeare on Film" week. Tonight, Peter Brook's King Lear will be shown at 7:30 . Other films:

July 1: Olivier in Othello
July 2: Charlton Heston's Antony and Cleopatra
July 3: Olivier's Richard III

The Phoenix, which has two movies every night, and special late shows on weekends (which will be announced in the Paniculum), is on Walton St.

TRUANT DISPOSITIONS

If you have not turned in all your forms to the office, please do so TODAY.

SUSAN ELY

Please come to the office.

THE KEY TO ALL MYTHOLOGIES

The round-headed key opening the front door of Lincoln also opens the gate to the Lincoln Library.

THAT NEVER WROTE TO ME

You may post your letters and cards at the porter's lodge; letters are 26p and postcards are 24p.

PANICULUM

Vol.5, No. 4 Bread Loaf School of English, Lincoln College July 1, 1982

THE MEMORY BE GREEN

Tonight at 8:15 in the Oakeshott Room, Dr. Vivian Green will deliver a lecture on the history of Lincoln College. Dr. Green received his M.A. and his D.D. from Cambridge. A fellow of the Royal History Society and Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Lincoln College since 1970, Dr. Green has been Sub-Rector of the College since 1970. He has published widely; he has written a History of Oxford University and has recently completed the first authoritative history of Lincoln College. His address will last approximately one hour.

EAT A CROCODILE?

Vegetarians and salad people are asked to write (V) after their names when they sign out for meals.

TRIPPINGLY ON THE TONGUE

Seniors will meet today at 12:30 in Deep Hall to choose a Commencement Speaker.

GLAD ANIMAL MOVEMENTS

There are maps available in the Bread Loaf Office which show the route to the Lincoln College Sports Ground.

AN EXCELLENT PLAY, WELL DIGESTED IN THE SCENES

Closing this weekend at the Oxford Playhouse is Carlo Goldoni's "The Servant of Two Masters," described as "A Spectacle in the Italian Style," and performed by The Cambridge Theater Company. And if you call the Box Office at 47133 you can arrange to have tickets and a complete meal before or after the show at the Chinese restaurant "The Opium Den" for only £7.75. A good deal.

WHERE MEN MAY READ STRANGE MATTERS

If you missed the trip to the Bodleian to sign up as a reader, you may fill out a form in the B.L. Office which will fix all that.

OLD AGE HATH YET ITS PROFIT

If the second-hand department at Blackwell's doesn't have what you're looking for, you might try Robin Waterfield, Ltd., Oxford's largest second-hand bookstore, on 36 Park End Street, between Nuffield College and the railroad station.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 5 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 2, 1982

MY SALAD DAYS, WHEN I WAS GREEN IN JUDGEMENT

Last night at dinner, four non-dinner-vegetarians accepted vegetarian meals. This meant that four official dinner-vegetarians had to wait, while the ever-obliging Chef had to cook up four more vegetarian dinners on the spot. PLEASE DO NOT ACCEPT MEALS YOU HAVE NOT REQUESTED; IT COMPLICATES THINGS FOR THE CHEF, AND INCONVENIENCES GREEN-EATING BREAD LOAFERS. If you would like to register as a veggie for lunch and/or dinner, stop by the office.

A MOVEABLE FEAST

Tonight, dinner will be served (actually not: it will be a buffet) in the Quincentenary Room, up the stairs to the left of the dining hall. Same time.

THE WISE MAN'S PASSION, AND THE VAIN MAN'S TOAST

On Saturday, breakfast is served at the same time as usual; on Sunday, it is served from 8:45 to 9:15.

AND GLADLY TECHE

Mr. Gray's course will meet on Monday at 2:00.

TO SPORT WITH AMARYLLIS IN THE SHADE

The Oxford University Sports Center is a 15-minute walk fown Iffley Road. Open 11-5 Monday, Wednesday, Friday; 11-9 Tuesday and Thursday; 10-1 Saturday. The Center has 6 tennis courts, 3 squash courts, a volleyball/basketball room, a track, and a weight room. Membership is £10 for the summer, but We can get a membership for the college if 30 people will pay £5 each . Sign up with Steve Hauge on Monday at lunch.

YOUVE HEARD THE LECTURE...

...now read the book. Vivian Green's witty tome The Commonwealth of Lincoln College: 1427-1977 is available to Bread Loafers at the special reduced price of £8.50. (Sells for £20). And if you act now...

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Good flicks this weekend. At the Phoenix (on Walton Street) Antony & Cleopatra Friday and Richard III Saturday in Phoenix I; in Phoenix II, Prince of the City, the only modern American film to quote DeQuincey. Late shows (11pm) this weekend: at the Phoenix I, The Birds on Friday, Excalibur Sat; at the Phoenix II, Women in Love Friday, The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeiosie Sat.

At the Penutimate (down Cowley Rd., on Jeune Street): A Wedding (Fri.), Play it Again Sam (Sat), Casablanca (Sun). You do have to become a member.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 5 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 2, 1982

TO THEIR SUPPER FRUITS THEY FELL

If you're looking for an inexpensive, lively restaurant this weekend, Brown's on Woodstock Rd. just past Little Clarendon Street, serves bottomless salads, tangles of spaghetti, and some of the best meat pies to be had anywhere. This is probably the most popular restaurant in Oxford, especially on weekends, so prepare to queue up. (Or to arrive very early or very late.)

GUILTY CREATURES SITTING AT A PLAY

The Oxford University Dramatics Society is performing Farquar's The Recruiting Officer in the Keble College Gardens through July 10, at 8pm, with 2 pm mats on July 3, 7, and 10.

At the Oxford Playhouse on Beaumont Street, on Sunday at7, a revue titled "Left Luggage," starring Janet Suzman (in Priest of Love, Nicholas and Alexandra, and other films; also a member of the RSC.)

THAT UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Bus schedules are available in the B.L. Office.

PANICULUM

Vol.5, No.6 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 5, 1982

A MAN SPEAKING TO MEN AND WOMEN

Tonight is the night the poet Charles Tomlinson will visit us. One of England's finest poets, Mr. Tomlinson is also a translator, an editor, and a reader at the University of Bristol, having taught at Princeton, Colgate and the University of Mexico, as well. Tonight's schedule:

5:00 Reading in the Oakeshott Room
6:00 Reception in the Quin Room (where we dined Friday)
7:00 Dinner--High Table

(N.B., if you will want wine with your dinner, please bring it from the reception, or from Deep Hall.)

THEN 'TWERE WELL IT WERE DONE QUICKLY

Will the following people please stop by the office by 2:00 today to pick up tickets for tomorrow night's trip to Macbeth: deTorruella, Kent, Vecchio, Ely, Beattie, Baker, Gibney, Stone, Poisson. People on the Waiting List should stop by after 2:00. The charge is £12.50 for tickets and transportation to and from Stratford.

ALL PERFORM THEIR TRAGIC PLAY

Members of Mr. Wells' class should come to the office to pick up tickets for Macbeth and The Tempest and to pay for all three Stratford trips. The charge is £37.50.

WHAT DREAD FEET

Anyone interested in partaking in an "inner squad soccer scrimmage" should meet like-minded Bread Loafers today at 4, at the porter's lodge.

MEASURING OUT YOUR LIFE

If you have not yet had coffee with the Trends, you may sign up for Tuesday or Wednesday evenings. Stop by the office to indicate preference.

NE WETTE HIR FINGRES IN HIR SAUCE DEEPE

1) From now on, Sunday lunch will be at 12:30.
2) If you plan to miss a meal on the weekend, you must sign out by Friday pm.

AND GLADLY TECHE

A Reminder: Mr. Gray's class meets today at 2.

BLOW THE HORRID DEED IN EVERY EYE!!

If you have an announcement to make, make it in the PANICULUM. See Barbara Cohen at breakfast, or immediately afterwards in the office, for same-day publication.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 7 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July6, 1982

WHERE THE PLACE?

The bus to Macbeth leaves from Gloucester Green Bus Station at 5:00; we will convene at the porter's lodge at 4:45.
The Chef will provide provisions; do not sign out for dinner.

NOR TIME NOR PLACE DID THEN ADHERE, AND YET YOU WOULD MAKE BOTH

Gail Kent, Elaine Leskiw, and Kerry Griffith are subpoenaed by the office; if they do not appear by 2:00, they will forfeit their Macbeth tickets.

THE COLLEGE KITCHENS MADE A HUMMING SOUND,LESS TUNABLE THAN BEES

Today at 2, the Chef will conduct his annual tour of the kitchen. SEE the Industrial-Sized Cuisinart! MEET the folks who make your meat, cook your cukes! Convene at the entrance to the dining hall.

WHEREIN I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE

Those who went to Much Ado and didn't pay, should. Stop by the office ASAP, please.

THE BERRIES CRACKLE, AND THE MILLS TURN ROUND

If you have not yet signed up for after-dinner coffee with the Trends, you may still do so today. Just stop by the office to indicate whether you'd like your caffeine tonight (at 7:30) or tomorrow.

YET ONCE MORE, O YE LAURELS

The UMass program at Trinity College (on the same block as Blackwell's) has invited us to listen to a reading by the British poet Craig Raine, this Wednesday at 8:30pm, in the Danson Room. (No lists to sign, for once!)

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 8 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July7, 1982

HAPPY RURAL SEAT

Mr. Shrimpton's Pre-Raphaelites course will be driving out to Kelmscott, the country home of the poet, novelist and artist William Morris. Seven seats on the bus are unfilled, if you would like to partake of this special trip (the house, which Morris himself designed, is open to the public only on the first Wednesday of every month, and only then by prior arrangement). The bus to Kelmscott will be leaving from Mr. Shrimpton's office at 2:15 this afternoon; as his office in on 4, Fyfield Road, by Lady Margaret Hall, you should give yourself enough time to get there.

If you are interested in joining the expedition, please sign the posted sheet. (Kelmscott is less than 30 minutes away. We anticipate being back in time for dinner.)

UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATOR

A reminder that the poet Craig Raine will be reading tonight at 8:30 in the Danson Room of Trinity College, and that the UMass program invites us to attend.

O BODY SWAYED TO MUSIC, O BRIGHTENING GLANCE

Tonight is the last night you can see "Programme 1" of the Basic Space Dance Theater's engagement at the Oxford Playhouse. "Programme 1" consists of three short pieces, ranging from "five stunning interpretations of the best of early jazz," to an absurd evocation of "night-time imaginings." Tomorrow night"Programme 2" begins:"a full-length work, suggested by Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass." Basic Space will be at the Playhouse through Saturday; there is a Sat. mat.

O LIFT ME FROM THE GRASS! I DIE, I FAINT, I FAIL!

Celebrate Indian Film Week at the Phoenix on Walton Street! Tonight, The Outsiders. Thursday, the masterpiece Days and Nights in the Forest, and Company Limited. Friday is Junoon, and Saturday is the famous Shakespeare Wallah, and Hullabaloo over Georgie's and Bonnie's Pictures.

A nice complement to this is a peak at the "India--Myth and Reality" exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art on Pembroke Street. This exhibit of modern Indian painting and sculpture will run through August 8.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 9 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 8, 1982

DENY THY FATHER, AND REFUSE THY NAME

I.D. cards are in; stop by to claim yours.

TRAVERSE; GO; PROVIDE THY MONEY

William Morris fans: please bring your £2 to the office ASAP.

AND ALLE DAINTEES THAT MEN COULD THINKE

Dinner will be served at 6:00 tomorrow. Spread the word.

IN LOVE WITH CARDS AND STAMPS

Lady Trend is collecting postage stamps, cancelled or not, preferably American,but not necessarily, to raise money for cancer research. If you have a stamp or two you'd like to donate, come to the office.

MAKE MAD THE GUILTY, AND APPAL THE FREE

The UMass program at Trinity College invites interested Bread Loafers to join them on Saturday for a trip to the National Theater, to see Paul Scofield in Don Quixote.£20 will get you transportation, a good seat in the very lavender Olivier, a tour of the theater before the show, and a tour of Sir John Sloane's museum (his collection of Hogarths was substantial). If you'd like to go, see either Brian Masters or Jeff Ryan as soon as possible.

UP! UP! MY FRIEND, AND QUIT YOUR BOOKS

If today proves to be as balmy as yesterday, surely the Camera is the last place to be. Pennyfarthings on George Street rents bicycles on a daily basis for a song--ask Chris Bray, who's conducted a little survey on local bike rentals.

I WAS THY NEIGHBOR ONCE, THOU RUGGED PILE

A very pleasant afternoon trip, especially on a very pleasant afternoon, is a visit to Blenheim Palace, the largest private home in England and the birthplace of Sir Winston Churchill. This early 18th century palace, with its gardens modelled on Versailles, is worth the bus trip to Woodstock if only to see what £300,000 could build you back then. Buses leave across from Woolworth's just about every half hour; the trip takes 25 minutes, and costs £1.04 return. Admission to the palace is £2 and includes a pretty thorough tour; you can stroll the grounds if you're budgeting.

PANICULUM

Vol.5, No. 10 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 9, 1982

LET EVERY MAN BE MASTER OF HIS TIME TILL 6:30 AT NIGHT

Because that's when dinner is, tonight only.

STAND, AND UNFOLD YOURSELF

I.D. cards are still in.

TRUANT DISPOSITIONS

Three people who went to Kelmscott have not yet paid their £2. Please bring it to the office today.

NO DOUBT THEY ROSE UP EARLY

A reminder that this and every Sunday, lunch will be served at 12:30.

THE ART OF THE NOVEL

The noted Henry James scholar S.Gorley Putt will be speaking informally on The Master, today at 5, at a yet undetermined location in Trinity College. If you go, just ask for further directions at the Trinity porter's lodge.

ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITCH

The Oxford Pro Musica Thomas Tallis Society performs Sunday, July 11 at 8 pm, at Christ Church Cathedral. Tickets for this all-Haydn concert may be purchased at the Oxford Playhouse on Beaumont Street, or by calling Tickets in Oxford (727855), or Oxford Pro Musica (40358).

DRAW FORTH TO COMBAT ON THE VELVET PLAIN

If you are interested in joining a Bridge Club, see Gerard Vecchio (Entry 10, Room 11).

GLAD ANIMAL MOVEMENTS

If you plan to join the Oxford University Sports Center, pay Steve Hauge £4 today at lunch.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Indian Film Week at the Phoenix concludes Sat with Shakespeare Wallah; on Sunday, it's back to familiar terrain (On Golden Pond). Late movies this weekend include Costa-Gravas' Z, The Arabian Nights, and the 3-D extravaganza The Fantastic Invasian of Planet Earth. At the PPP, strange bedfellows: Siddartha, Casanova, and Rebecca.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 11 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 12, 1982

REACH THEN, AND FREELY TASTE

If you had a guest over the weekend, and have not yet paid for his meals in Hall, please do so today.

A FISTULA

Stop by the office today and tomorrow to pick up tickets for All's Well and Lear. PLEASE NOTE: We'll be bussing into London on Friday at 4:15 (for A'sW if you're planning on getting into London earlier (and finding the elusive Barbican on your own), please sign the posted sheet ASAP. Show time is 7:30. (Lear is at Stratford on July 29.)

TRUANT DISPOSITIONS

1) The following people have not picked up their IDs: Adams, both Gallaghers, Geer, Lin, Macaulay, Meeks, M. Mulligan, Sutton, Tisdale.

2) The following people have not paid for theater tickets: Adams, Herzberg, Meeks, Tisdale, Zalecki.

3) Diane Sutton: Please come to the office.

DO IT, ENGLAND

National Theater schedules for July and August are available in the office.

WE LAY WASTE OUR POWERS

Sue Ely reports that the Westminster Bank at the end of the Turl charges a whopping £1.50 for cashing traveler's checks of whatever denomination; Barclay's charges 75p, and the little Midland Bank on Broad Street charges a mere 50p. Your move.

AND SIKERLY SHE HADDE A LIKEROUS YE

Marlene Dietrich stars in The Blue Angel today at the P.P.P. Show times are 5, 7, 9, 11.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 12 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 13, 1982

IT'S SO ELEGANT, SO INTELLIGENT

If you have not yet picked up your tickets for the July 16 All's Well or the July 29 King Lear, please do so today.

If you will not be coming to the performance, please tell the office ASAP; if you will be getting into London on your own, please sign the posted sheet.

TRUANT DISPOSITIONS

Zalecki, Herzberg, and Tisdale are rogues and peasant slaves. But if they show up at the office, all is forgiven.

REDY TO WENDEN ON MY PILGRIMAGE

Douglas Gray's class will meet at 3:30 today; spread the word.

AND NOT TO YIELD

Despite everything, there will be a soccer re-match against Trinity on Wednesday (tomorrow) at 4; and a game against University on Monday at 8.

ABSTRACT AND BRIEF

For theater-goers, a choice between sublime and ridiculus: today, Thursday, and Saturday at the Magdalen College Cloisters, at 6pm, the Medieval Players in a "double bill of Renaissance knockabout comedies, "The Pardoner and the Friar" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle." On Wednesday and Friday, the same folks bring you an adaptation of Chaucer's "The Pardoner's Tale," and "Mankinde," "probably the finest play of the 15th Century."

At the Oxford Union until Saturday the 17th: the Cliffhanger Theater Company in "They Came from Somewhere Else," "an original play by a company dedicated to fast-moving irreverant comedy." Show time is 6:30.

THE TUNEFUL VOICE WAS HEARD FROM HIGH:"ARISE, YE MORE THAN DEAD"

The City of Oxford Choir performs songs,and motets with madrigals by Finzi, Brahms, Vaughan Williams, Thomas Morley and Stanford, tonight at 8, across the street at Exeter College Chapel.

PANICULUM

ol. 5, No.13 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 14, 1982

A HIT, A VERY PALPABLE HIT

There will be a few extra All's Well tickets, if you would like to purchase one for a guest. (Whom it will cost £5.) Stop by the office today.

Yes, you may be assured of a seat on the homecoming bus, even if you will have bussed into London on your own.

NO FRIGATE

If there is even a remote possibility that you may be doing an Independent Winter Reading project, stop by the office to pick up a statement from Dr. Cubeta. Please note that you will have to have made your arrangements (i.e., consulted an instructor in the area you wish to study, composed a list of primary and secondary texts) by August 10.

TODAY, THE ROAD ALL RUNNERS COME

A reminder that Bread Loaf soccer people face Trinity at 4 today, on home soil.

I WOL YOU NAT DECEIVE

Today and Friday, The Medieval Players perform "The Pardoner's Tale" and "Mankinde" in the Magdalen College Cloisters, at 6pm.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Two eminently worthwhile movies today: at the PPP, L'AGE D'OR, the 1930 Bunuel film (with a scriot by the director, and Salvador Dali); show times 6:30, 8, 9:30, and 11. And at the Museum of Modern Art on Pembroke Street, Satayjit Ray's THE CHESS PLAYERS. (Check the museum for time.)

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 14 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 15, 1982

HALF-AND HALF IDLERS, HARDY RECUSANTS, AND HONEST DUNCES

The following people still have not picked up their tickets: Adams, Bryant, Crozier, deTorruella, Griffith(Kerry), Kono, Lin, Rome, Tisdale, Weakley. PLEASE DO SO RIGHT AFTER LUNCH TODAY.

LOOK TO YOUR HOUSE

Please take special note of the posted message from the Bursar about college security. There is no cause for alarm, but there is cause for conscientiousness.

ENERGY IS ETERNAL DELIGHT

Betty Sears signed up for a tennis court at the Oxford Sports Center for 2 pm, but is unable to use it then; if you want it, it's yours.

DARKLING I LISTEN

The Oxford Pro Musica Concert Society presents Julian Dawson-Lyell in a recital of the piano works of Haydn and Stravinsky, today at 8 pm in the Hoylwell Music Room. Purchase tickets from the Oxford Playhouse, or by calling the Oxford Pro Musica at 4o358.

CRY OF PLAYERS

At the Magdalen College Cloisters, the Medieval Players continue their romp; if you go to All's Well tomorrow night, tonight is the last night to see them (inThe Pardoner and the Friar and Gammer Gurton's Needle). Show time is 19:00.

LA MISERABLE

Truffaut's The Story of Adele H is being shown at the PPP, today at 5, 7, 9, and 11. Bring a hanky.

A SHADOW OF A MAGNITUDE

Two lectures tomorrow at the Ashmolean: at 1pm, Simon Lawson speaks on "The Temple and the Countryside," an illustrated lecture on the environment and background of some of the museum's Indian collection. And at 2, an introduction to the Indian treasures of the Ashmolean, by Olive Duncan.

PANICULUM

ol. 5, No. 15 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 16, 1982

A HIT, A VERY PALPABLE HIT

A reminder that busses leave from Gloucester Green Coach Station today at 4:15 for the 7:30 curtain.

Packed meals will be provided.
If you will not be on campus for lunch, be sure to sign out.
If you're wending your own way to the Barbican by underground, it's the Barbican station on the Circle and Metropolitan lines, or the Moorgate station on the Northern, Circle, and Metropolitan lines; the main entrance is on Silk Street, and it's a few minutes' walk from either tube station, so plan for that.
REMEMBER YOUR TICKET (the white one)!

This production of All's Well, directed by the man who brought you Nicholas Nickelby and the current hit Cats, has opened to rave reviews. Francis King of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "If there are ideal productions of plays laid up in heaven, then Trevor Nunn's of All's Well for the R.S.C. must be one of them....no visitor to the Barbican can fail to be enthralled." And James Fenton of The Times wrote, "The production...retains its delightful balance between realism and the never-never world of light opera....The leading women in this production form an extraordinary and unbeatable t ."

SINGING OF MOUNT ABORA

The Christ Church Summer Festival continues with a concert this Sunday by the Choir of Christ Church Cathedral; the program includes organ music, and features works of Bach, Mozart, Byrd, Taverner, Swayne, Vierne and Poulenc. The concert is at 7:30 but it's wise to arrive early. Tickets are £4 and £2.50, and are available at the door.

WHAT REVELS ARE IN HAND?

At the Oxford Union, the Mini Mime Festival continues with David Glass in "Stories," billed as "a show for adults ranging from zany humor to a visually stunning piece of innovative mime-dance." Show time is 7:30.

PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE

Teddy Senn is looking for someone to type a 20-page manuscript, preferably on Sunday afternoon. If you're interested (or know someone who might be), contact Teddy.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Sat. at the PPP is Apocalypse Now; Sunday is King Lear.
At the Phoenix I, Sat is On Golden Pond; Sunday is a double-bill of The Secret Policeman's Other Ball and Animal House. The most notable late show is Bob Marley Live, Sat. at 11, in Phoenix I.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 16, Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 19, 1982

ARE YOUR DOORS LOCK'D?

During the weekend, someone who had left his door open returned to find his wallet emptied. Never leave your door open--no matter how "convenient" it may seem at the time. Especially on weekends, hundreds of people are touring the college, which makes security something each student must take into his/her own hands.

BUT MIGHT I OF JOVE'S NECTAR SUP, I WOULD NOT CHANGE FOR THINE

Please do not ask the Chef to pack individual meals for your day's outing. If you will be travelling in a pack of 10 or more, and if you give a full day's notice, then tell Chris Dee, and he will place your order.

OTHER PALMS ARE WON

Today at lunch, please pick up an announcement from Paul Cubeta about the new Master of Modern Languages degree offered by Middlebury College. There will be extra copies of this announcement in the Bread Loaf Office for people who miss lunch.

STEVE VANUMMERSSEN

In case you have not yet read The Crumb, please note:

> "Former Bread Loaf taxi driver Steve VanUmmerssen was recently involved in an extremely serious climbing accident in Wyoming, in which he fell 80 feet. For those who would like to send best wishes for his recovery, he may be reached at:
>
> 220 Grove Avenue
> c/o Prescott College
> Prescott, Az 82603"

IS THERE NO PLAY, TO EASE THE ANGUISH OF A TORTURING HOUR?

Yes there is. At the Apollo Theater on George Street, starting tonight and running through the weekend, Pirandello's The Rules of the Game, starring Leonard Rossiter. Tickets for this London-bound show are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50; there is a Saturday matinee.

And at the Clarendon Press Centre on Walton Street, the Bus Stop Theater Company presents a show called "Wacky Words," described as "a pot-pourri of poetry, lively lyrics, multifarious musical madness and zany songs." All this cranks up at 8, Monday through Wednesday. (Ticket prices, if they exist, are unavailable at press time.)

THIS JUST IN

Douglas Gray's course will not meet today, but will meet on Friday, as arranged

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 17 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 20, 1982

THESE LATE ECLIPSES IN THE SUN . . .

Tonight, at 8 p.m., there will be a partial eclipse of the sun visible -- should the sun be visible at all -- in the British Isles. About half of the sun's surface will be obscured. Remember the pin hole approach to eclipses is best.

AND WHAT SHOULD I DO IN ILLYRIA

The City of Oxford Theatre Guild is presenting Twelfth Night in the Fellows' Garden of Merton College starting tomorrow (Wednesday) night. "Curtain" time is 8 p.m., matinee Saturday at 2:30. Performances will run through July 31.

THIS GREAT STAGE OF FOOLS

There is a Marx brothers double feature at the PPP: "A Day At the Races" and "A Night At the Opera". Shows begin at 4:30, 8:00, and 11:00.

IF THIS BE MAGIC, LET IT BE AN ART

There are several interesting Art Museums in Oxford, and most are currently featuring special exhibits. The Museum of Modern Art in Pembroke Street is presenting a special exhibit of Indian art as part of the Festival of India. A coffee bar and a fine bookstore are connected with the museum. The Ashmolean Museum on Beaumont Street has an interesting and intriguing permanent collection featuring exhibits of art and artifacts from Anglo-Saxon times to the present. The current special exhibit is "English Gardens". And for all of you who followed Alice down the rabbit hole and through the looking glass there is a special exhibit of Lewis Carroll memorabilia at the Library at Christ Church. You can also see Cardinal Wolsey's hat. Go in through the Canterbury Gate which opens onto Oriel Square. Afternoons only. Christ Church also has an Art Gallery. And for a real treat, go to the Museum of Natural History on Parks Road. There you can see a picture of the last Dodo bird -- the original turned to dust years ago -- and various dinosaur bones and such. The exhibit of Oxford pre-history and geology is very fine. The building itself is a masterpiece of Victorian architecture.

MY JIMINY

There will be a Cricket Clinic this afternoon at 2 p.m. at the Lincoln Grounds which are located at Bartlemas Close, off the Cowley Road.

PANICULUM

/ol.5, No. 18 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 21, 1982

IE FAULT . . . LIES . . . IN WE OURSELVES

: you missed the correction yesterday, the University Museum is closed until ext spring. No Dodos and no dinosaurs for our delectation this summer. Also, ould you want to see the exhibit at the Art Gallery at Christ Church, both ie gallery and the Lewis Carroll exhibit are open from 10 - 12:30 and from - 4:30.

ISIC HATH CHARMS

onight at 7:30 Christian Robert, organist at Bordeaux Cathedral, is giving recital at St.Michael's at the North Gate. Admission is £1.

GREEN THOUGHT IN A GREEN SHADE

our private Oxford gardens will be open to the public on Sunday, July 25. om 2 - 6 p.m. for a mere £1 you may view the Warden's Garden at New Coll ge, ie Provost's and Fellows' Gardens at Queen's, and the Fellows' Garden at dham. Tea will be served in New College Hall.

REPARABLE IS THE LOSS

possible as it may seem, we are now in the midst of the fourth week of the ogram and as the books pile up on shelves,desks, and floors, some of us are king how we are going to transport all that stuff back to the States. The st Office does sell mailing boxes which some have used to good effect. The ddle size does well for books, but you must weigh them and the box and the wspaper wadding carefully, for there is a weight limit. Boxes must be tied, t taped, if they are to travel at the Book Rate. Rymans and Smith and also e shop across the street sell book mailing envelopes. It usually takes ween six and eight weeks for your treasures to arrive. Blackwells has a ok mailing service too. More about that in the future.

THOU BLACK WEED

cording to Martin Price, the Pirandello play at the Apollo, The Rules of he Game, rates a large Zero on any scale. Quoth he, "If you feel inclined o go, take two aspirin and go to bed."

PANICULUM

Vol.5, No. 19 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 22, 1982

HOW QUICK AND FRESH ART THOU

The reviews are in on Twelfth Night and they are mixed but generally good. While the production lacks subtlety it is fresh and lively and the setting, the Fellows' Garden at Merton, is magnificent. Performances continue until July 31, with a matinee on Saturday. Curtain time is 20:00; dress warmly and bring a blanket if the chilly weather continues.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

If the Restoration is more to your taste, and if you like to see a woman stand up for her "rights", perhaps The Provoked Wife will please you. Performances of the comedy by Sir John Vanburgh, later the architect of Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace, will take place at the Oxford Union on July 22-24 and 26-31 at 7:30 p.m. The Actors Touring Company of London has received good notices for this production elsewhere.

FROM THE GOLD BAR OF HEAVEN

For those of you who are having, or wish to have, a pre-Raphaelite summer: Christ Church Cathedral has quite a few windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. As you enter the cathdral there is a table on your right on which you will find mimeographed guides to the windows. In addition to the Burne-Jones windows there is some good 14th century glass. The cathedral also contains the shrine of St. Frideswide, the patron saint of Oxford.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT

When winter winds blow and summer seems far away, memories of Oxford will warm your heart. To help recall the golden spires I offer a sampling of books which others have found enjoyable over the years. The classic is Jan Morris's The Oxford Book of Oxford, a collection of anecdotes and recollections of people and places over the centuries. Muriel Beadle's These Ruins Are Inhabited will cheer you up with its wry approach to Oxford life. For some insight into life in college in earlier years, J.I.M. Stewart has written a series of books telling of the life and career of an Oxford student who became of Fellow of his college. The first volume in the series of five is called The Gaudy. Be warned that if you like the first you will be "hooked". The series is available in paperback format. Waugh's Brideshead Revisited has some Oxford scenes too. If mysteries are to your taste, Dorothy Sayers Gaudy Night is an Oxford mystery, as is Edmund Crispin's The Moving Toyshop. And while it is not an Oxford book, Dorothy Sayer's great mystery, The Nine Tailors, will bring back happy memories of Oxford change ringing. Enjoy!

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 20 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 23, 1982

COME FORTH INTO THE LIGHT OF THINGS, LET NATURE BE YOUR TEACHER

Stephen Gill's "Wordsworth and Coleridge" people returned last night from Grasmere, where, bounding o'er the mountains, by the sides of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, wherever Nature led, they purchased Knowledge without the loss of power. Not only did they half create, half perceive the scenes of the poems, but they also visited Dove Cottage and the new Wordsworth museum, fingered manuscripts in the private library, and drove out to Hawkshead, where from 1779 to 1787, Wordsworth attended school. Thanks to Dr. Gill, for providing life and food for future years. (And thanks also to Joan Beattie for three Panicula!)

WELL YOU KNOW OR DON'T YOU KENNIT OR HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU

A reminder that Richard Ellmann will be lecturing Monday night. There will be a reception at 6, dinner in Hall (High Table, w/wine) at 7, and the lecture (which will be on Joyce) following dinner in the Hall. More details to follow...

GIVE ME MY ROBE, PUT ON MY CROWN; I HAVE IMMORTAL LONGINGS IN ME

If you will be graduating next summer, either here or on the Mountain, please stop by the office.

SUCH AS CHARMETH SLEEP

Tonight in Christ Church Cathedral, an organ recital by Francis Grier, featuring works by Couperin, Bach, Franck, Alain. The program begins at 7:30; tickets are £1.50 and may be purchased at the door. There will also be a violin and piano recital tonight in the Long Room of New College at 8; tickets are £1.50, and may be purchased at the door. (Musicians' names are unpublished, whatever that means, but they will be performing the Kreutzer Sonata.) On Sunday at 8 in Christ Church Cathedral, the Oxford Pro Musica presents works by Stravinsky, Haydn and Berkeley; ticket prices unlisted.

WHICH NOT NICE ART IN BEDS AND CURIOUS KNOTS, BUT NATURE BOON...

On Sunday, four private gardens not normally open to the public, will be: the £1 ticket admits you to the New College Warden's Garden, the Queen's College Provost's Garden and Fellows' Garden, and the Wadham College Fellows' Garden. These gardens will be open from 2-6pm; tea will be served in New College from 3 to 5.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Noteworthy films this weekend: at the Phoenix, the recent, controversial documentary about pornography, Not a Love Story is both the Sat. late movie at the Phoenix I, and a regular feature beginning Sunday. At the Phoenix II, The Secret Policeman's Other Ball, the benefit movie for Amnesty International with John Cleese, Sting, Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, others.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 21 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 26, 1982

EVERY TELLING HAS A TALING AND THAT'S THE HE AND THE SHE OF IT

Tonight, of course, is Richard Ellmann's lecture, titled "Joyce's Hundredth Birthday: Front and Side Views." Dr. Ellmann is Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford, and has taught at Harvard, the University of Chicago, Northwestern, Yale, and Emory. His revised and expanded biography of Joyce will be released shortly.

The venue of tonight's activities is, at press time, still being negotiated. As news develops during the day, you will be kept posted. Until then, please keep in mind that there will be a reception somewhere at 6, a High Table dinner in Hall, with wine provided, at 7, and the lecture to follow.

ENGLAND HATH NEED OF THEE

Paul Cubeta is indeed among us, bringing Crumbs and address lists of Mountaineers. He asks that all business with the Comptroller be transacted; see him about money matters.

HOW SOON HATH TIME, THE SUBTLE THIEF OF YOUTH

Dr. Shrimpton's class will meet today and every subsequent class day at 10.

MIDNIGHT'S TINGLING SILENTNESS

Much to the distress of previously sleeping Bread Loafers and Lincoln College people, someone turned up his stereo full blast at about 3:15 last night. This kind of thoughtlessness is one thing; even the innocent croquet game or the casual chat reverberates in the Grove Quad, disturbing sleep and study both. Please do be considerate.

ENTER VISIBLE

The following people are asked to stop by the office by tomorrow, to indicate whether or not they will be using their Tempest tickets. (We will assume a forfeiture if you don't show; the waiting list is long.): deTorruella, Kent, Vecchio, Beattie, Gibney, Griffith (Suzanne), Stone, Poisson, Leskiw.

THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO

Chris and Susan Bray have discovered the British equivalent of the Duffy Square half-price ticket booth: it can be found in Leicester Square. Reports Chris: "Tickets are available for performances on that day only. Tickets sell for ½ their regular price plus a 50p service charge. Shows for which tickets are available that day are posted approx. 15 minutes before the booth opens. The booth's hours: 2-4pm, except matinee days, when it's 12-2. (The day we were there tickets for about 15 different shows were available.)"

THOUGH MUCH IS TAKEN, MUCH ABIDES

Today is Mick Jaggers' birthday. He is 39. Nuff said.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5 No. 22 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 27, 1982

SEA NYMPHS HOURLY RING THEIR KNELL

The following people must come to the office today to claim their Tempest tickets, or lose them forever: deTorruella, Kent, Vecchio, Gibney, Griffith, Stone, Sutton.

Kono is requested, too.)

HONIED INDOLENCE

The Oxford University Sports Center is closed Tuesday and Wednesday for a filming of "Superstars Challenge." Any member who wishes to bring a guest thereafter can do so for 25p a day, payable to Steve Hauge.

TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES

Full-color, wood-mounted Lincoln College shields are available in the Steward's Office for £3.75, all of which is donated to Cancer Research. The shield comes with a descriptive leaflet; a nice souvenir, a good cause. Lady Trend, incidentally, is still gratefully accepting whatever cancelled stamps you may have (preferably American) for Cancer Research fund-raising. You may bring your stamps to the office.

AND THRICE AGAIN TO MAKE UP NINE

We will be departing for Stratford on Thursday at 3. This should give us enough time to sightsee in Shakespeareworld, picnic on the banks of the river Avon, compose a sonnet or two. Bring corkscrews.

AND AT THE HOOP WE LANDED, FAMOUS INN

Sue Ely gives a rave review to the Cambridge Festival (mostly music, but scattered fashion shows, art exhibits, folk dancing, etc.), closing August 1. A complete schedule of events is available in the office, as is a bus schedule to Cambridge (the Oxbridge Express makes 3 departures daily, at 9:15, 14:15 and 18:15; the journey takes about 3 hours).

If you plan to stay overnight, Sue recommends the Pickerel Inn, which , however, she warns is "not overly quiet." Call 0223 355068 for reservations.

THEREFORE, YE SOFT PIPES, PLAY ON

Tonight at 8:30 at The Queen's College, there will be an organ recital by James Dalton, who will play works of Bach, Buxtehude, Le Begue and Cabanilles. Tickets are £2, and are available from the Porters' Lodge, New College, and from Russell Acott Limited, 124 High Street.

Tonight at 8, in the Hertford College Chapel, there will be a concert by the Jubilee Brass Band of Oxford. Music to include two movements from Beethoven's 5th (which two they do not divulge), and Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer."

PANICULUM

Vol. 5 No 23 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 28, 1982

POWERS AND DOMINIONS, DEITIES OF HEAVEN!

There will be a meeting for all seniors today at 6:15 in Deep Hall Betsy Mayer asks that you bring an idea about the kind of message you want sent to the Mountain.

Y'ARE WANTED

Paul Cubeta would like to see Baker, Gibney, Herring, Kent, Morrin, Oates, and Crozier.

FALL TO IT YARELY, OR WE RUN OURSELVES A-GROUND: BESTIR, BESTIR.

If any of the following people would like to purchase a ticket for The Tempest, they may: deTorruella, Kent, S .Griffith, Stone, K & K Gallagher, Adams. If any of these people will not be purchasing a ticket for next Thursday's performance, they are asked to so inform the office.(People on the waiting list will be summoned, if the aforementioned do not materialize in 48 hours.)

FROM THENCE THE SAUCE TO MEET IS CEREMONY

If you will be having a guest (or guests) for the Commencement Banquet, please inform the office ASAP.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

At the PPP, a film to get you over your mid-week crisis: Bunuel's That Obscure Object of Desire (shown at 5,7 and 11).Ask Michael Wood to explain the last scene.

DENNIS KAY

Th s typ w t er ne ds a ew r bb n.What kind?

I HAVE A REASONABLE GOOD EAR IN MUSIC

Tonight at 8:45 in New College, Peter Williams plays the harpsichord. Tickets for this all-Bach event (on the anniversary of his death in 1750, in fact) are £2, and are available at the porters' lodge of New College.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5 No. 24 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 29, 1982

EXPOSE THYSELF TO FEEL WHAT WRETCHES FEEL

Today, of course, we pilgrimage to Stratford to see Michael Gambon (last year's lead in the National Theater's production of Brecht's Galileo) take on Lear. This production, directed by Adrian Noble, who has been touted as the next Peter Brook or Trevor Nunn, opened on June 28 to generally favorable reviews; some, in fact, went into raptures about Gambon's acting, and all the Lear/Fool scenes. So we may be in store for a production as fine as All's Well.

We will be leaving from the Gloucester Green Coach Station at 3:00. Sandwiches will once again be provided; because we will be picnicking on the banks and shoals of the river Avon at 6:00, you might want to supplement the meal with some delicacies from Palm's or Ed Knight's. You are encouraged to bring your own wine (Lincoln College's own is purchasable in Deep Hall), and exhorted to bring a corkscrew. Maps of the town will be provided; if you've never been to Stratford before, you might want to visit Holy Trinity Church (where Shakespeare is buried, and where he was baptized), Shakespeare's birthplace, and Ann Hathaway's Cottage -- all marked on the map.

A few extra tickets have suddenly turned up; if you want one, make it known. REMEMBER YOUR TICKET (it's pink).

I AND MY HUNDRED KNIGHTS

As the term draws to a close, you might find yourself looking for a good, cheap place to shack up in London. If so,try the London University Girls' Dorm (Nutford House), 30 Brown Street. Room and breakfast come to £9, and if you want the cafeteria-style dinner ("Well prepared...very generous portions ...coffee available w/meal...Probably the cheapest good meal in London." - Steve Medeiros), it's £11. If you want a room, call Ms. Airey (alias "The Bird Lady," but you'll have to ask Steve why) at 01-262-4431. Also recommended by Laurel Fritz.

FLIGHTS OF ANGELS SING THEE TO THY REST

Best of luck to Karen Gallagher and Ann McCluskey on their M.Litt exams!

PANICULUM

Vol. 5 No. 25 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College July 30, 1982

ALL TRIVIAL FOND RECORDS

Stop by the office at your leisure to pick up applications for next summer (either here or in Vermont), evaluations of this summer's program, and descriptions of the Independent Winter Reading Project, your prospectus for which (if you choose to do one) is due next week.

EVERY INCH A KING

Seniors are reminded to stroll over to Shepherd & Woodward on High Street to be measured for the Big Day; also to come to the office to pay for cap-and-gown ensembles.

Y'ARE WANTED

If Gretchen Geer, Dennis Zalecki, and Laurel Fritz do yet desire Tempest tickets, let them declare their intentions today, please.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

Tomorrow (Sat.) night at 5 and 8, there will be performances of "Life in a Love," the poems and love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, with songs by Schumann. In the Long Room of New College; tickets are £1.50, purchasable at the door.

PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

Yet more organ music for your listening pleasure. Tonight at 7:30 in Christ Church Cathedral, John Scott performs works by Pachelbel, Bach, Mozart, De Grigny, Alain, Eben. £1.50 tickets may be bought at the door, or at Tickets in Oxford. And tonight at 8:30 in New College, Peter Hurford performs works by Bach, Raison, Clerambault; tickets are £2, available at the Porters' Lodge.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

If you are neither organ-ic nor a denizen of Wimpole Street,what you want is something frothy, piquant : tonight's late movies at the Phoenix are Dirty Harry and Quest For Fire (indeed, Q for F plays tmrw night too); Sat. night is a double feature of Monty Python's Jabberwocky with And Now For Something Completely Different, a "greatest hits" pastiche of TV skits, like "The Dead Parrot" and "The Lumberjack Song." Not A Love Story unfunnily continues as the regular feature at Phoenix I; call for times. At the PPP, Reefer Madness Weekend (or so it seems): tonight at 5:30, 7 and 11, Cheech and Chong in Up in Smoke; tomorrow at 5, 7, and 11, Midnight Express (see K.Morrin for details).

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 26 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College August 7, 1982

HIE THEE HITHER

Will the following people please come to the office as soon as possible: Stuart Tisdale, Steve Hauge, Janet Meeks, Laurel Fritz, Kerry Griffith.

Will the following people please come to the office to pay for caps-and-gowns: Steve Hauge, Elaine Leskiw, Ann McCluskey, Chris Weakley, Betsy and Tucker Mayer.

WORDS TO THE HEAT OF DEEDS

Applications for next summer and evaluations of this one are awaiting your ink: stop by the office to pick up one or both.

WHY THEN I'LL FIT YOU. HIERONYMO'S MAD AGAINE.

Seniors: if you haven't been measured at Shepherd & Woodward, please be.

THAT WITH NO MIDDLE FLIGHT INTENDS TO SOAR

You may come to the office during office hours to call your airline, if you'll need to confirm your flight reservation. A list of airline phone numbers is on the wall near the phone.

PORTIONS AND PARCELS

If you're thinking of mailing your books home, you might want to use Blackwell's service, because they do all the messy wrapping for you. Bring your books to: Jim Cook, Bunting House, 8/9, Hythe Bridge Street (on the way to the R.R. station). Open Mon-Fri.'til 4; closed between 12 and 2.

BOUNDED IN A NUTSHELL

If you have any comments about your room, favorable or unfavorable, Paul Cubeta would appreciate having them left in the B.L. office to help him assign rooms for the summer of '83.

WE ONLY TOIL, WHO ARE THE FIRST OF THINGS

Well, no, actually: others toil, too. Please see what you can contribute to our annual tip for the Lincoln College staff--the people who make your beds, serve your meals.

ABSTRACT AND BRIEF

Starting today and running all week at the Oxford Union, the Actors Touring Company in "The Vandalist," described as "a new satirical tragedy." At 7:30.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No. 27 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College August 3, 1982

AND LET ME THE CANAKIN CLINK, CLINK

Seniors: there will be an informal meeting today at 6:15 in Deep Hall.

HOLD THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE

With the right combination of weather and time, there will be a group photo taken. Stand by for details...

MEETING AT NIGHT

If you will be having guests at the Commencement Banquet, please tell the office.

PARTING AT MORNING

If you will be leaving before Sunday morning, please be sure you have signed out for the meals you will miss.

THEY ALSO SERVE

That you contribute to the Lincoln gratuity fund is divided among 46 employees. When you consider how your tip is spent, please keep in mind that the College provides numerous "backstage" services: there are three chefs and at least ten cooks, and an administrative staff and a maintenance staff, in addition to the more visible scouts and waiters. Please stop by the office this week.

S IF LIFE'S BUSINESS WERE A SUMMER'S MOOD

All right, so there is one more tutorial to go. There is also less than a week to go: last chance to feed the deer at Magdalen...wander through the Ashmolean...see New College Gardens and Chapel...hear music at Christ Church...have coffee at the Mitre...tea at Georgina's...a pint at The Trout...queue up at Brown's...spend money at Laura Ashley's...punt on the Thames...browse in Blackwell's.

ATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Today at the PPP, Sissy Spacek in Brian DePalma's Carrie, at 5, 7, 9, and 11pm. And all week long at the Phoenix, Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton in Reds; for times, call 54909.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No.28 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College August 4, 1982

THE FASCINATION OF WHAT'S DIFFICULT

Paul announces with pleasure and pride the program of the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln for the summer of 1983. Course offerings are perusable in the office.

WITH THEE CONVERSING

Seniors: if you'd like to arrange for certain people to sit with you at the Commencement Banquet (guests or classmates), please come to the office and fill out the seating chart.

THE PICTURE OF THE MIND REVIVES AGAIN

If you have any Bread Loaf/Oxford photos that might be suitable for the '83 bulletin, Paul would like a chance to look at them, be they black and white or color transparencies.

IF I WERE A DEAD LEAF THOU MIGHTEST BEAR

Paul will act as the Bread Loaf postmaster, if you want to correspond with Mountain people, and want to save a stamp.

THE BANQUET SCENE

If you won't be joining us for Commencement and have not yet signed out, settle matters ASAP, please. (Today, if you can.)

SEEMING AT FIRST ALL HEAVENLY UNDER VIRGIN VEIL

Italy's ranking misogynist, Federico Fellini, once again exposes himself in City of Women, today at the PPP at 6, 8:40, and 11.

PORTIONS AND PARCELS (errata)

Blackwell's has changed book-mailing hours: now it's 8:30 to 12:30. (Remember, it's the one on Hythe Bridge Street.)

PLEASE BRING YOUR TIP TO THE OFFICE TODAY.

PANICULUM

Vol. 5, No.29 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College August 5, 1982

Y'ARE WANTED

Betsy Mayer and Chris Weakley: please come to the office today.

STILL THREATENING TO DEVOUR ME

Deep Hall will be opened until 11 tonight (and Commencement night, too.)

DING DONG DING

The bus to The Tempest leaves from Gloucester Green at 5 today. Packed meals will be provided.

WHILE MEMORY HOLDS A SEAT IN THIS DISTRACTED GLOBE

The Week in Review:

1) Bring evaluations to the office today and tomorrow; it's your chance to get even, sing praises, be constructive, bite your thumb.
2) Applications for next summer, Oxford or Mountain, are being accepted.
3) Courses for next summer in Oxford are posted in the office.
4) You may use the phone in the office (during office hours only) to confirm your airline reservation. A list of phone numbers is posted by the phone.
5) If you have seating preferences for the Commencement Banquet, stop by the office to fill out the seating chart.
6) If you will be having guests for the Commencement Banquet, inform the office today, please.
7) If you have alluring photos of Oxford life, Paul is interested. Only stipulation is that they be mailable through the U.S. mail.
8) If you will be departing before Sunday morning, please sign out for meals you will miss.
9) The Tipping Pool is rapidly filling up. If you have not yet contributed, please do so today.
10) Independent Winter Reading Projects are due in the office for approval.

THIS JUST IN

There will be a Senior meeting in [illegible] immediately following lunch today. Betsy asks that you linger in the dining hall.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Late movies tonight at the [illegible] Fellini's Amarcord and Beatty's Heaven Can Wait. Two porn films at the Moulin Rouge. If you have no pride left, Porky's (currently Britain's biggest money-maker), Annie, and a double bill of Star Trek II and The Wrath of Khan are at the ABC Theaters on George Street.

THE ULTIMATE PANICULUM

Vol. 5 No. 30 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College August 6, 1982

TOMORROW'S SCHEDULE

6:00-- Reception in the Lower Lecture Room

7:00-- Dinner in Hall--High Table

9:00-- Ceremony in the Chapel.

Deep Hall will be open after the ceremony.

CUSTOMARY SUITS OF SOLEMN BLACK

Seniors: Please stop by the office to pick up your academic regalia; the gowns might need some pressing.

ALL SAWS OF BOOKS, ALL FORMS, ALL PRESSURES PAST

Return all books to the Lincoln Library as soon as possible. Be sure to remove your card(s) from the file; you will be charged for all books you have not returned.

I'LL DEVIL-PORTER IT NO FURTHER

Please be sure to return you keys to the porters' lodge before you abscond.

GIVE ME AN EGG, NUNCLE

Tonight on the Magdalen College School Lawn at 8, "Lumiere and Son," a travelling clown troupe,romps ecstatically. If you haven't wandered over to Magdalen, here's your chance.

BEGIN, AND SOMEWHAT LOUDLY SWEEP THE STRING

Tonight at 8 in the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin, The International Music Festival of Oxford Orchestra performs music by Finzi, Berkeley, Haydn, Corelli and Elgar. Tickets are £2; proceeds go to Oxfam.

Tonight at 7:30 in the Merton College Chapel, the Oxford Holiday Orchestra performs Brahms' Symphony No. 4, and other works. Admission £1 at the door.

PATTERNS ON A SCREEN

Tonight at the PPP, Kubrick's 2001 shows at 6, 8:40, and 11. Reds and Monty Python's Life of Brian continue at the Phoenix; call for times. Tonight's late shows at the Phoenix are East of Eden (with James Dean) and, yes, Life of Brian.

Our revels now are ended...